AUSTRALIA AND THE EAST.

AUSTRALIA AND THE EAST:

BEING

A JOURNAL NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES

IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP:

WITH

A Residence of some Months in Sydney and the Bush,

AND THE

ROUTE HOME BY WAY OF INDIA AND EGYPT,

IN THE YEARS 1841 AND 1842.

BY JOHN HOOD,

OF STONERIDGE, BERWICKSHIRE.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCXLIII.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THOMAS COCKBURN, Esq.,

ROEHAMPTON,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE RELATIVE,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

PAGE

Reasons for leaving England—Leave Berwick—London—Go on board ship at Plymouth—Our fellow-passengers and officers—Scene on board an emigrant ship—Desertion—Mode of obtaining sailors—Observations on emigrant vessels—Weigh anchor—Sunday—Modes of killing time—Journals—Auspicious commencement of our voyage—A *fresh* breeze—Slow progress—Internal arrangements—The evils of the sea—Our *exporter*—Scarlet fever on board—Irish emigrants—Storm—Scotch songs—Fine weather at sea—A meteor—Danger of fire on board ship—Foul wind—Discomforts—Time at sea—Disturbance—Colours of the ocean—Severe storm—Ejected from my bed—Divine service at sea—Madeira in sight—A man overboard—Gallant attempt to rescue him—Accident from the fall of the boom—Vineyards of Madeira—Smoking—Flying-fish—Our occupations—Provisions—Sands of Africa—Heaving the log—Cape de Verd Islands—An intruder—Phosphoric light—Winds—Dress—Noise a-board ship—Porpoise—Crossing the Line—Booby bird—Motion of the vessel—A whale—Island of Trinidad—Accuracy of our chronometers . . 1

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

Dinner arrangements—Table talk—Change of climate—Rapid run—The albatross—Violent storm—Dutch ship—Signals—American vessel—Yankee *reckonings*—Our meals during a storm—Extreme cold—

PAGE

Privations of the sailors—Gale of wind—Mountainous waves—Disturbance among the emigrants—Awful tempest—Moral danger of a long voyage—Sunday on board ship—Lewis de Bernstingle—Cape Horn—Island of St. Paul's—Albatross caught—Violent storm—Fearful damage to the ship—Providential preservation—Repairs—Narrow escape from fire—Drunken steward—Loss of our carpenter—Long list of damages—First sight of Australia—Van Diemen's Land—The Pacific—Cuttle-fish—Line of the Australian coast—Bass's and Torres' Straits—Narrow escape—Shameful neglect—A brickfielder—Heads of Sydney—Botany Bay—Reports relative to the state of the colony—New Zealand boatmen—Severe storm—A *bumper* at parting—Night of peril—Fortunate change of weather—Land in the bush—Walk to Sydney—A breakfast on shore 43

CHAPTER III.

AUSTRALIA—SYDNEY.

Sketch of the history of New Holland—Its first discovery by the Dutch—Captain Cook—Australia selected as a penal settlement—Rapid rise of the colony—Ignorance respecting it in England—High estimation in which it is now held—Early discoveries in the country—Port Jackson—The first settlers—Botany Bay—Port Philip—Port Adelaide—Swan River—Moreton Bay—Sydney—First impressions of the town—Its beautiful situation—State of commercial affairs—Embarrassments of Government—Claims of our surgeon—Appearance of Sydney—Its streets and shops—Numerous public houses—High rents—Want of drainage—Order and decency preserved—The people—Their features and figures—Prudence of the ladies—Absence of beauty—Universal use of carriages—A primitive four-in-hand—Rapid locomotion—Sir George Gipps—Old government-house—The new mansion—The churches—Dr. Lang—Public buildings—Market—Court-house—Royal Hotel—Hints to young settlers—Materials of the houses—Suburban villas—Absence of porters and cabs—Amusements—Theatres—The convicts—Internal communication—The Roads—Nature of the soil—Beautiful prospect—A review—The weather—Lightning

PAGE

—Precocity of the females in Australia—Damp clothes—The botanical gardens—The bench and the bar—Visit to a suburban villa—Hospitality—The chief of G—y. 76

CHAPTER IV.

AUSTRALIA—THE BUSH.

My eldest son and his partner Mr. ——.—Connobolas—His brother leaves me to join him—Their meeting—My eldest son joins me at Sydney—Costume of the bushmen—Coolness—State of the colony—My own view of things—Hot wind—Purchases—Start for the bush—Paramatta—Frogs and locusts—Bad roads—Bungarrabee—Paramatta factory—The inns—Penrith—Droughts—Change in the character of the country—Bushrangers—Insecurity of property—Guyon—Frederick's Valley—Class of settlers suited to Australia—Succession of crops—Seed times and harvests—Native birds—Length of the days in Australia—Graveyard—The boundary of the colony—Connobolas—The Gunyah—Impressions on first seeing my future abode in the bush 111

CHAPTER V.

AUSTRALIA—LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Connobolas—The woods—Advantages and disadvantages of the Station—Our mansion—The upper station—Our next door neighbours—Fare in the bush—Damper—Elegances of life—James Simpson—Loss of our horses—Frequent loss of stock—The birds and plants of Connobolas—Visit to Boree Nyrang—Sheep-shearing in Australia—Australian agriculture—Absence of any winter—"The settlers"—Trying times—The corrobory—Native customs—The King of Boree—The natives—Dress—Marriage—Origin of the race—Their customs and food—Cannibalism—Religion—Their diminished numbers—Laws regarding murder—The Australian ibis—Pine range—Large gum-tree—Bullock drays—Their drivers—Their oaths and drunken habits—The convicts—Opinion of their own position—Travelling in Australia—Sunday in the bush—Removal to the Upper Station—Houses in the bush—Our domestic arrangements—The bushrangers—Their un-

PAGE

pleasant proximity—Keeping open house—The native dogs—Ophthalmia—Snow—Our complete seclusion 141

CHAPTER VI.

AUSTRALIA—LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Mode of spending our time—Rivers—The swamp-oak—Stalactite caves—Difficulty of forming a decided opinion as to the merits of the colony—Advice to settlers—Appearance of the country—A bird's-eye view—Brittleness of the trees—The various species of trees common in Australia—The whole country one vast forest—The principal plains—Loss of a flock of ewes—Mode of "*planting*" cattle—Habits of the bushrangers—"Bailing up"—Recovery of the lost flock—Thunder storm—Expected attack—Unfavourable views of the country—How viewed by the settlers—Visit of King Sandy—Dexterity of the natives in cutting bark—Their language and phrases—My horses lost again—Plagues of the bush—Extremes of heat and cold—Coals—Native superstition regarding fire—Effects of retirement—Out-of-doors improvements—Sporting in Australia—Bullock-hunting—Whip—Natural wonders—Sunday—My black boy, Jacky—"Tommy Come-last"—Our sheep-washing begins—A runaway convict—The mounted police 169

CHAPTER VII.

AUSTRALIA—LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Narrow escape of my son and James—Valiant old lady—Losses of sheep—Recovery of my horses—Colonial tactics—Moreton Bay—Improvements at our cottage—Utility of the sheep in Australia—Great heat—Failure of the water—Herons—Start for N———.—Mulong Inn—The Bell River—Twenty-mile Hollow—Plain of Nurya—Wellington Valley—Mr. Muir—N———.—Its present appearance—Public scourger at Wellington—Success of the Missionaries in Australia—Rides in the forest—Breeds of cattle—Australian wines—Violent thunder-storm—A hurricane brickfielder—Native grave—Black cockatoo—Leave N———.—Christmas Day—Uncertainty attending the

PAGE

carriage of goods in the bush—General view of the colony—Prospects of settlers—Jealousy towards new comers—Improbability of their obtaining unbiassed advice—The necessity of their investing a part of their capital—Losses to the stockholder from disease—Good runs the object of first importance—Artesian wells—Settlers who are likely to do well—Estimate of a young settler's outlay—His profits—The mistakes of young settlers—Wages in the bush—New Year's Day, 1842—Astronomy—Hail-storm—Escape of my sons—Sagacity of a horse—Mr. W.—Dreadful droughts—The camel—An event—Determination to return to Sydney—Letters from home—"Tommy Come-last"—The boomerang—Dreadful occurrence in the bush—Providential escape of Mr. B——. 193

CHAPTER VIII.

AUSTRALIA—SYDNEY.

Departure from Connobolas—Early beginning of troubles—Hasty adieus—Solitary ride to Bathurst—Mr. W——.—Intentions of Government as regards the settlers—The bush on fire—Wardrobe for a bushman—Joined by my son—The Sydney mail—The preacher—Scenery on the Paramatta River—Sydney—Meeting with a messmate—Ships for England—Homeward routes—Interview with the Governor, Sir George Gipps—His policy—Sir Thomas M. Brisbane—The assignment system—Anniversary of the founding of the colony—Fatal accident—Sydney newspapers—A Scotch party—The route to Britain by India—St. James's Church—Fire at Connobolas—Arrival of despatches from the English Government—Concessions to the colony—Land funds—The right of pre-emption—Assessment of stock in 1840—The wool trade—Visit to Windsor—The River Hawkesbury—Richmond—A rural cottage—Visit to Mr. ——— of C——.—Roads—Campbeltown—Drunkenness—Irish colonists—The house and domain at C——.—Australian wines—The cow pastures—The Messrs. Mc ——.—Foundation of the wool trade in New South Wales—Grants of land to the Mc—— family—Probable value of their estates—Return to Sydney—Intense heat 235

PAGE

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA.

Emigration—Free emigration—Emigration by bounty—Ill success of the lower classes of Irish colonists—Emigrant vessels—Statistics of New South Wales—Scarcity of females—Exhortation to emigrate—Cooley labour—Transportation—Sketch of the rise of the colony—Australia no longer a penal settlement—The assignment system—Its abuses and advantages—System of Captain Macconochie at Norfolk Island—Its success doubtful—The gardens at Sydney—The Australian Club—Fish at Sydney—The William Sharples—Departure of my son for the bush—Sailor's funeral—Rain—The storekeepers—Their sharp practice—The Australian Club—Its advantages—Its disadvantages to young colonists—The barracks—Municipal Government—Present state of the city—Stores for the bush—Corner inlet—Australian varnish—Water in Sydney—Political meeting—Its abrupt adjournment—The Rev. Mr. Cowper—Major, "the king of Macquarie"—The Bishop of Australia—Exotics—The botanical show—Heavy rains—Route by India determined upon . . . 268

CHAPTER X.

AUSTRALIA.

Adjourned meeting—Petition for a representative legislative assembly—The probability of success—Rejected petition—Difficulties attending the formation of such a constitution—Strictures on Australia in the British Parliament—The different classes of proprietors—Want of middle classes—Probable contests—The franchise—Qualification—No necessity for a second house—The aristocracy—Sketch of the Government of New South Wales, from its first settlement to the present time—General Macquarie—Sir Thomas Brisbane—Sir Ralph Darling—Sir Richard Bourke—Sir George Gipps—Necessity of *gradual* changes—Proposed alterations in the Government—The Emancipist party—The Emancipist bank—Change of character in convicts—The excluded state of the Emancipists—Statistics of crime

PAGE

in New South Wales—Education the great remedy—Religious parties—Monetary affairs of the colony—The banks—The commerce of Australia—Its exports and imports—Its revenue—The present embarrassments—Plan of debentures—Convict labour—Population of New South Wales—Productions and manufactures of the colony—The press—Payment to the ministers of the various religious parties—Public institutions and companies—Sagacity of a dog—The Roman Catholic Cathedral—Brickfielders—Retrospective view of my stay in Australia—Buckingham's America—Points of resemblance and difference between New South Wales and America—Difficulties of inland communication in New South Wales—Fluctuations of the seasons—Objections to the colony—Its advantages—Prospects of emigrants—A short summary of my views on the great questions now agitating the colony 301

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE HOME.

Leave Australia—The William Sharples—Delays in paying the bounties—View of Sydney from the harbour—Inspection of the ship—A runaway—Storm—Contrary winds—Calms—Whistling for a wind—Our crew—Beautiful phenomenon—Favourable change in the weather—Van Diemen's Land—Storms—A *terrible* calm—Lost sight of Australia—Proposed route from Bombay—Intense heat—Trade winds—The dolphin—Sperm whales—Sharks and pilot-fish—Opium clippers—Our boatswain—The Sailor's Home—The Arabian sea—Ophir—Tarshish—Egypt—The sword-fish—The monsoons—Supposed food of the whale—The Earl of Balcarrass—Bombay—Its position—The roads—The island of Bombay—The Parsees—The cholera—Letters of introduction—Victoria Hotel—Lights of Bombay—The fort—The native women—Water—Dingys or native boats—Population of Bombay—Native children—Cattle—Arabs—Modes of performing the last rites to the dead—Temples—Dwelling houses—Division of labour—Mercantile crisis—Official mystery—Cotton-ship on fire—Cotton—Carriages—Trees and plants—Birds—Out-of-doors hubbub, and indoors quiet—Absence of rivers 376

PAGE

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA.

Route to Suez—The ox—Municipal government of Bombay—Public buildings—The cathedral—Statue of Sir John Malcolm—Native school—The club—Rainy seasons—Bazaars—Servants—The Government House—Oriental life—Steamer to Suez——Sir George Arthur—His first levee—Sepoys—Bungalow of Messrs. L—— and A——.—A silent drive—The interior of Bombay Island—A wealthy Parsee—A snake—Parsee levee—Address to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhuoy—His noble gift—Schools—Matchmaking—Hospitality in Bombay . . 398

CHAPTER XIII.

EGYPT.

Leave Bombay in the Cleopatra steamer—Cholera on board—Our course—The engines—Stormy weather—Coast of Africa—Aden—Mocha—Mr. Bell—Fish spawn—Eastern customs—Mount Sinai—The Sea of Suez—Passage of the Red Sea—Ezion Gaber—Suez—Difficulty in landing—Leave Suez—The Desert—Mirage—Messrs. Hill and Co.—Newcastle coals in the desert—Cairo—The citadel—The Pyramids—Their date—Mosque—Massacre of the Mamelukes—Joseph's Well—The pasha's stables—Bazaar—Bath—Dresses—The Land of Goshen—The Nile—Ali Pasha's farm—Atféh—Ancient water-wheels—The pelican and ibis—Plagues of Egypt—Chain-gang—The canal—Alexandria Hotel—Lake—Spiral staircase—Dresses of the ladies—Bazaar—Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needle—Slave market—The pasha—His palace—Start for Malta—Expenses of the overland route from India—Time occupied thereby—View of Alexandria—The Mediterranean—Malta—Quarantine—Palace of the Grand Master—Corn—Algiers—Mountains of Spain—Gibraltar—Arrive in England. . . 417

AUSTRALIA AND THE EAST.

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PAGE

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conjecture. So little, however, do we know of our future career in this world, that here I sit in my cabin in the good ship the Lady Kennaway, in immediate expectation of being borne away to that far country.

It will not be doubted by those who know me, that I must have urgent motives indeed to induce me to brave so many perils, and to make so many sacrifices of different kinds; and to my friends, the knowledge of the complicated pain and anxiety that must necessarily be my companions, will be sufficient proof of my conviction of its expediency.

With somewhat heavy hearts, my son A——— and myself left our home at Stoneridge in Berwickshire on the morning of Friday the 21st May, 1841. We arrived at Berwick in time for the London steamer, the Rapid; which weighed anchor and left the wharf at half-past three.

On this occasion she did not at all deserve her name. What with foggy weather, and running aground in the Thames at Mile Reach, we did not arrive at the Tower Stairs till Sunday the 23rd at eleven at night, and we only set foot in *the Heart of the world* on Monday the 24th. The passage up the Thames is extremely beautiful at this season of the year. The contrast from the cold barren-looking coast of Northumberland, the rugged shores of York, and the bare sands of Norfolk, to the rich scenery of Essex, is very striking; and the banks of the river, studded with gentlemen's seats, and wooded in some places to the water's edge, and abounding in beautiful green fields, is indeed most pleasing. My young companion was enchanted; all was new to him, and he seemed to feel what every stranger feels—the unrivalled richness of Old England.

A few days after our arrival in the Modern Babylon,

I agreed with Mr. J. M. of B— Lane, for passages for my son and myself in the ship, the "Lady Kennaway," of 584 tons, bound for Sydney direct. The cabins are excellent, and she stands A 1, at Lloyd's, though twenty-four years old, being teak-built,—a material so trustworthy and durable, that some vessels built of it last eighty years. She was originally in the Calcutta trade, and is considered one of the best vessels out of the port of London, that was ever chartered as an emigrant ship.

London was no novelty to me, but to my son it was full of interest, and I rejoiced that he had the opportunity of seeing it before he left the country. We remained there till Saturday, the 5th of June, when, by Mr. M.'s directions, we set out for Plymouth, to join the ship. We took the Great Western railway as far as Chippenham, in Wiltshire, travelling in that most luxurious way eighty-four miles, at the rate of twenty-eight miles an hour!—from thence by coach, through Bath to Exeter, and reached Plymouth at three o'clock on Sunday. Notwithstanding Mr. M. had hurried us down, to get on board ship on the 9th, we were told on the 10th, that it would not sail until the next day.

11*th June*, 1841.—*Friday.*—We went on board the Lady Kennaway, in Plymouth Sound; and on setting foot on deck we instantly perceived, from the confusion that prevailed everywhere, that matters were not ready for our going to sea. We dined on board. The party in the cabin consisted of the captain; the surgeon, an agreeable-looking man, and an alumnus of Edinburgh, though an Irishman; Mr. R., an English barrister of most mild and pleasing manners; Mr. E., a fine youth from the banks of the Tay, son of the late M. of M.; Mr. N., a gentleman from Essex; my

son and myself; one or two other passengers; and the first and second mates of the ship.

The first repast at sea has only novelty to recommend it: although we were within the breakwater, and of course not troubled with much motion, still the difference from the steady table and seats on shore, the peculiar style of the cooking, the slang and professional talk of the officers of the ship, the cold and formal manner of the passengers, each employed in scanning and reconnoitring the others,—all contributed to render it uncomfortable; and I felt it a positive relief when we rose from table.

If the cabin was deficient in comfort, it was a paradise when compared with the other parts of the ship. There the scene below decks baffles description,—Irish, Scotch, English, Germans, French—mechanics, cottagers, watch-makers, and ladies of all descriptions, young, old, and middle-aged. Some were tolerable in appearance; but the majority, chiefly Irish, were of the coarsest fabric of woman kind. In the evening dancing was resorted to, to keep all in good humour.

I went into my berth, expecting that by day-break we should have weighed anchor and got out of the Sound; but no such good luck awaited us. By six o'clock six men had refused to work the ship; and it appeared that out of our complement of thirty-two hands, there were only two that could steer. Our captain had gone ashore; he was now sent for express; police-officers were to be procured; the refractory sailors were forthwith to be sent to jail, and their places to be filled up by others from Plymouth. Here was a plentiful crop of troubles, all leading to the conclusion that sailing was out of the question at present. It seems that the Jews in London have almost a monopoly in supplying vessels with men:

that these people are in the habit of furnishing sailors, on their first reaching shore, with money in small sums, and with slops, as their wearing apparel is called; and so get a hold upon them;—and they, finding themselves inextricably in debt to these grasping extortioners, are glad to get employment through their means. These Jews repay themselves, out of the men's first advance of pay, at an usurious rate, leaving the poor fellows scarcely a choice, and forcing them into any ship they may have contracted to man. In this way men are taken on board without any investigation as to character, and of course often turn out, as they did in this case, most troublesome and worthless.

It already appears to me, that there are many alterations which should be made in the arrangements regarding emigration. No vessel ought to be allowed to carry above two hundred emigrants, even if she be of six hundred tons burthen: morals, health, and safety, all require this. We are two hundred and nineteen, exclusive of the officers and crew; in all two hundred and forty-nine souls, and the vessel is only of five hundred and eighty-four tons burthen. The ship is overcrowded, the sailors have berths under the forecastle, not fit for human beings to inhabit, and not even water-tight. One surgeon in an emigrant ship is not sufficient: he ought to have an assistant. Were the one medical man to be taken ill whilst disease was on board, fearful indeed would be the state of the helpless passengers. In truth, everything connected with emigration ought to be entirely under the control of government. If it pays individuals so well, as we know it does, it would pay the government also, and probably still better; and even if it did not, the crown owes it to its subjects removing to a different

part of *the realm*, for the general good, to take care that no private interest shall benefit at their expense and to their detriment: there would then be a responsible party, and public security that matters would be properly managed, as respects suitable provisions, medical attendance, the trustworthiness of the vessels, the sufficiency of their crews, punctuality in the time of sailing; and also that the accommodation was sufficient to afford those necessary subdivisions that decency and health imperatively demand.

It is perfectly well known, that even with a properly limited number of passengers, twelve pounds per head would provide wholesome food, and every necessary.* Mr. M. the agent of the Lady Kennaway, receives nineteen pounds from the Colonial Government, and five pounds from the individual going out as an emigrant, or from his master when he goes out as a servant—in all twenty-four pounds! There is ample room here for a great public saving, and great necessity for a careful examination into the whole matter.

We are now, however, fairly afloat in what will be our home for four long months; and we must make the best of what even at the best must be an evil, and trust to that Power that orders all things wisely and well, that He will preserve us on the ocean, as hitherto upon the land, and return us again in his own good time to those we love. Should I be spared to execute my present plans in all their extent, few will have seen more of foreign lands, and none lands of more interest. New

* This is at the rate of 2*s*. a day for each adult, on a four months' passage; a sum larger than is expended in mere food by the generality of emigrants; this leaves out of £19, the sum at present charged, between £6 and £7 for the fitting up, and other expenses of the vessel.

Holland, with an area as large as Europe—India, Egypt, Malta, Italy, France;—long have I desired to see these countries, teeming with all that the traveller is most anxious to become acquainted with; and I have now only to hope that I may be permitted to accomplish my undertaking.

12*th June.*—Delays are proverbially dangerous. Instead of the beautiful east wind which has blown for a week past, there is now a south-wester blowing right in our teeth, and, even had we all hands on board, we could not get to sea. One of the culprits has returned to the vessel; the rest have been sentenced to a month's imprisonment; and five new hands have filled the vacancies.

13*th June.*—*Sunday.*—We had been in expectation all yesterday of orders to sail whilst the wind served, but when it veered to the westward all hope of leaving our moorings was over. After dinner to-day, at about six o'clock in the evening, when all of us landsmen were showing off our knowledge of the weather, a fine breeze arose right from the north. In an instant all was bustle. Sunday is held by sailors to be a lucky day for leaving port, and the mutual congratulations were innumerable. The order was given to weigh anchor, and in twenty minutes our fine old ship was one mass of canvass, creeping through the water like a snake, over a smooth sea, in one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. Long experience and close observation do certainly give a wonderful knowledge of weather: a gentleman connected with the port foretold that we should go to sea this night, and he was right: he saw symptoms of a change in the clouds, which others could not detect. I confess that I have more faith in the experience of practical men than

in the theoretic system of cycles, and returns of similar storms or calms at stated periods.

How various must have been the feelings of our passengers at quitting the coast of England! Some, no doubt, were glad to escape from poverty, and perhaps from oppression in their own land; but many others would grieve to leave it, and were even now, in the very hour of their departure, looking forward to their return to it again at some far distant day. One respectable-looking woman, apparently about seventy, was walking to and fro with her two daughters, the last remnants of her family in England, going to join those she loved, who had gone before to the land of promise. Not a smile was on her features, but their expression told of a fixed and calm resolution to endure all things for her children.

On this day, previous to our departure, there was no service on deck, but the surgeon read prayers below; many persons attended, as well Roman Catholics as Protestants; and afterwards, and throughout the day, there was an evident respect shown for the Sabbath. All were in their best clothing, and most of the emigrants had Bibles or Prayer-books; but some Frenchmen and Germans seemed to have volumes of a very different description. Upon the whole, however, Sunday was duly recognised as the Lord's day.

14th June.—Last night passed away quietly and well, —little or no motion,—and I slept in my berth almost as comfortably as at home. The wind is light, and scarcely fills our sails. We have only made about fifty miles during the night; but onward we go, and by every breath of air are borne further away from all we love. I can well understand, that, with a mind at ease, the sen-

sation of being thus wafted gently over the deep would be delightful; but with me it requires faith indeed "in that Divinity that doth shape our ends," to bear up under the harrowing anxieties with which my mind is filled. Would that I could realise those beautiful lines of Byron's:—

> "O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
> Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
> Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide;
> The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
> That thrills the wanderer on the trackless sea!"

But as music in mourning, or a tale out of season, so is such a description to the oppressed mind.

We are as yet all on our good behaviour, and cautious and wary as to whom we shall enter into friendly intercourse with. There is also, it is quite evident, a little anxiety in some to be considered leaders; but, like people in a crowded omnibus, we shall all very soon shake into our right places. At present our books and journals are our resources; for I perceive that two or three other persons have, like myself, their pencils in their hand. Journalising, be it laughed at as it may, has two undeniable advantages attending it: it serves to fill up not unpleasantly many an hour which else would drag on heavily; and it enables us to recall in after years a thousand circumstances of interest which even the most retentive memory would have lost.

This is a glorious day! the sea is sparkling like millions of diamonds; the sun is brilliant, the air cool and pleasant, and the waves are as gentle as those of Tweed's fair river! We are now off the coast of Cornwall, which, however, is too distant to be seen. We are going at three

and a half knots an hour, and to-morrow, if all is well, shall be beyond the last remnant of England—the Scilly Isles. Alertness, intelligence, and spirit, are great desiderata in a commander; and I trust our skipper will prove possessed of them all. The talent of guiding a numerous body of men is a rare gift, and quite as essential as seamanship in the commander of an emigrant vessel.

15*th June.*—Yesterday, towards evening, the wind got high and against us; it carried us down again to the shores of Cornwall. It blew what the sailors call "fresh," and raised the sea, and for the first time caused discomfort in the ship. We most of us went to our cabins grave and silent: there was no dancing amongst the Scotch below, and but little amongst the Irish. I slept soundly, but my son did not, and was sadly ill. Neither of us appeared at breakfast. But though it has been a rough day, and the sea cross and rolling, I was able to be upon deck, a little squeamish certainly, but not sick; and I am in great hopes of proving a better sailor than I anticipated. We have seen nothing of Old England to-day, though we have been obliged to alter our course towards it again. At one time we were steering right for the Bay of Biscay, and, had we continued that course, we should have just weathered Cape Ortegal.

16*th June.*—We have as yet got on but slowly: we are only seventy miles from the rocks of Scilly, and standing a point or two off our course to the northward. The sea is calm, and there is less annoyance from the motion of the vessel than I expected.

There are no master minds apparently amongst us, to give a tone and useful turn to the conversation; and we are so placed at table that it seems not likely that the meal times will be, either to my son or to myself, hours of

improvement; but thus far at least we are fortunate, that every one appears anxious to be sociable and obliging. As yet, there is little, or rather nothing, going on, on board, of any interest; the daily serving out of the messes to the emigrants, is the chief matter after breakfast. The whole are subdivided into parties, over each of which one respectable person presides, who receives the provisions and partitions them, and who has a kind of surveillance over the mess—captains, as it were, of tens! At nine at night all the women are called below; a matron superintends their arrangements, and no communication whatever is after this permitted with our sex, from whom they are divided by a wooden grating; married couples being again doomed to single blessedness.

The only novelty I have seen to-day is a grampus: it resembled a small whale, and was about the size of a whaling-boat.

17th June.—We are beginning to experience some of the evils of the sea. About four this morning, the wind blew loud and wild, the sea was hill and valley, white with foam and leaden-coloured,—the ship tossing and tumbling like a cockle-shell,—the boatswain whistling, the skipper calling, ropes rattling, the vessel creaking, diving and rising like a mad thing. And yet, they say, it was only a great swell, and no gale of wind, though the men were washed out of their wretched lairs, and the passengers in the steerage were drenched. If this be nothing,—and I have seen the ocean off the Mull of Galloway during a violent storm not so terrific,—what will the Bay of Biscay be, I wonder, should we not weather it; or the Cape?

We saw some vessels homeward bound to-day, one close to us, which, had the sea allowed, we would have sent

letters by; but it was not practicable, although one of them passed almost close under our stern. An emigrant ship is just tolerable in smooth water, but in rough weather it is a dreadful scene of confusion;—no room to work the ship, all the landsmen sprawling upon deck, lying together like pigs. Bulls, horses, and lumber, ought not to be permitted in such vessels. I have just heard to-day, that our ship was reported to be so overloaded, that an inspector was sent from London, to see if it was so, and that he ordered a bull to be unshipped. No pleasant news this! The weather is now more moderate, but I have felt the motion all day, and did not make my appearance at the breakfast-table, but took my beefsteak in bed. I find solids do best on board ship; and I would recommend them to all invalids. My son is as good a sailor now as any on board, and never misses a meal; plays whist of an evening, and bids care and the waves roll by!

Our *exporter*, "Mr. M., of B— Lane, of the city of London, emigration commission agent," as he was pleased to designate himself, is a fertile subject of discussion with us. His infringement of the Act of Parliament,—so it is alleged,—in separating husbands and wives on board; his sending so much live lumber, and our ports being in consequence blocked up with bales of hay; and, above all, his cramming two hundred and forty-nine souls into so small a ship, are the chief objections urged against him. To-day at dinner, his conduct was the subject of discussion, and the argument grew somewhat warm between the surgeon, who considers himself Mr. M.'s representative on board, and one of the passengers, who was eloquent in the enumeration of his grievances.

There now appears every chance of our escaping the terrible Bay of Biscay, and keeping a direct course to the

westward of Madeira, which, if we continue to have this north-west wind, we may reach in eight days.

19*th June*.—There is much excitement in a race at sea. Here we have been all day overtaking a barque of about our own tonnage, and are now about to pass her: the Irish are delighted; and there is an expression of something like triumph on the faces of even the most grave.

Bad news, hitherto well concealed, has just reached me: we have, it appears, and have had for some days, scarlet fever on board; it was called measles, and was believed to be such; but truth will out. We are now adopting every precaution to avoid this terrible complaint, and our cabins have been fumigated. This is just one of the dangers that I looked forward to the possibility of with apprehension; for there is no running away from it as on land: and in so densely crowded a population, the chances are against us. We have twenty-six children on board, uncleanly in habits, several of them poor in health, and most likely therefore to be attacked by the disease; and, what renders it less probable that due caution will be used to prevent the spread of the complaint below, is, that it is still endeavoured to be kept a secret, lest alarm may do injury through the ship. This intimation, whispered from one to the other, has driven racing out of our heads.

The Irish heart is of the finest porcelain of the earth. More affection and kindness I never saw displayed in my life than amongst these Irish emigrants. The husband and father is to be seen supporting the drooping head of his sick wife or child; and the wife and mother showing all the better qualities of the female heart, while oppressed and stricken herself. I see at this moment such a group before me. Silent and watchful lies a poor man supporting his partner in distress,—her head upon his breast, and a child

in her arms, which she is feeding from her withered breast, when any short respite from extreme illness enables her to do so; all the three are one mass of squalid wretchedness, painful to look at, but rendered interesting by the air of resignation and kind feeling in the countenance of the man. The Scotch are apparently less afflicted. Habit reconciles the eye to everything. Poverty, Shakespeare says, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. So does sea-sickness. In one heap of discomfort, we see on the main deck, twenty or thirty people all lying together, heads and feet, without their delicacy being offended. That influence that draws together stranger hearts is also here. Several young men and young women have already shown a predilection for each other's society; and I have little doubt that, shortly after our arrival, there will be a numerous batch of marriages at Sydney.

22nd June.—Towards evening yesterday, we advanced another step in our knowledge of what rough weather is at sea. The winds chafed the waves into rage, till at night the long sweeping billows became immensely high and broken, tumbling about in every direction. Holding on was the order of the day; and those who neglected it, were soon laid prostrate on the floor. This gale continued all yesterday, and we expected to see, to our annoyance, the coast of Portugal. I was very uneasy all day, and took the homœopathic medicine, which did me some good; but I should say there is no remedy for real sea-sickness but time, patience, and light diet.

I began to perceive yesterday, more fully than I had done before, the extent of my undertaking; and I am not sure that I did not wish myself at home. The discomforts of an emigrant ship are not to be told. Were a man ever so well himself, the sight of so many poor creatures so ill

around him, must make him wretched. Their uncleanliness, the knowledge that a fatal disease is on board, the sleepless nights, the creaking of the ship, the soreness of bones from the rolling, the pain in the back from the cramped position in my berth, formed altogether a grievous amount of annoyance. What I see of this ship's company also is not the most exhilirating: symptoms of discord have already shown themselves amongst us; and there is, I fear, no "master-spirit" *to lay his hand* upon the combatants, or temper and guide the troublesome storms of human passions. This is the longest day, and it sometimes is the warmest; but with us it is so cold that I cannot stand upon deck without a cloak; and at night I have to call coats, great-coats, and cloaks into requisition, to produce a tolerable degree of warmth. The sea is somewhat calmer, but still there is a heavy swell and a sickening roll of the ship; altogether, I would recommend those that go to sea, to leave behind them all remembrances of home and its comforts, and to steel their minds against every species of annoyance. Prayers were read on Sunday evening between decks, by the surgeon, whose duty it is to do so: in the forenoon the rolling of the ship would not permit us to have the service on deck. The Roman Catholics did not attend. No one can imagine the distress of some of the poor Irish women, unable to hold up their heads or to attend to their children, their only wish appearing to be that they may be permitted to lie on the deck in a heap to suffer, without being moved from the spot they occupy!

This storm was foretold by the sailors from the numbers of porpoises that gambolled about the ship, and shot past it on Saturday; and come it did that night in earnest. Ever since, we have been under double-reefed topsails, with

all our ports and hatches closed,—the ship sometimes seeming to remain stationary on her beam-ends, as if she would never right again.

I have mentioned that our Scotch and Irish passengers kept themselves separate. This evening they were ranged on opposite sides of the ship. The Irish were dancing their fandango-like dances, when, to the great delight of us Scots, a Blairgowrie man and two other Highlanders struck up, in admirable style, a whistling trio—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," and "John Anderson my jo." The effect was electric: the airs of Scotia on the wild strange sea sounded more touchingly to us than they ever did before.

A beautiful little Greek vessel crossed our bows this evening, and hundreds of porpoises played around our ship. In striking contrast to the stormy weather and rough seas we have lately had, this morning has arisen all we could desire it;—a beautiful sun, mild air, and comparatively smooth sea; and, better than all, a more favourable wind. A fine day at sea is certainly a very delightful thing; but, after all, it is sadly monotonous, and soon wearies the eye. How different from the landscape on shore, with its thousand objects and endless variety of tints! *Here* all is one vast interminable heaving mass of dazzling deep-blue water—*there*, all the varieties of light and shadow give interest to the scene: thousands of animated things arrest the attention; the flocks, the herds, and, were there nothing else, the singing of birds. *Here* the grampus and porpoise tumble and dive about, but they are mute; and, for the merlin and the mavis, we have the scream of the wild sea-mew and the rapid silent flight of Mother Carey's chickens. These Mother Careys, or sea-swallows, are, nevertheless, pretty little things; in

shape and colour much resembling the house swallow at home.

We have gone at the rate of eight knots an hour since yesterday evening—about 100 miles—and in our right course; the best and only good work we have as yet done. Last night a most brilliant meteor passed over our ship from east to west, near the crescent of the young moon. No sailor on board had ever seen its like; and this fine day refutes the old saw—

> "A falling star
> Brings foul weather from afar."

This meteor was almost too dazzling to look at, and illuminated the whole heavens; but fled ere we could point its place. No words can adequately describe it—it was in the form of a weaver's shuttle, but sparkling with lustrous emissions of fire all around it; and darted into the ocean. One burst of wonder and admiration rose from every part of the decks; it was a beautiful sight, never to be forgotten.

We saw no sail all yesterday. One is inclined at first to wonder at this, commanding as we do from the deck of the vessel a circle of fourteen miles radius on this great highway of nations. But when we consider the vastness of the Atlantic, our surprise ceases.

How often has the fate of the President been in our minds, and formed the subject of our discourse! Never till now could I fully estimate the unutterable horrors of her end, whether by fire or water. In our ship, fire is too little guarded against; smoking is allowed too liberally both fore and aft, and the fires in the cook-shops, and the lights under the forecastle, are very *disagreeably* brilliant, and at too late hours. I have hinted at this, and an order was given for "*doucing the glim*" earlier; but as yet it has not been attended to.

Already is there half an hour's difference in the length of the day betwixt our latitude and that of Scotland. With us the sun is setting to-day at 44m. past 7.

The wind is right in our teeth; "*hard-hearted*," as the captain terms it. Everything is in confusion, rattling, rolling, and breaking, and the old ship moaning and complaining. Oh the thousand and one noises of a ship in a cross sea and foul wind, and every one of them specially and separately detestable! Everything gets damp, and our dormitory is one mass of discomfort and confusion. The ports do not shut close, our lashings give way, our water-jugs upset, our carpet floats, our chairs, though tied to the table, yield with the ship, and writing, nay, even reading, is almost impossible. But the greatest annoyance of all is the perpetual trampling of feet over head when we are in our cabins. The gradual approach of those walking above, the knowledge that in a few seconds the stunning din will come down upon you perpendicularly, and will only cease to be again renewed, is intolerable; and quite enough, I should think, to throw a nervous person into a fever. This torment begins early in the morning, and lasts till late at night, so that one is thankful to be upon deck.

25th June.—Last night brought us within about one hundred and twenty miles of the coast of Portugal, southward of the Tagus, and we shall probably pass to the eastward instead of the westward of Madeira. Had we not been most unfortunate as to winds, we should ere this have been to the southward of that island. We have been two weeks on board to-day, and it is not uncommon to run from Plymouth to Funchal in eight days: vessels generally fall in with the north-east trade winds, in lat. 28° north, and continue to have them

to 8° north, when there are generally light winds to 3° south of the line, where the south-east trades are fallen in with, which '*are carried*,' as sailing with them is called, till 28° south. These continue till near the Cape, where in winter, (July, August, and September,) westerly winds prevail; and from thence generally to the coast of New Holland; so we may then hope to be carried bravely along.

Salt-water time is kept by bells instead of hours—it was long before I could learn to "note its loss" by this confused process. At twelve noon, begins the day; half-past twelve is one bell; one o'clock is two bells; half-past one is three bells; 2 o'clock is four bells; and so on half-hourly to four o'clock, which is eight bells. Here they begin again, the day being divided into six watches of four hours each; except at what is called the dog-watch, six o'clock afternoon, when, instead of calling it five bells at the half-hour, they begin again with one bell in order to divide the watch, that the same hour's watch may not always return to the same mate. But at eight o'clock, they leap from three to eight again; for every four hours make eight bells. The three mates divide the night and day into watches of four hours each; and one half of the seamen are on duty alternately.

26th June.—This is the first morning that I felt myself to be approaching a warmer climate. The air is balmy, the sun hot, the wind right in our favour, and every one again seems in good humour with himself and others, which but yesterday was scarcely the case; and I fear I myself was among those whose disappointment appeared in their bearing.

An audacious attempt was made yesternight by an English farmer emigrant to break into the women's apart-

ment, the first act of insubordination that has as yet occurred. He had actually got into the forbidden division of the ship, when he was detected. The men would not tell his name—not even the married men whose wives he had intruded upon ; it was dark, and he made his exit as soon as discovered,—but not so quickly as not to be recognized. The women themselves pointed him out to-day. The extent of the punishment to be inflicted upon him was discussed. Irons were talked of by the surgeon ; but the captain said "No," and so the culprit escaped with the stoppage of his allowance of meat for a time. A few days is sufficient to convince any one that an emigrant ship is a hotbed of iniquity. The women told of this man, it is true; some well-conditioned there will always be in every community ; but there are numbers in this vessel who would corrupt the purest mind ; and the greatest error ever committed by a people, is the encouragement permitted by the colony of New South Wales to the importation of the very dregs of society. We are informed by the officers, that there are many women of the very worst description on board. Common law would warrant very strong measures, and in such circumstances it ought to be stretched to bring within it all moral delinquencies. I much fear, that the evidence of Sir F. Forbes and Major Mudie before the committee of the Commons will be verified in this ship before we separate : and that there are those amongst us that were past all redemption in morals before they came on board, and who, instead of benefiting the country of their adoption, as wives or servants, will disgrace it, as they have already done their native land.

The emerald hue of the crest of the waves before they break into foam, is the most beautiful thing that can be imagined ; and at the moment when they break, they

look like sapphires set in silver. No painter's pencil can imitate this, nor the deep dark indigo of the Atlantic in a calm. Some one says, "sweet it is to be awakened by the fall of waters or the lark." With the latter I know nothing to compare, if he sings above your own home, in your own land; or with the former, if it is "your ain burnie falling into its ain linn." But to be roused by the fall of a mountain wave, carrying the ship into the depth of the trough of the sea, is no such pleasing affair. Probably you are awakened in the midst of a pleasing dream of home, and all its endearments; or at least you are startled from a blessed oblivion into all the discomfort of reclining at an angle of 45°, with the prospect that the next lurch will dash you, couch and all, on the floor of the most uncomfortable of human habitations.

28th June.—

> "Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,
> How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!"

The veracity of this pithy couplet never struck me so forcibly as last Saturday. The sea rolled heavily all day: no pitching, ducking, and diving, as during the previous day; but simple, sickening, abominable rolling from side to side. One moment dipping the studding-sail boom into the water, and the next laying us nearly on our beam-ends on the opposite side. Towards night it grew worse. The wind was aft, and the sea cross. I know not how to express it in proper seaman phrase; but there ran, as it were, two currents, one bearing waves onward after us in the track of the ship, and another bringing other waves, much heavier and mightier, right on the side of it, meeting and "warsleing" with each other, heaving us up and sinking us alternately. Woful were the sufferings of us landsmen. My son and I went to bed, however, in the

midst of it, hoping to sleep it out. And sleep we did; but about half-past twelve, I was awoke with a crash like the crack of doom; and in the confusion of ideas, betwixt dreaming and waking, in darkness and in silence, was brought to my whereabouts by feeling myself fairly and completely upset, and flung right upon the floor with a superincumbent load above me, which proved to be my wicker sofa and its contents. At the same moment, one wild shriek arose loud over all—where it came from I never could learn. Then there was a dreadful smash and a tumult of voices—crockery, trunks, desks, and other movables, were evidently going to pieces in every direction, and ever and anon another lurch repeated the blow. I can compare myself to nothing but a snail with its shell upon its back, "always at home," with my arms outstretched like horns, endeavouring to ascertain my very questionable position. The cabin was like a wreck, covered with clothes of all descriptions; shoes, hats, coats, books, desk, dressing-case, gun-case, pewter ware, chair, and broken glass! After fairly ascertaining how things were, I began to think of rising from my vastly uncomfortable position. I groped my way to a lucifer-box, and threw light over the scene around me, rubbed my bruises, and planned the re-erection of my couch. This, however, I could not effect: the legs were all unshipped; and the next best plan was to turn it upon its back—no easy job under the circumstances. At last I got this accomplished, but found myself with my head lower than my feet, and to the forecastle instead of the stern. I therefore, with no little difficulty, reversed my arrangements, and contrived to get some sleep—or rather that half-waking state which enabled me to institute a somewhat lengthened comparison between my bedroom in my own house, and cabin No. 2. in the Lady

Kennaway. But all this time what has become of my son, the "young philosopher," as some of his companions term him? He was suspended to the roof in his cot, and swung, of course, with the ship. He gave from time to time audible evidence of being disturbed by having to describe larger arcs than usual; but, happy fellow! he soon turned on his side, and slept again. Next morning we all met at breakfast, with countenances declaratory of the ills we had gone through, and dismal tales were told of our various "experiences." Some had been, like myself, most unceremoniously divorced from their couches, and had found the floor their only refuge. Those whose beds are *athwart ships* had fared the worst; the soles of their feet or crown of their heads having been bumped alternately all night without intermission; and all had tales to tell of their losses. But the good ship is safe, and we ought all to be thankful, for it was an awful night.

By the time that breakfast was over the sea was greatly down, the aspect of things had changed, and the sun was shining brilliantly. It was Sunday; and preparations were made for Divine Service. Those of the emigrants who were able to come on deck, were in their best array, in honour of the Sabbath; and the misfortunes of the former night seemed merely a tale that is told. The surgeon read the service in a manner which was very impressive—not to a "silk and satin congregation," as Irving has it, but to some who were apparently very seriously disposed; but I must say, also, to others whose eyes wandered every where except where their hearts should have directed them. Prayers at sea, notwithstanding that the situation is so well calculated to add to their solemnity, are yet mingled with such sounds and scenes —at least in an emigrant ship—that the effect is not what

one would expect or wish. The boatswain's whistle—the "ohoy!" of the sailors—the orders of the officers—the carrying about of provisions to be dressed for the many hungry mouths on board—the groups of unconcerned lookers-on, Roman Catholics and scoffers—sadly detract from the due decorum of the scene.

Yesterday evening we had a distinct view of the island of Madeira, at the distance of fifteen miles to the eastward. The run from Plymouth is generally made in eight days, and from London in fourteen, by the packets; but, in consequence of unfavourable winds, we have been exactly fourteen from Plymouth. The island rises abruptly from the sea to a very considerable height. The top was in cloud, and we soon lost sight of it altogether, as we were going all the evening from ten to eleven knots an hour. We now feel the change of climate very sensibly, and light clothing begins to be exhibited on board.

There is another indication of our change of climate in the clearness of the atmosphere at night, and the greater brightness and apparent increase in the size of the stars.

A dreadful accident has occurred—an awful warning to us all. Just as we had finished dinner, while the sea was tossing us up and down, so that we could scarcely keep our seats, and the ship, with studding-sails set, was going through the water at eight knots an hour, a terrible scream reached the cuddy, and the whole mass of emigrants were seen rushing to the starboard side of the vessel, while the words, "a man overboard," were heard in all directions. We all rushed up to the deck. The first mate (Mr. Cay, from Northumberland), with an energy and promptness that did him infinite honour, got a boat lowered with the quickness of lightning; and with three men, as eager in the cause as himself, jumped into it, and was off in search of

the poor man in less time than I could have imagined possible. We saw the poor fellow swimming a long way astern. What must the wretched man's feelings have been, as he saw the vessel rapidly receding from him? I need scarcely add that the poor fellow was lost. The sea ran so high that each wave hid the boat from the ship; and in such a mountainous ocean the strength of the most experienced and dexterous swimmer would have been exhausted in a very few minutes. It was a moment of intense anxiety to us all: but for his poor wife—how inexpressibly dreadful was that scene! In order to stop the ship's course, the helm was ordered hard down; and in the hurry of the moment the sails were not loosened at the same time. In one instant, the main-top gallant studding-sail boom went with a crash; the sails were rent, and the immense mass came thundering through the ropes, and struck down another poor fellow. He was carried below, and it was supposed that his skull was dreadfully fractured. He, too, had a wife, and she was present and standing by his side.

All hopes of saving the man who was overboard were now relinquished, and every eye was turned towards the boat; for in such a sea, it appeared to all of us landsmen a miracle that she could live. A signal was hoisted for its return, and at last it came skilfully guided over the waves so as to avoid their extremest violence. I do not know that I was ever more delighted than when I saw that brave fellow and his men pulled in safety up the ship's side. The deck was covered with blood from the wounded man; excitement from without was past, and we had now time to consider our situation. Four sails had gone to pieces; many of our oars were thrown overboard for the wretched man to cling to, but which he was unable to reach; two

of our top-spars were gone. Thus, in a moment, from a morning of peace, and every thing prosperous and well, have death, pain, suffering, and destruction come amongst us. The widow of the drowned man has lost her reason—the wife of the other sufferer, although more composed, is in despair. One poor girl—the gayest of the gay—who saw the awful event, fainted in my son's arms, and still shakes in every fibre. I never saw horror so depicted in any countenance.

Amidst this scene of misery and danger, our captain was most energetic; and one gentleman, a passenger, who had been in the East India Company's navy for nine years, displayed an activity and self-devotion I shall not forget. His name is N——. He was everywhere. It was he who, seeing that there was a want of hands, and that things were not properly done, let go the ropes himself, released the sails, and thus saved them. Such a man is invaluable in the hour of need. Both of the unfortunate men were Irish. No blame can be attached to any one for what has happened; warnings innumerable having been given by the captain and officers, and orders issued to all the emigrants to desist from climbing upon the bulwarks; but they will not obey them, and hang and sit over the side, notwithstanding all that can be said. The lost man was drawing a bucket of water for his wife, who stood beside him to receive it. He was upon the anchor, near the forecastle, when a heavy wave came, and, suddenly filling the bucket, pulled him down with it. He was, it is said, one of the most respectable men in the ship, and had only that day begun to teach a class of his countrymen to read. Two of the cabin passengers and myself had a narrow escape. We were standing on the poop, intently looking for any speck upon the waters, and did not perceive that

one half of the dissevered boom was borne over our heads and carried into the rigging exactly above us, and was only suspended there by a rope entangled round it. Had its fall not been so intercepted, it must have come down right upon us.

29th.—A gloom hangs over our ship. The wounded man is still alive, but deranged!—and our very attentive and feeling surgeon speaks this morning of trepanning him.

The business of the day is, repairing our damages in ropes, sails, and spars. Many of the ropes in this vessel are made of the outer rind of the bark of the cocoa-nut. It makes an excellent cordage, not quite so strong as hemp, but much lighter. We have some ropes also, which are made of the bark of a tree from Manilla.

Excepting that all delays are annoying, I should have liked to have landed for a few hours at Madeira, for the express purpose of seeing its vineyards. Every one knows the excellence of the wine from this island; but it is not so generally known that one of the peculiarities attending it is the extreme nicety and cleanliness of the manner of raising the fruit. The vines are all trained on trellis-work frames about seven feet from the ground, laid horizontally, with pathways between; and, being on a declivity, you can see up and down the lanes of grapes for several hundred yards; the fruit hangs downward, and is gathered by children into baskets from beneath. By this mode all earthiness is prevented, and the grape is perfectly clean. This, next to the soil and the climate, is the chief cause of the superiority of the Madeira wine.

30th June.—For some days the young philosopher and myself have been dreadfully annoyed by the smell of tobacco in the cabin; and we at length discovered that it

came from the berths of Mr. S. and Mr. N. In the open air I can bear it; but in the close confined space of a cabin, it is quite insufferable. I mentioned the nuisance this morning to the captain and surgeon: the former said it was altogether contrary to the rules in an emigrant ship, and it should be prevented; the latter kindly spoke of it to Mr. N—, who immediately said it should cease. This afternoon, however, we have again been regularly *smoked out.* I, therefore, a second time applied to our chief, whose reply was, that "he wondered the gentlemen did it, *when they heard him speak so often about it.*" This was not quite the tone which I expected him to have taken; but "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and our skipper is in all probability a smoker *in his heart.* It is disagreeable to be compelled to take notice of such things at all, and especially in such a community; and could I have borne it, possibly I might have put up with the evil, and run the risk of the ship's being burnt into the bargain. But the *reek* of tobacco within doors is quite intolerable to me; and I must keep our captain in mind of his own assertion, "that it is inconsistent with the rules of the ship," and, if need be, constrain him to *enforce* his rules. This is just one of those unbearable things that ought to be so clearly understood as never to be attempted; as no one is entitled to erect a noxious manufactory under the nose of his neighbour in a town, so is it clear that on board ship no one is justified in banishing another from the berth he has paid for, by the use of what, though a luxury to some, is beyond endurance and disgusting to more than half the world.

It is surprising that more vessels are not destroyed by fire, and emigrant vessels especially; at least, if all are as carelessly regulated as ours appears to be. It is a very

common thing to bring on board ship boxes of lucifers; yet nothing can be more dangerous, unless they are in tin cases. I have just thrown a quantity into the sea, as an inducement to others to do the same, and I am glad to find that the example has been followed; but I am told that the intermediate passengers have masses of them, and are most reckless in their use.

Our ship is an old vessel, and although teak is not very easily ignited, when it does catch fire it is said to burn fast and furiously. Our cabins and bulwarks are hung round, as I have said, with dry hay, combustible as tinder. Smoking goes on in the cabins, upon this hay, on the poop, everywhere; the emigrants smoke incessantly on the decks, and the sailors in the forecastle; lights glimmering in all quarters. The two cook-shops send sparks and fire into the air with every breath of wind, and one of them burns brightly all night long; in short, we are a permanent *floating illumination*, and if we escape combustion it will be owing to our good luck, not our prudence.

We are now in the north-east trade-winds, borne along smoothly; the air delightful, and the heat by no means oppressive; we have an awning over the poop, which causes a draft of air that keeps us cool. Two flocks of flying-fish were seen to-day close to us: they take short flights of about twenty or thirty yards, and are beautiful little things, their pure silvery-white scales glancing in the sun. They are about the size of herrings, and taste, it is said, very like them. In their flights to escape their enemies the dolphins, they frequently alight in the rigging or on the deck of a vessel; they have four wings, or membranes that serve as such. These flying-fish are always seen in considerable numbers together; I dare say there were five hundred in one of the flocks that came near us to-day.

1st July.—This day we are within the tropic of Cancer, seventeen days from the Sound of Plymouth, and the sun at twelve, noon, within thirty-five minutes of being right over our heads. We now scarcely ever change a sail, but go steadily south-westward through the placid sea. These trade-winds are vastly agreeable things, ever blowing exactly in the same direction, right from the deserts in Northern Africa, across the vast Atlantic, to the shores of America.

Our poor wounded Irishman is still alive, and hopes are now entertained of his recovery. The widow of the lost man is again on deck: she is a meek-looking, downcast creature, sorrow and bereavement marked on every feature, and in every motion. She had been married but six weeks. The question has been mooted amongst us, whether her fresh and young affection, or a more matured attachment, would feel such a dispensation most acutely. Our female passengers say, they think the former would. One who was of this opinion has been two years a wife!

On board ship, one day exactly resembles another.—By four o'clock, morning, some of our passengers are on deck, airing their dogs, and taking their bath: they go to bed again about six, and rise, as all do, about eight bells. The scrubbing the poop and cabin, begins about six, and ends at eight; at nine we breakfast; reading, lounging, talking, chess-playing, and walking, occupy most of us till twelve; when lunch, bread and cheese and a glass of wine, breaks the tedium of the forenoon. At three, dinner again assembles us, when good fare always awaits us, and a glass of claret or two for those who choose it,—and few there be that do not; but this luxury is to be confined to these latitudes I learn. From dinner till tea some pace the poop; others get through their

time with a siesta. After tea, the beautiful evening always brings the whole party again on the poop, to admire the brilliant stars and splendid moonlight, and enjoy the smooth sailing and balmy climate of this favoured region; some remain on deck till twelve or one; some descend to cards; and some, like myself, steal to their cabin to be alone. My time is not exactly spent as I have described that of others. I never rise till eight, but read from six; after breakfast I remain in my cabin, reading or keeping up my log: while lunch is going on, of which I seldom partake, as the fewer meals the better at sea, I remain on deck; and after it is over, return to my den again, preferring my books to the coteries. After dusk I am always with the rest on the poop, where the anecdote and the joke go round. The ship is very fully supplied with every comfort, and many luxuries: it is due to our exporter, Mr. M. of B— L—, in the city of London, to state this; and it is not his fault if any complaint is made as to our provender. Everything in this department, both as regards taste and health, depends upon arrangement and variety. As yet, our table has been most abundantly supplied: we have always had fresh meat, as well as salt, and generally poultry; regularly a second course of sweets and preserves of different kinds, with all the usual stimulants and *whets*, which few seem to need, pickles, olives, raisins, *et hoc genus omne*, gingerbread, &c. &c.; in a word we had every comfort we could desire. Perfect purity in water is a luxury unknown, I fancy, in such ships as this at sea, and perhaps in most others.

We are now careering over the deep at a famous and uniform rate of about one hundred and eighty miles a day, with, what it is at first difficult to reconcile with one's European notions, the sun on the north of us. Our

wounded man is fast recovering, and his messmate's fate seems nearly forgotten. Many of the men are again sitting upon the bulwarks, as if they had never seen or heard of the sad catastrophe that at first so damped all their spirits.

We are now within two days' sail of the Cape de Verd Islands, and five hundred miles from the coast of Africa, opposite the river Senegal. It sometimes happens that even at this immense distance from land, the deck and rigging of vessels are covered with an impalpable red dust blown off the burning sands of Africa.

A flying-fish came into the chains to-day, and has been preserved by our surgeon. It is a pretty creature; flat and broad on the back, with four wings, the two hindermost ones small and transparent, and very like the common dragon-fly's wing. Their apparent whiteness when seen flying proceeds from their back resembling the colour of the sea, and consequently not being observable, so that nothing is seen but the under part of the body, which is silvery white.

"Heaving the log," is an expression so common, that every one is supposed to know what it means; at the risk, however, of conveying an old piece of news, I shall explain the exact nature of the process, which I confess I was myself very imperfectly acquainted with until now.

A sand-glass is used that runs fourteen seconds, and a cord, with a flat piece of wood at the end of it, touched with lead, so made as to float upright as the ship goes forward. On this cord are twenty-four knots, the distances between which bear the same proportion to a mile that the seconds do to an hour; and by ascertaining the number of these knots run out within that space, of course they arrive at the rate. A knot is very nearly the length of the English mile.

3rd July.—To-day is rag-fair on board, it being Saturday, when all the bed-clothes of the emigrants are brought on deck to air, and their berths all cleaned out and sprinkled with chloride of lime, that best of all cleansers and purifiers. It is certainly not a very agreeable sight; but it is highly necessary, as we have just discovered that we have had hooping-cough on board for some days.

4th July.—We had a quiet peaceful Sunday, and, as usual, service was performed. The seats were set around the capstan, over which the flag of England was spread, and every propriety of appearance given to it that could be effected. There was a much larger congregation than last Sabbath. Most of the passengers sat within the cuddy, all the Scotch ones, while the emigrants were upon the deck. Our captain did not attend: this I thought ill-judged, but he should know his duty best. Some of the common sailors (who had been men-of-war's men), knew the responses perfectly without the book.

On Saturday evening we passed the island of St. Antonio, one of the De Verd Islands, at about twenty miles distance, and we are not now likely to see land unless at the Cape. We did not see this isle, the weather was too cloudy; indeed, it has been so ever since we entered the tropics. St. Jago is sometimes called at by ships outward bound, but we passed on. It is well for us that the weather is so cloudy, as, being now just beneath the sun, and at the height of summer, we should be sadly scorched, were it to shine out in all its tropical splendour and intensity.

5th July.—As all ships homeward bound try to cross the equator betwixt the 19th and 20th degree of west longitude if they can, we may now expect to fall in with some vessel, as we are fast approaching the line.

6th July.—I was awoke last night by a dreadful eldrich screech, and a perfect Babel of sounds from the women's apartment. This was an hysterical fit, very legitimately taken by a young woman, on the discovery that an intruder was again in their dominions. He, or rather they, for there must have been two concerned, had cut an opening with a knife through the frame-work partition: great and culpable negligence must exist somewhere. Search was immediately made for the delinquents, but they were too active for their pursuers, and escaped. They tell me, that in some emigrant ships even partitions are dispensed with; that decency is entirely disregarded; and that a sentry and lights are the only protection.

As the passengers become more intimate with each other, the harmony in the cabin diminishes; and I can foresee that four months within the area of the Lady Kennaway, requires good temper, good dispositions, male and female, and a vast exercise of that valuable adage, "Bear and forbear."

We had a beautiful mass of phosphoric light around the ship, last evening; as she cut her way through the quiet waves, flashes of vivid brightness were dashed into momentary splendour. The heavens, too, were beautifully clear, and the polar star, the north star, as the sailors call it, was for the first time visible at the same degree above the horizon as our latitude, somewhere betwixt 13° and 14°. We shall now gradually lose our accustomed stars, and a new hemisphere will appear.

One of the inconveniences I experience in this novel life, is an acute pain in the small of the back, very commonly felt by young sailors: it is occasioned by the incessant motion in bed during the night, that part of the frame being the pivot upon which one turns to and

fro with every lateral inclination of the ship. The pain is so acute that I have difficulty in altering my position, and it requires time to bring myself to the perpendicular. I would recommend all first voyagers to have a couch with canvass beneath, instead of wood,—a discovery I have made now when it is too late. What with sleepless nights, the exhausting heat, and the closeness by day, these latitudes are very trying. I now sit with open doors and ports, and with no coat or waistcoat; and a neckcloth would be a hangman's collar! We have this day lost the north-east trades, and have had "*dirty, muggy*" weather, as our skipper terms it: last night there was rain, with brilliant sheet-lightning, and the wind blowing from the north. In the shade the thermometer is at 80°.

It appears that at this season of the year it is usual to lose these agreeable north trade-winds at an earlier point in our course than during the other months, and at eleven degrees eleven minutes from the line, they will now cease, and we shall progress more slowly till we catch the south-east trades; we have as yet, however, had a beautiful sea, and are getting onwards rapidly.

The phosphoric lights are beautiful. Last night we had them brilliantly: they are said to proceed from animalculæ, and Horburgh almost convinces one it is so; but I am inclined to believe that they are the natural result of the composition of all salt water, and are visible in certain states of atmosphere and lights. There is no more philosophy in this, I admit, than in the other opinion. But if it (the luminous appearance) proceeds from animalculæ, how is it the microscope does not exhibit them, so as to set the matter at rest? and as for putrid fish, that seems absurd. I observe they generally

accompany other phenomena attending a change of weather. Heavy, black clouds fringe the horizon to-day, and we are nearly becalmed. The lightning has been very splendid, glaring and flashing in all directions: all these are warnings to us to prepare for squalls and heavy rains, which in these regions sometimes threaten from one quarter, and come on in an instant directly from the opposite point of the compass. The fishes also foretel coming events; the bonetta have been leaping clean out of the water, as if they would alight on our decks.

We find that we have made a great mistake in not bringing lighter clothing. White jackets of jean as light as possible, and vests and trousers of the same, are alone used, and require to be changed very frequently: a fresh shirt every day, or every two days, is indispensable in these heats, where one is in a constant state of fusion; and thin socks and thin shoes are equally necessary; thick cotton stockings are not to be borne. Our stock of such things was not laid in from experience, but at the suggestion of those who knew no better than ourselves.

18*th July*.—This has been a day of continued heavy rain. I expected a clear blue sky and uniformly placid breezes as we approached and crossed the line, instead of which we have had variable winds, much thunder and lightning, and torrents of rain.

One of the greatest annoyances, and one for which I was not prepared, is the endless succession of abominable animal noises on board ship. It is seldom adverted to, I think, among the evils of the sea; and yet to me it is one of the very greatest. Geese cackling, cocks and hens chuckling, ducks quacking, dogs barking, cows bellowing, horses neighing. Last night, from some cause or other,

the tumult was fourfold, and when united to the never-intermitting pacing backwards and forwards over head, forms a "concord of *sweet sounds*" absolutely overpowering.

In choosing a cabin in a voyage from England to Australia, one should be selected on the larboard, *i. e.* the *left* side of the ship; and in coming home, on the starboard side, in order to have fresh air, — the trade winds being for a considerable portion of the voyage the only source from which this luxury can be obtained. This I likewise learned from experience when too late.

At last we have caught one of those curious inhabitants of the deep, a large porpoise. His head is like a pig's, and his tail is set at right angles to his body; and the skin all over is more like leather than the usual finny coat of mail. Part of him was cooked by the sailors, and tasted, they say, like a bad beefsteak.

Though our progress hitherto has been very slow, the distance from Plymouth to the line being generally run over in twenty or twenty-five days, whereas we have now been thirty-eight, we have been singularly favoured in having no great calms, but fresh breezes constantly, or nearly so, which have kept the ship healthy. From the sun having been so much obscured by clouds since we entered the tropics, we have been saved great discomfort and possibly disease; as, had we been exposed to the sun's full power, the consequences, crowded as our vessel is, might have been most fatal.

Last night, our first mate gave the boatswain, who with all his excellent seaman qualities does not dislike a bit of good-humoured mischief, leave "to hail old Father Neptune," previous to our expected arrival at the line to-morrow: this means, liberty to tar and cover with all

imaginable abominations the faces of all the uninitiated, and shave us with a piece of hoop, which is about as smooth and as sharp as a rake! This was somewhat unpleasant in the anticipation; so we were unanimous in opposition, and the captain at once put his veto determinedly against the ceremony, and gave the mate a suitable reprimand. This was once an universal privilege of poor Jack's, and a day of licence in his history, of which he failed not to avail himself somewhat cruelly, not, perhaps, as he thought, but as his victims felt; and even his captain frequently suffered: now it is fast dying away, like better old-fashioned customs on shore.

At ten o'clock to-day, 21st July, we crossed the equator, in twenty-two degrees of west longitude, after a tedious voyage of thirty-eight days, and without communicating with any ship. We have now fallen in with the south-east trade winds, and the weather and sea are beautiful.

23rd July. — We are now about two hundred and thirty miles to the south of the equator, and last night there was one of the most beautiful spectacles I have seen since I have been on board ship. It was an inexpressibly splendid display of the phosphoric lights: they were in long continued masses, illuminating the sails and both stern cabins. Anything more lovely I never beheld. The colour of the light is neither green nor blue, but a sort of lurid hue, for which I do not think there is any name.

A very large "booby" bird * floated in the air around us in the evening; he was about a yard from tip to tip of the wings, of a white colour, and with an extraordinary flexible neck and body. He plumed himself upon the

* He was so called, but many naturalists describe the booby as only the size of a pigeon.

wing, and threw his body into all imaginable forms; but though apparently anxious to alight on our mainmast, dared not do so, and skimmed away towards a vessel in the offing.

26th July.—Yesterday (Sunday) passed away slowly and heavily; all complained. It was wet, and a wet rainy Sunday even on land, Washington Irving has well described as a tedious lengthened day: the mind, however seriously disposed, cannot dwell, without occasional relaxation, on any one subject, however important, for many consecutive hours. The said Washington Irving's cocks and hens, with their drooping tails, beneath the arch door of the inn, are not more emblematic of it, than is the lounging and do-nothingness of our two hundred and forty-nine souls. Church service was read as usual, and a pretty good congregation attended. It would be well, however, that it should be considered in all such ships as ours as a matter of course that Sunday is to be kept as the Sabbath, and that no unnecessary work is permitted to be carried on around those engaged in worship; and that, as far as possible, *their prejudices*, if others think it right to term them such, in favour of respect for the Lord's day, should be yielded to.

I have omitted to mention that it was felt to be the duty of some of us on board to pay honours to Neptune, in extra potations, on crossing his head-quarters, the equator. These are dangerous modes of respect in most cases; and the orgies on board the Lady Kennaway formed no exception. Several of the party became very merry, very turbulent, and very pugnacious; and about the young hours of the morning all reasoning powers were over amongst them.

27th July.—At Madeira, on the 28th June, we were

in the middle of summer, and now, in these regions, we are in the midst of winter; but what genial and beautiful weather is winter here! Since crossing the equator, we have never had an unfavourable wind, and the heat is not so oppressive as on the north of it. I read and write as comfortably as at home.

We now fly over the deep at the rate of 140 miles a day. Notwithstanding our generally fine weather since passing the line, we have had frequent squalls; and the sailors say that the south-east trade winds are more variable this voyage than they have ever known them before. Last night they plunged us head foremost into the surge, and laid us at other times almost on our beam-ends: one gets accustomed, if not reconciled, to anything. Had some of those tossings and tumblings of the ship occurred off the coast of England, or even off Madeira, we should have considered them serious affairs indeed; but now our minds and bodies are alike prepared to meet them: we comment upon them very coolly, and after each vagary of the waves, settle ourselves again into the perpendicular as best we may.

The great monster of the deep, "the whale," was first seen by us to-day: we had a very distinct view of it, and saw him spout gloriously. The sea was calm, the sun shone brightly, and showed us the brown back of the huge creature above the waters. He was a sperm, and about 70 feet in length. A whale of this kind and size should yield twelve tuns of oil, which, at the rate of 100*l.* per tun, makes him a valuable conquest. The black whale is sometimes one hundred and ten feet long.

This evening we have the wind from the north-west, which, in this region and at this period of the year, is an event almost unknown; we are under double-reefed top-

sails, and have lost within the last twenty-four hours fourteen miles in consequence of this strange shift of the wind.

2nd August.—At six o'clock, about dusk this evening, we saw at a distance of nearly fifty miles the uninhabited island of Trinidad. From the deck it appeared to consist of three parts; but from the mast-head it was seen in one mass. There was a most splendid sunset, and almost at the same instant the most lovely moon I ever saw, arose; and it was whilst the horizon was one mass of gorgeous clouds, that this little islet, lonely in the sea, was discovered. In five minutes after the sun was below the horizon all was dark, for there is no twilight in these climes. The moon, however, which was quite at the full, speedily gladdened us with a new and milder light.

3rd August.—Numerous birds are around us to-day from this island, which we have now approached within eight miles. It is six miles in circumference, barren, and uninhabited, except by wild pigs. The highest peak is 1,100 feet above the water. In shape, the whole mass of rock is beautiful, and our sea-wearied eyes are willing to be delighted with any land. It reminds me somewhat of the Assynt hills in Sutherland, irregular, pointed, sharp, and rugged and wild indeed. The sea sometimes rages with awful violence off this rock, near which there is no safety for shipping. It has been seen to break over a rock at the extremity two hundred feet in height. Numbers of pretty white hawk-shaped birds from it are sweeping around us. By an observation taken to-day, and verified by the sight of this island, our chronometers are found to be correct within half a minute of Greenwich time—a degree of accuracy in their mechanism which is truly wonderful.

5th August.—We have kept this rock of Trinidad in

sight for five tedious days, but have now at length lost it, and are moving along at about one knot an hour. The monotony and disagreeableness of a calm are extremely trying. The sea motionless, and looking like one vast mirror; the air oppressively still; every sound, even the lowest, distinctly heard; lassitude and weariness among all the rational animals, while the irrational ones are panting, and open-mouthed. From six to ten is the only enjoyable time of the day. The heavens are clear; the sunsets more gorgeous in colouring than I ever saw them before; and the stars inconceivably brilliant.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

Dinner arrangements— Table talk—Change of climate—Rapid run—The albatross—Violent storm—Dutch ship—Signals—American vessel—Yankee *reckonings*—Our meals during a storm—Extreme cold—Privations of the sailors—Gale of wind—Mountainous waves—Disturbance among the emigrants—Awful tempest—Moral danger of a long voyage—Sunday on board ship—Lewis de Bernstingle—Cape Horn—Island of St. Paul's—Albatross caught—Violent storm—Fearful damage to the ship—Providential preservation— Repairs —Narrow escape from fire—Drunken steward—Loss of our carpenter—Long list of damages—First sight of Australia—Van Diemen's Land—The Pacific—Cuttle-fish—Line of the Australian coast—Bass's and Torres' straits—Narrow escape—Shameful neglect—A brickfielder —Heads of Sidney — Botany Bay—Reports relative to the state of the colony—New Zealand boatmen—Severe storm—A *bumper* at parting—Night of peril—Fortunate change of weather—Land in the bush —Walk to Sydney—A breakfast on shore.

7th August.—AMIDST all our subjects of discussion, there is none so minutely treated as that of our table arrangements; it was from the first a matter of great moment, but it seems to increase in interest day by day. Our caterer is accused of not studying variety,—the grand essential of all dinners, but more especially of sea dinners. Everything is good, but not well ordered,—one day all our dishes are of mutton; roast mutton, boiled mutton, mutton pies, sheep's-head, dressed after a queer fashion, and mutton broth. The next all are of pork; roasted, fried, boiled, broiled,

and hashed, with an accompaniment of chops and ham. This is a blunder; but, however monotonous the dishes may be, the conversation is still more so; the mutton of one day is changed for the pork of another; but the topics of conversation know no change. Ships, Java, skippers, and agents; agents, skippers, Java, and ships, in one unvarying round.

We have now fairly turned our back to America: this is somewhat of a disappointment to me, as I wished to have seen the noble capital of Rio de Janeiro, once the brightest gem in the crown of Portugal, and one of the finest harbours and cities in America. But it is some consolation that our prow is towards the land we seek, and it is something to know that our distance is nearly half run.

10*th August.*—A tremendous pitching and rolling has tumbled us about all this day,—and the ship is flying through the waves at nine knots. She leaks a good deal at the larboard-bow, and the pumps are worked three or four times a-day. We lie considerably over to that side, and the pitching and rolling, but still more the sound of the pumps, make some of the landsmen look very blank, as if they expected that the poor old Lady Kennaway would not hold together long.

The change of climate is now becoming perceptible,—it is much colder, but bracing and excellent for the health of the passengers: it is no small trial to the constitution, these rapid changes of climate, but all on board seem to bear them well.

11*th August.*—We have had another very boisterous night, and our masts were frequently in danger. Since yesterday at noon—that is, in the last twenty-four hours—we have run two hundred and seventeen miles,—the most

rapid progress we have yet made, and are now opposite Rio Grande in South America, but standing right for the Cape of Good Hope, which we wish to double if we can at thirty-one degrees south latitude. The Cape pigeons came upon our decks, and almost into our cabins, yesterday—a certain forerunner of bad weather: and indeed it came, and our ship still tears through the boiling, raging surge, which hisses as it is forced from her sides. At one moment one side is in the water to the chains, and at the next the other; and every thing cracking and crashing around us, and the spray dashing over the bulwarks upon the decks. The captain and all the crew are delighted with this quick work, although it causes the pumps to be constantly manned. The passengers seem to have more confidence than they had at first in the strength and seaworthiness of the old ship; but all the animals show symptoms of apprehension—the geese cackling, the cattle bellowing with all their might, the horses neighing and prancing, and the pigs squeaking at an octave higher than their usual pitch.

An albatross has to-day, for the first time, crossed our bows. Some of these birds are of prodigious size, measuring seventeen feet (so says Captain Basil Hall, I think) across the wings. This was a small one, but still a noble creature. They are found from this point all across the Atlantic, and to the entrance of Bass's Straits, and build their nests at the Cape, Tristan de Cuna, and St. Paul's. They may certainly be called "kings of the ocean sky."

13th August.—We to-day entered the tropic of Capricorn; and a most lovely day it is;—the sea, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and every wave crested with white sea foam;—the air clear, bracing, refreshing. The Cape pigeons and albatross are our constant com-

panions, and relieve the eye a little. One fine bird of the latter species came close to us just now. He seemed larger than a goose in body, and much longer in the wing; below which, and on the under part of the body, he was of a pure white, but his back was dark. They have the peculiarity of three joints in the wing, and sweep along at a very hawk-like speed, without moving a feather. We had last evening a great deal of lightning, flashing from all points of the compass; and a most splendid but stormy sunset in colours I know no name for—gold, of a hue unknown in an English sky, and a bluish green, the loveliness and shade of which no words can describe.

14*th August.*—At half-past six o'clock this morning, I was saluted by a wave rushing into my port over my bed, all over the floor, and continuing its downward course to the cabin below me, and to those on either side. I arose and made the best of it; shook off the wet clothes, and scrambled upon deck. It was a perfect storm. Mountains upon mountains the waves came rolling, roaring on; the wind was whistling and howling, and ever and anon our barque was o'ertopped by some white-crested billow that dashed thundering past. This went on through the day. At twelve, a second wave struck the ship: the dead lights were put in. The waves were awfully high, the sky became leaden-coloured, and the ocean death-like. The stoutest-hearted quailed. It was awful: the very look of it was appalling, and I felt it to be so; still, although I can scarcely tell why, I never apprehended evil. We had all a habit of leaning and lounging upon the bales of hay on the front of the poop. They broke loose, and were carried in an instant into the yawning gulf. Had we been, as usual, upon them or by them, we could not have escaped with our lives. Nothing could have saved

us. No boat could have lived for a moment. The bull broke loose when the storm was at the highest, and rushed about the deck, scrambling and tumbling. All the emigrants were below,—only one or two Scotchmen, and one wild-looking Irishman, were to be seen. As far as the eye could reach, the sea was one mass of rolling, boiling, maddened water. This gale was ushered in as usual by sea-birds coming close to the ship—a splendid albatross of snowy plumage, stormy petrels, and others. Towards night the wind abated and the sea fell; and to-day (15th), it is smooth and calm.

The changes in these latitudes are incessant. To-day we have lovely weather, whilst for the last two days the cold has been severely felt, the thermometer standing at 58°, with winds right from "Magellan's stormy steep." Now, all is sunny, the air mild and pleasant; and, to add to our agreeable occupations, a large Dutch vessel lies about four miles from us, with which we are carrying on a conversation by Marryot's invaluable invention of signals. She first hailed us,—the preliminary steps on both sides being to show the respective national flag. Then followed to what port bound, the name of the vessel, and so on. She was bound for Batavia, and had been sixty-five days out; and we sixty-four from the Channel—a wonderful similarity in such a distance. There was a difference, however, in the longitude of the ships, they making theirs 9° W., while ours was only 8° 40′ W. This, however, was a triumph to science; the approximation to the truth being so close.

17*th Aug.*—At breakfast-time this morning, a large American ship crossed our bows and spoke us. A beautiful craft she is. Her name was the "Robert Pulsford;" and my son remembered having been on board of her in the Liver-

pool docks. The usual questions and answers passed betwixt us—our longitude being 7° 40′; her's, 7° 30′. It is said that Jonathan always asks your position *first*, and makes it a rule never to differ from the reply above ten minutes. This vessel had the American rudeness to stand right round us, never changed a sail, and apparently expected us to do so. But, after finding that civilities must be mutual, she came up again, and after a few words, telling us she was bound for Hobart Town, in Van Diemen's Land, we mutually promised to report each other, and parted. How delightful is this meeting at sea: even though of different nations, and few links to unite us! Here we are, a Dutchman, an American, and an Englishman—the three great mercantile powers, in sight of each other, all *at peace*, and holding friendly communication with each other, and ascertaining what most we all wish to know—the correctness of our reckonings; telling our respective wants, destination, and country. We are now passing the Yankee fast, and coming up with the Dutchman. There is even a feeling of comfort in the thought that we are in the same circumstances as others, with foul and fair winds; that our passage has not been after all worse than theirs; and that there is hope in spite of every storm—all three vessels having outlived that of Saturday. Another vessel of our own country is in sight this morning, and keeping pace with us; and the Dutchman and we are exactly in the same relative position as yesterday. I have now become completely accustomed to the rocking motion of the vessel, and no sensation of sickness troubles me when she is heaving, tossing, and tumbling about. But there is one poor wretched woman on board, whose first sickness has not yet left her. This evening we shall be on the meridian of Greenwich, in about the latitude of the

Cape, but nine hundred miles from it. This south-west wind carries us bravely on, but roughly. The south wind now is cold, in consequence of passing over the icy regions of the south pole. Our time to-day is the same as in England; but when we get to Sydney, we shall be ten hours a-head of our English friends.

20th August. — The winds and waves have eternal wars in these regions. They both rose last night to a terrible pitch of wrath. Scarcely a single person got any sleep; I did not attempt it. My son is the only one amongst us that sets the elements completely at defiance. I have often wondered how our cook could carry on his operations during such tossing and tumbling as we have frequently had; and his galley is a most miserable apology for a kitchen; his pots and pans, roasts and boils, starting from his fires every lurch, and occasionally his fires themselves extinguished. But, rough or smooth, we have our two courses every day. The tranquil enjoyment of his works of art, however, is quite another thing. His choicest gravies are to be seen flowing in meandering rivulets all down the table-cloth. The very joints sometimes seem possessed of locomotive power, and leap from their dishes into the carver's lap. Our wine, too, is subject to the same laws of oscillation, and proves much too often the truth of the old adage, that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip." Yet, our most disastrous and perilous repasts are often our most cheerful ones.

A new species of albatross hovered around us this forenoon,—his beak is lightish gray, the tips of his wings are dun, the rest of his body jet black; he is not so large as the other sorts, but is more rare. Formerly the sailors believed them to be the embodied souls of cruel and tyrannical captains!

21st August.—Last night the cold was severely felt, although the thermometer stood at 54°. In these latitudes the barometer always rises with a north wind, and falls with a south one. Our poor tars are the greatest sufferers in the ship. They have no proper place of refuge from the weather. Their sleeping places are under the forecastle, and shamefully exposed. Where the fault lies I know not,—whether with the owners, with the all-powerful Mr. M. of B— L—, City of London, or our captain. Several of these poor fellows have been invalided, in consequence of the severities of the weather to which they have been exposed. There is evidently but one remedy, —fewer passengers, and more space, and better accommodation for the seamen. But then this deprives the exporter of so many nineteen pounds.

A fresh species of albatross has made its appearance amongst the others to-day; his body was of a pure white, and his wings quite black; he is a noble bird, and of immense length from tip to tip, and, from the striking contrast of colour, his appearance is altogether most peculiar. This moment a fourth most splendid specimen of this noble bird swept past us on the poop—"every inch a king" of birds. He is by far the largest of the feathered creation I have ever seen, the condor of South America not, I think, excepted. His head and beak white, and his body and wings of a grayish dun hue; he swept over the deep majestically, as if conscious of his pre-eminence.

23rd August. The sea was so rough that we had no service yesterday, and to-day it blows "great guns." There is a French ship abreast of us, which from its pitching and tossing gives us a lively picture of our own vessel. The order was given to close every port in the ship; then came the bustle of preparation for the storm. The useless old

carpenter was wanted everywhere, and could be found nowhere, and, at last, was discovered lashed down by the women to a seat in their apartment, where he had gone to close the hatches—a willing prisoner in the hour of danger. Our captain foretold, from the falling of the barometer, that mischief was at hand, and in about half an hour his prediction proved true indeed. The heavens became darkened, the wind came on tearing and roaring, the sea rose, and it was pronounced by the sailors "a gale of wind;" which awful words, in the ears of a landsman, even when half seasoned, mean a tempest. It was a grand but awful sight! and again I am justified in declaring, that all we have experienced hitherto has been but a foretaste of the horrors of the sea. Crash went every loose thing on board, creak-creak every timber, every rope rattled, and the wind whistled through them horribly; the billows came on rolling right astern, of a height and with a fury not to be believed by those who have never seen them. Then came an awful gust from the south, which brought the ship up; and a huge Alpine wave came moving down, rolling in its vastness towards us, and dashed over the poop, making the ship quiver to the keel, filled our boat, broke it adrift from its lashings, and sent it off flying to the abyss in a hundred pieces,—fortunately, however, leaving the part of the stern on which the name of the vessel was painted, behind; had this piece been picked up at sea, the Lady Kennaway would forthwith have been reported as lost. About one o'clock the scene was terrific; the sea came rushing in at one of the broken ports, the cook's fires were "drowned out," the main hatch, being generally left open for air to the emigrants below, was, in the confusion, forgotten to be closed, and down the torrent rolled into their apartments over their beds. Fainting,

sickness, and misery, were there before,—now the terror of approaching death was added; one of our female passengers came bursting into the cuddy, where she had not been for six weeks—she was in search of her child, who was in the nurse's arms there. There is nothing in this world can equal a mother's tenderness!

Seven at night.—It is now *comparatively* tranquil, but our skipper foretels further distress. The Frenchman has weathered the storm as well as we have; we passed him like lightning, and now he pitches and dives twelve miles astern of us. I was generally in the cuddy with the captain. This night he was indeed the seaman; he was evidently very anxious, and confessed (not his wont) that it *was* a "serious night."

A lunar rainbow was seen before this storm; it is said to be a common forerunner of evil, and numbers of albatross swept around us, with a fellness in their swoop, as if they were the *glad* harbingers of destruction and had a *dilettanti* affection for mischief; and one old dun gray-looking monstrous fellow, the very father of devilry, screamed his joy! One fine horse died from the rolling—some of our sails were torn to shreds—but the good old Indian Lady, though she moaned and complained dreadfully, outlives the whole, and bears us onward still in safety.

Towards night the sky cleared, the barometer rose, and our captain pronounced the gale to be subsiding. We ventured on the poop for a moment, to behold the ocean at the wildest; for the sea is often highest when the wind falls; and such a sight I never before looked upon. The sailors asserted that the waves were forty feet high!—twenty below the ordinary level of the sea, and twenty above it; when we were in the trough, therefore, they were

forty feet above our heads. They came rolling on, sweeping towards us as if they would run clear over the ship and engulf us at once; but as they approached, the gallant old ship rose too.

25th August.—There are some symptoms yet abroad, that we shall have more severe weather in this region of storms. The gigantic dun albatross is still hovering astern, and the sea does not fall; the barometer keeps low, and the sky looks unsettled. We are now, at last, four miles to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, and have fairly turned the corner of the world. Yesterday, the Captain seemed afraid that we were drifting to the northward, and should get into the current that sets across the great sand-bank, called the L'Agullas Bank, to the south of the Cape from the eastward, be carried out of our track, and be forced to heave-to. This bank extends southward from the southern point of Africa, one hundred and eighty miles, with that never-ceasing current into the western Atlantic driving across it. But, fortunately, this has not happened; we are now steering to the southward, and shall soon be to the south of the dreaded danger, and in the Indian Ocean, with a course due east.*

After a storm comes a calm. We move along to-day very slowly, over an unbroken but heaving sea.

27th August.—Another awful night has succeeded the sudden calm, as is generally the case in these seas. The wind is tremendous, and the ship hove-to. The Almighty will not permit us to forget his power or our late preservation. We have internal as well as external storms; our surgeon has, indeed, a troublesome post. Last night, one

* L'Agullas means in Portuguese "The Needles." When discovered, there was no variation at the Cape; it is now twenty-eight miles or two and a half points to the westward of north.

of the emigrants violently attacked him for enforcing the regulation, which requires that the women shall go to their own apartment at a certain hour. This man, instigated by his Xantippe, used very abusive language. The surgeon insisted upon punishment, and irons were talked of. Our chief hesitated, but all the cuddy passengers were unanimous in declaring that an example was necessary; and, at length, the captain ordered the offender to be ironed. No opposition to this was offered by the other emigrants, as I at first somewhat apprehended, from their front and bearing; and next day the poor foolish Benedick begged for pardon, and was forgiven. Firmness is the very first requisite in the management of masses—prudent promptitude the second. Expediency renders it necessary occasionally, in such situations as ours, to exceed the strict letter of the law. Irons and confinement upon bread-and-water is a strong punishment for such an offence as this man's—personal insolence, without personal violence; but such language as he used, appeared to be directly calculated to stir up the worst passions in the large mass of his brother emigrants, and to create riot and insubordination in the ship; which, with so many characters of questionable respectability, and with the national feeling, leading to collision betwixt the Irish in support of the surgeon, and the English in support of the delinquent, rendered it absolutely requisite that something should be done to maintain the authority of the officers.

In what words to describe *Friday, the 27th of August*, 1841, or the night of that day, I know not. The 23d and 24th were dreadful days and nights, and it did then seem to me impossible for the heavens to display greater grandeur, or more appalling terrors. But even the captain, who has five times made the passage round the Cape,

declares he never witnessed such a tempest as this of the 27th. The mountainous waves were of a different description from anything we had before seen; not only were they higher, but they came on with a longer and more impetuous sweep, then bursting upon us and over us as if to swallow all at once. The wind was so loud, that we all declared we knew of no sound to which to compare it. I can liken it to nothing but a North American forest on fire. The thunder bellowed and cracked with a quick, sharp sound; and the lightning struck a gun close to some men, but did not harm them. A ball of fire, as large as a cannon-ball, passed by our foremast, burnt a hole in a man's cap, singed his hair, and struck him down, but otherwise did not injure him. Our staysail was carried away and we broached-to. Few of the passengers were aware of the extreme danger of that moment; the old ship was again hove-to, and the immediate danger from this accident—the end of so many ships never heard of after—was past. A heavy bolt swung in the air from the top-mast, and at last fell upon deck among the men; had it struck any of them, the blow must have been fatal. The sky appeared of a lurid red, whenever the hail, rain, and drift permitted it to be seen. The ship moaned as every sea struck her, yet rose to the next. A large ship, apparently homeward-bound, dashed across our bows under double-reefed topsails, and disappeared, sweeping past us like a bird. Each gust lasted generally about seven minutes; then came the lull, and then another gust, more violent than the former.

Scudding under double-reefed topsails is the last effort in sailing; and the only hope, when that fails, is in *heaving-to*.

The heat during this storm and previous to it was very

great for these low latitudes, but fell after it to 60°; and yesterday it was intensely cold, though the thermometer stood at 50°.

31st August.—To one unaccustomed to it, the noise at night from the everlasting thumping and creaking of the rudder, is distressing in the extreme; it never ceases, and sometimes the violence of the stroke of the sea is such, that one would expect to hear it was wrenched from its fastenings. Sleep in such nights is out of the question, at least with me.

The cold is very great at night, and I am obliged to have recourse to leather to exclude it,—the best, indeed the only protection against rheumatism—the general ailment of all in this clime. As we shall not now stretch much farther south, we are not likely to have it colder, unless the southerly breezes set in. When the wind is direct from the southward, it blows over the frozen regions, and the icebergs betwixt us and the pole, and the air is rarified to a great degree. But it is possible to combat cold; it is heat which is invincible. I have once more opened my ports (windows), to admit the light of the sun; the total darkness which has reigned in our cabins since Thursday, is an unspeakable discomfort, not to mention the ruinous waste of wax lights, of which, very foolishly, but like many others, through forgetfulness of the length, or rather the shortness of the day in these latitudes at this season, we are sadly deficient; and should have been subjected to many weary hours in consequence, but for the kindness of my attentive friend, Mr. E. No one who cares for light in his private apartment should come on board, without at least one hundred wax candles.

A thorough drying, washing, and fumigating is going

on to-day, and great need of it. For several days past, the emigrants have been almost continually battened down below the hatches; and the lower region, I am told, is an Augean stable. But our surgeon is at work in it, and will have it all set to rights ere night. The laziness of some of these emigrants, (the women especially,) is extraordinary. They lie a-bed for days, and would, I believe, remain so during the entire voyage, were it permitted; and, though in perfect health, it is with difficulty the surgeon can expel them from their lairs.

We have this evening come up with and spoke the Alligator, eighty days from London, bound for Sincapore,—a beautiful little vessel of two hundred and fifty tons. Oh! that she had been bound direct home! we could easily have got letters on board to-night, it is so wonderfully calm again. What a luxury it is to hold these "solemn meetings" on the ocean, and to hear your questions answered. But, as on former occasions, the skippers, dull souls! contented themselves with the old queries—the name, destination, country, and longitude, and agreeing to report each other.

A long voyage is a dangerous trial for a young man unaccustomed to the world! The dulness and monotony to one who has not resources in himself, or has not resolution to withstand temptation, is almost certain ruin; and, where there is any previous tendency to vice, which has only been kept in subjection by circumstances at home, the case is hopeless. Let the parent who values his child, beware how he leaves him to himself in such a voyage. A friend *indeed*, may save him from becoming a sot, a gambler, a scoffer, an undone thing. Let no inexperienced lad be sent, without some protector to whose approbation he will look up, rather than yield to

the seduction around him. I have known a youth well disposed, good-hearted, but pliable; with no turn for books, and given to exhilarating moments, endangered, soul and body, by what are unwisely termed, "*fine, agreeable, pleasant fellows*," and the seeds of whose irreparable ruin were sown in an emigrant ship. Some may despise the advice; some may think that the evil admits of no remedy, and that the risk must be run. They are unwise; the advice is important, and the remedy is easy. Let the parents or the relatives of the young man who is about to emigrate, select a captain of firmness, and of established character; let them also obtain for the youth the judicious and not too strict guardianship of some one of the older passengers. Unless this is done, great indeed is the risk of abandoning a young man to the moral dangers of the sea.

4th September. — A splendid breeze sprung up last night, and carried us along faster than we have yet gone—eleven knots an hour. A frigate has been known to sail fourteen. Whilst ascertaining our velocity, by heaving the log, we lost all our line, measuring one hundred and seven fathoms, borne off by the violent strain upon it, from the rapidity with which we swept through the water.

6th September.—Owing to the continued stormy weather, yesterday was the first day we have had service for four weeks; and I was again vexed at perceiving the total want of respect shown by those in authority, for the *prejudices* of others. They never attend themselves;—that is as they choose. But if they did, possibly the question might not have been mooted in the ship, when the bell rings, "If there was any one going to be hanged!" I was also sorry to see that the dangers we had passed through, have been so soon forgotten by the emigrants, and that so very few

came to return thanks for their preservation. But when they see those to whom they naturally look up as their guides, go about their usual avocations unnecessarily, and no respect paid to the day, or to the solemn duty connected with it, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they become deadened to all serious impressions, when the moment of terror is past: I was glad, however, to see more of the cuddy passengers than usual present.

There are no greater advantages to a young man, than travelling, and the knowledge of languages. We have a youth, an Hungarian, in this ship, who, though a common artisan, can converse in eight different tongues; and since he has come on board, has picked up English, with wonderful rapidity: his name is Lewis de Bernstingee. He has been in Russia, Poland, Germany, Switzerland, Turkey, France, England, and Italy. He is a watchmaker, and jeweller; and according to the rules of his craft in Hungary, he is not permitted to practise it there until he has travelled three years, to perfect himself; and even when he returns he must give evidence of his proficiency before he is allowed to follow his calling. A very severe law for those who are without funds; but something like the restriction which we require before we grant burgess privileges.

The north-west winds in these latitudes always bring the same soft humid weather as the west winds do in England, and everything becomes damp—our clothes, the decks, and every part of the ship. In such an ark as this, where the sleeping-places below are so crowded and have so little air, this humidity is most unwholesome, and we have at present several cases of hooping-cough. Whenever the winds veer eastward it becomes dry, and when they are southerly, cold. One chief delight which the sea has

always afforded me, when occasionally resident on its shores, is entirely wanting now that I am traversing its wide expanse,—the agreeable, and I believe, also, the healthy smell which is given out by the mass of sea-weeds, everywhere so abundant on the margin of the ocean. This grateful odour is so intimately connected with all my early recollections of the sea, that throughout all the voyage I have greatly regretted the absence of it.

My son has just caught one of the Cape-hens, the first bird captured since we came on board; it measures nearly seven feet from tip to tip of the wings, and has a most wonderful defence from the cold, in the matting of downs beneath the external plumage. Our surgeon killed him by a drop or two of prussic acid applied to the eye, in less than four seconds, and he seemed to expire without any pain.

11*th September.* — Whilst at dinner to-day, a shout reached us from the deck, of "Land a-head!" ever a pleasant sound at sea. We gladly hailed it, knowing it could be no other than the island of St. Paul's; though, having had no observation, in consequence of the thickness of the atmosphere this forenoon, we fancied ourselves further from it. On the north side, which we are passing at seven, P.M., within ten miles, it resembles a whale in shape, with head, back, and tail, distinctly marked. It is uninhabited and barren, about ten miles in length and four broad, and has a lagoon running from the south up into the interior, with precipitous sides, and is the resort of innumerable sea-fowl. On the island there is a volcano, but no eruption is now visible. Amsterdam Island lies about forty miles to the north of St. Paul's, and parallel to it. The Dutch, I believe, reverse the names. There are a great many wild hogs upon it, and there is excellent fishing on its

shores. Rock cod, bream, and other fish, are caught in abundance.

My son has again been fortunate to-day in *fishing* for birds, and has taken a noble albatross, eleven feet across the wings, and finely marked. His beak is upwards of five inches in length, and his body as large as a swan. A fifth species of this gigantic bird has lately made its appearance, more beautiful in plumage than any of the others, and larger. His body and part of the wings are of a pure white, and the rest of the wing black. He is the grandest specimen of the feathered tribe I ever beheld.

21st September. — Our gratitude is due to Heaven, I may truly say, for our deliverance last night from most imminent peril, and apparently inevitable death. Yesterday evening we had been talking of the danger of a vessel's being pooped—that is, having her quarter-gallery carried away; and I had only just left the cuddy to shut the port in my cabin more securely for the night, as the strong winds and squalls had been very severe all day, when in an instant I felt a shock as of an earthquake; and in a moment after, my son burst into my room, with the awful words, "I fear it is all over!" I rushed out to see the cause. The cuddy and cabins were crowded with people —apparently no one to direct, and all running to and fro with every evidence of terror. A perfect torrent of water ran from one of the passenger's cabins into the cuddy, tearing every thing before it; and the cabin itself was strewed with the furniture of the quarter-gallery, and with it large masses of the wood of the ship; and amidst the whole were Mrs. S—— and her child, who, but for the presence of mind and prompt assistance of Mr. N——, would have been swept away by the mere force of the water. She was cool and collected, even in that moment

of terror. It was, indeed, a moment not only of terror, but of the most imminent danger. The very catastrophe of which we had just been speaking, had actually befallen us. Our quarter-gallery had been burst in, and through a space five feet wide was seen the raging ocean. Another such wave must founder us, and they were running right over us,—the very last having knocked down the mate, who was on his watch on the poop, depriving him of speech, and leaving him only strength sufficient to crawl to the wheel to help the helmsman whirl it round to meet the next sea. That next sea, and the succeeding ones, were, thank God! more moderate, else all had been over. Mr. N——, and our active boatswain, collected beds, mattresses, blankets, and tarpaulings, and everything that could be found in the confusion, and piled them up against that awful chasm, and in a wonderfully short time got it temporarily filled and secured with boards. But, had such another wave burst upon it, their labours would have proved but a slight defence, since the solid fabric of the ship could not stand the first. The cuddy and decks were deluged with water. In the poor ladies' cabin the sea had rushed, with such terrific violence that it actually filled every drawer—even the very upper ones—of a wardrobe reaching to the roof. Mr. N—— says, that when he first broke into the room, the water was up to his knees. Mrs. S—— and the child were in bed, their heads not two feet from the dreadful breach! The same wave struck the whole ship from stem to stern, and carried away at the same moment great part of the bulwarks on the side which was exposed to it. The bull's shed was also washed away, and he ran tumbling about the deck; whilst the dogs—the violent rush of water having broken the cords by which they were tied up in the boats—came howling

into the cuddy and crouching with fear. The hay was gone; the cookshops, and boats amidships, all displaced and thrown athwart the deck, amidst spare spars, ropes, and chains. Every cabin in the ship was as full of water as the cuddy. The solitary lamp in the cuddy had been thrown down and extinguished, and we were left in total darkness. All seemed resigned to their fate; little was said. The dreadful apprehension that the gallery might again be washed in, kept all in terror. For two hours I had no other expectation but that the fate of the Lady Kennaway was sealed!

The wave that reduced us to this condition must have been of tremendous violence. The mate on watch declares it was as high as the mizen-crosstrees!! I consider our preservation owing, under Providence, to Mr. N—— and our boatswain. The coolness and promptness of both were admirable; and the exertions of our surgeon were not less praiseworthy in restoring matters again to some order.

Before this awful event, death had again visited us,—a fourth little child died of hooping-cough,—and a poor woman also died; making, with the poor Irishman who was drowned, six souls gone to their last account.

In our terrible night of Monday, we drifted to the northward sixty miles, and we are now within 50° of the longitude of Sydney; which, if all is well, we should do in twenty-one days. I had been unwell for some days, and was not good for much on the day of our calamity.

22d September.—The storm has now altogether subsided, and we are again going quietly along. On Sunday we had severe cold, and a storm of snow. The weather indeed, ever since we passed the inhospitable St. Paul's,

has been stormy and squally, and even last night, though the sea is down, the ship rolled fearfully. My confidence in the strength and solidity of the Lady Kennaway has much diminished; she has proved dangerously deficient in two places; and now, with a patched-up quarter and one bulwark half its proper height, our dangers are of course much increased.

Sundry are the perils we have run in this ship, and of all descriptions. One of a very alarming nature was discovered yesterday, which I doubt not has been hanging over us all the voyage. Our steward is an old useless creature, but having been recommended to our captain by some friend, he was very averse to see his faults. Extreme thirstiness was one amongst this functionary's numerous failings; a thirstiness which, it now appears, nothing can quench but rum. The other night, when the storm was at its height, and the destruction of the quarter-gallery had brought us to the very verge of ruin, this man was seen to go down into the hold with a light, accompanied by two boys, and make an attack upon the rum-casks, thinking no doubt that there was just time enough for him to drown care, before the sea drowned him. This has led to a good deal of discussion; and, although not without difficulty, this drunken steward's access to the spirit casks has at length been prevented.

Friday, 1st October.—A fine breeze bears us rapidly along to Bass's Straits. The weather is mild and fine, and the moon—the harvest moon in England—is magnificent. We have still sickness on board, and my son has at length caught the hooping-cough. He has it, however, mildly, and the change to a warmer climate will be in his favour.

Another dreadful accident has occurred, and has launched

another soul into the presence of its Judge. About eleven o'clock to-day the fearful words reached us below, "A man overboard!" We rushed quickly to the poop, where we learned, from a hundred tongues, that the poor carpenter was in the sea. We saw him, and the boat in which he had been working, but they were far apart. He was swimming strongly, with his head high above the water. Poor man! he had proved himself incompetent to fill his situation, but his good nature always afforded us a laugh; he had a joke for every one, and was liked by all. He was at work in the whale-boat, which was suspended over the side of the vessel; and had very nearly completed its repairs, when a sharp blow having been given to a part of the iron-work, by which it was hung, it broke at a point where, it was evident on inspection, there had been an old crack; and boat and man were at once precipitated into the sea. One of our boats had been washed away in the storm; another was now gone, and the jolly-boat was unserviceable: owing to all this, it was a considerable time before anything could be done to save him. After much delay, a small boat, full of holes, which lay on the deck, was put into some sort of order, and was got over the side, when Mr. Stewart, the second mate, and three of our best men, jumped into the crazy thing, and were off in search, while the third mate was stationed at the mizen-top, to direct their course. But though the ship was instantly put about, the sea was so high, and we so soon drifted far from the place, that we quickly lost sight, not only of the poor man, but of the broken boat, and ultimately of the other boat and its crew. We were for a time kept in great suspense by conflicting statements. Some said they saw the poor carpenter hanging to the broken boat; others, that they saw him lift up one arm; from which it

was thought that he had caught hold of one of the oars, and was still floating: but after an hour's fruitless search, the order was given to recall the boat; and at length, although not without much difficulty and risk, it and its gallant crew were got safely on board.

The melancholy event has apparently sunk deeper into the feelings of every one than our first loss of the same kind. We all liked the poor fellow, and he was, alas! so regardless of those considerations which are the only support in his dreadful circumstances,—so totally unprepared for his fate. Often in his perplexities, and when his work was too much for him, he would give utterance to the words, "I wish I were in the sea!"—How little did he imagine his rash wish was so soon so literally to be granted!

3rd October.—The captain is greatly distressed at the death of this man, and laments also the severe loss to his owner, in the destruction of the second boat. Our losses have, indeed, been serious, and most vessels make their voyages without meeting with a tithe of our misfortunes. We have lost two boats, two men overboard, three sails, our bulwarks and our quarter-gallery!

This morning, at half past six, we had at last the great joy of seeing the long-wished-for land of New Holland, at the distance of twenty-five miles. The first glimpse we had of this earnestly-desired shore reminded me of the gradual rise of the Cheviots on the eastern coast of Northumberland,—not so regular nor so high, but something like their outline. Last night, our captain being afraid of getting too near the land, hove to, and we rolled dreadfully; but safety was more important than comfort.

The point of land we first saw was that reach before coming to Cape Otway, forty miles westward of King's

Island. All ships try to keep on the New Holland shore in preference to the reefy neighbourhood of King's Island.

This passage was only discovered by Captain Bass, in 1798. Cook saw the north side of the continent, and New Zealand; but Captain Bass was the first that made his way betwixt Van Diemen's Land and the continent of New Holland, as until lately it has always been called; but the name was ill-fitted for the fifth quarter of the globe, and is now fast giving way before the more comprehensive and appropriate one of Australia. We passed both King's Island and Rodondo in a fog, and only saw the latter, and that very indistinctly.

5th October.—We are favoured with most lovely weather, and sparkling green seas, smooth as a mill-pond, with our harvest moon at night to show us our path past the Devil's Rock, and Judgment Seat,—terrible names for terrible places; and to-day, if this west wind holds, we shall be past them all, and enter the vast Pacific Ocean. All is gladness on board—all pleasing anticipation.

We have still much to do before we make the rocky heads of Sydney, "*et vix ea nostra voco.*" We have not sighted Devil's Rock, but we saw Great Island to the southward, and the rocks called the Sisters, to the west of Van Diemen's Land, and the pyramid to the north of it. This island of Van Diemen's Land—which is as large as all England—and the vast country of Australia, lie one on either side of us; and numerous smaller islands lie scattered around.

I saw this evening the first lunar rainbow I ever beheld; the one which I have mentioned, as appearing previous to the storm, I did not see. The bow spanned

the heavens in an arc of great radius. I had heard that colour was imperceptible in these beautiful phenomena, but it is not so; I saw the purple distinctly. The sun went down in clouds of a golden-red to-night. In short, this has been the most delightful day on board the Lady Kennaway.

Wednesday, 6th October.—Another beautiful day, and a sea worthy of the name it bears—Pacific—glancing in the brilliant sun: the colour of the water is changed to a deep blue. Coming out of the Indian Ocean by Bass's Strait into this, seems like leaving a stormy mountainous country in winter, for a smiling plain in the midst of summer. Preparations for our creditable appearance, on reaching shore, are now going forward throughout the ship,—scrubbing and cleaning the sides, decks, and bulwarks, and such repairs as we have the means of making. There is a great deal of haze on shore, which excludes the view of it, and indicates great heat. Last night the heavens were most splendid, glittering with stars unknown to Europe, a milky way brilliant as in the north, and two smaller streaks of nebulæ to the south, not visible in our hemisphere; the vault above is of a more cerulean hue, and Sirius is like a sun. Our wind, however, has left us, and we are tacking about in hopes of catching it.

We creep slowly to our goal, through a still placid sea and clear sky and air. Three sharks were seen to-day, but not by me: I only saw the upper fin of one, black and like leather. We have also a new species of Mother Carey's chicken, marked like the former, but much smaller—a butterfly-looking little bird. There is a new species of fish too, called cuttle-fish, floating on the surface close to our ship, like white oyster-shells.

9th October.—Baffling winds persecute us now, and

obliged us to-day to stand again towards the shore opposite Twofold Bay. This is really trying to our patience, of which the stock is, like our provisions, getting very low. By dint of urging, we have extorted a few bottles of newly discovered claret from our captain, and all its influence is required to keep us in good temper, now that we are within one hundred and sixty miles of our haven, and are kept out at sea. We had a very extensive and fine view of the coast of Australia this morning, betwixt Twofold Bay and Bateman's Bay, embracing a range of mountains of great height, three of which vividly recalled to us Scotchmen our own land. The southern one is an exact copy of Ben Ledi; the middle one, called Mount Dromedary, very strongly resembles "Cheviot's mountains lone;" and the third, called the Pigeon-house, is a complete second edition of Ben Lomond. The country appears to undulate very prettily, and the heights are covered with wood: indeed, the whole seems one forest, rising beautifully in terraces, extending in some places down to the white sandy beach. From Bass's Straits to the ninth parallel of latitude along the western coast of Australia is all sandstone formation, then primary to the fourteenth, and then sandstone again, and from the fifth to Torres' Straits, coral reef.

11*th October*.—Yesterday, Sunday, was another beautiful but dull day, and we were again becalmed. A general listlessness, partly resulting, perhaps, from a want of elasticity in the air, but more from disappointment, has spread over us all. We had service, as usual, but without any change for the better in its circumstances. This is the last Sunday, I hope, that the passengers will have to meet at this duty. Consistent to the last, none of the officers of the ship, except the surgeon, were present! nor

throughout has any preparation been made for our proper accommodation, or the due performance of the solemn service, by having seats properly placed for those that choose to attend; while, on the contrary, every usual occupation, and the running to and fro of boys with meat to the cook's shop, have been permitted as on other days.

To-day it rains heavily; the dense atmosphere and thick haze are melancholy, and we feel more depressed than we ought to do, when we reflect upon the past, and consider that the Heads of Sydney are only eighty miles distant. We had a grand but stormy sun-set last evening, and to-day all is again dark and gloomy. There is a current setting down the coast from Torres' Straits, which is also against us, retarding us a mile and a half an hour, even when we do progress at all; this current is occasioned by the monsoon; which, at this season, blows through these fearful channels. From October to May is the season for getting through Bass's Straits to the westward, and from May to October through Torres' Straits, from Sydney northward. In the other months, vessels so bound scarcely attempt these passages.

Tuesday, 12th October.—When will our troubles end? Last night, after the heavy rain, it cleared up, and by ten o'clock we all had *turned in*, weary of the day. At eleven, a loud voice called out at the door of one of the passengers' cabins, "The lanthorn, Sir, the lanthorn—a large ship close upon us to windward." It appears that the only ship's lanthorn we have, has been most improperly given to one of the passengers for his individual use, and we were now in the greatest danger for want of it,—the lives of all in the ship in jeopardy, for the accommodation of one person: this needs no comment. Before the lamp could be got

ready, the strange ship had, fortunately, passed us. We were now but a few miles from port, and in the very run of ships outward bound; it was very dark, and yet our only warning light was in the cabin of a passenger. Our captain confessed to me next day, before the surgeon, that she passed us within half the length of the ship!—a large ship, on the opposite course, under all sail—the collision must have sunk us.

The heat has been excessive, and the lightning was flashing wildly the whole night. Early this morning I was awakened by a tremendous bustle on deck, and on quitting my berth I found everything in confusion. A sudden storm had arisen; we were quite unprepared, and everybody was alarmed. It was one of the violent and dangerous squalls so frequent off this coast, which are called brickfielders, and come suddenly right off the land without warning of any kind. It lasted about an hour; and, from the disorderly state of everything on board the ship, and our being so near the shore, we were, at one time, in great peril.

Thank God, we are at length safe within the Heads of Sydney, having a pilot on board, and proceeding up to the capital; and, all our dangers over, are, at last, in New South Wales.

These Heads of Sydney, which we have so long desired to see, present a grand and imposing front to the ocean; and the coast, on either side, is high, bold, and rocky, and formed of red sandstone; there is, however, one space of fine white beach to the southward. All this arm of the sea affords beautiful anchorage; its shores are covered to the water's edge with a dark stunted-looking brushwood, which gives a sombre appearance at first,—at least in this evening light,—to the otherwise

varied and beautiful entrance to Australia. But it is relieved by several pretty-looking cultivated places on the shores; and the lighthouse is a cheering sight, after a four months' voyage. We cannot, it seems, land to-night, or get within four miles of the town; and must lie at anchor till morning.

We passed port Hacken this forenoon, and afterwards the inlet called Botany Bay; a name, the agreeable sound of which subsequent association has quite destroyed. It is a much wider opening and more extensive bay than Port Jackson; but in a bright sun and fine weather I should imagine Port Jackson would be by far the most beautiful. This evening, however, I must say it has a gloomy, dark, and inhospitable appearance. Health officers are on board of us this evening; and, though hooping-cough is in the ship, we are not to be put in quarantine, of which we were in great dread. Those who have come on board report that the colony is in a very distressed state,—innumerable failures, and no confidence.

Wednesday, 13th October.—The sun this morning shines through a thick dust, which, as well as the wind which sets it in motion, is called a brickfielder. The scene is dismal—rain, gusts of furious wind, and this thick dust and drift; and the weather is such that we dare not yet venture to weigh anchor.

The boat that brought our pilot on board was manned by six New Zealanders; they were fine-looking, athletic fellows, with good expressive faces, copper-coloured, and tattooed in every part. They were most picturesquely dressed, in red shirts. Their boat was painted light blue, her bows were scarlet, and the shape most beautiful; it was long and narrow, and cut through the waves like an arrow.

Three o'clock. There is no hope of our getting up to Sydney to-day. The wind and sea are raging, and the breakers throwing their foam up to the tops of the tremendous Heads; it is a grand but fearful sight. One of our passengers went ashore last night with the health officers in their boat, and got down again to-day opposite our ship, but dared not attempt to come on board: he remains ensconced in a cottage in this bay, which is called Chouder, though his wife is still in the ship. There seems a great trade at this place; three ships have entered the Heads since we did last night, and have cast anchor before us in a mountainous sea; the pilots, at the peril of their lives, having steered them through these awful Heads into the anchorage within.

14*th October.*—Our present situation is quite as alarming as it has been during any part of the voyage. The storm is most violent, and our ship is anchored within one hundred yards of a line of rocks astern. If our anchors shift, we are lost. The pilot was very improperly allowed to go on shore yesterday, and is not returned; the flag is again hoisted for him. A ship, which came in since we did, has been driven ashore before our eyes. Some of us talk of venturing, during a lull, in the New Zealand boat, to effect a landing in the bush, taking our valuables with us, rather than run the greater risk of being driven on the rocks. Our awful peril must be known in Sydney, yet no one can come to our aid. Our danger becomes every moment more imminent. The pilot is again come to us, and two of the Favourite man-of-war's boats are alongside, to see what help they can afford us: they can give us none. Everything depends on our anchors holding; and they are off to assist the vessel on the beach. These are fine gallant daring fellows. The officer came into our cuddy, dripping wet

from head to foot, but as gay and lively as possible; drank all our healths in a glass of wine, wished us well out of our "larking night," and was off to help those to whom he could be of use. The pilot says *he thinks* we should hold on with two cables. *Thinks* is an awkward word, where death hangs upon the doubt, more especially as he well knows we have dragged our anchor some space already, and that even in the darkness we see the breakers nearer astern.

The storm still rages, the pitch darkness rendering it doubly dreadful. *Warps are being got ready to assist us, if needful!* If the wind changed a point, we might be saved. The lulls betwixt the gusts are becoming longer, but the gusts are terrific. The pilot is a great comfort; he still holds out hope that we shall not be lost, and that the storm will probably abate about the change of the moon, at 2, A. M.

Friday, 15th October.—The gale continued throughout the entire night, and our peril was excessive; but, thank God, the wind did abate this morning, as our pilot foretold, and about the very hour he had named; and, as there was every appearance of the weather clearing, preparations were made for weighing anchor, and all was thankfulness and expectation. But at seven o'clock, squalls again came on, and again the sea arose. The pilot sent for his boat by signal, intending to go ashore, as he did not expect we should be able to proceed up to the town to-day.

On his boat, with its gallant New Zealand crew, coming alongside, he consented to allow them to land us in the bush, on the beach of Chouder Bay, five or six miles from Sydney. I and my son, together with three other passengers, got into the boat, and were speedily rowed across to the shores of New Holland. And thankful

we all were, at once again placing our feet on the solid earth!

Our introduction to the land of Australia could not have been more characteristic,—landed by demi-savages on a wild beach, with a walk before us of some miles, literally in the bush! But what a delightful walk! Such loveliness was all around us, our path being actually among green-house plants—heaths of all varieties, bright and beautiful—parrots and other birds in gay plumage, and one bird whose notes brought home to my heart.

Sydney at last burst upon us: its situation is beautiful, and its environs infinitely superior to all our anticipations. After crossing in an open boat a ferry calm as a lake, at a place called Billy Blue's, we at last entered the town; and, having made our way to the principal hotel—Petty's—sat down once more, and for the last time together, to breakfast;—and such a breakfast!—all fresh and land-like—fresh eggs, fresh butter, and fresh cream. How it may be with genuine nauticals I know not, but with landsmen the first breakfast on shore, after a four months' voyage, is an event not to be forgotten.

16*th October*.—The Lady Kennaway was towed up to the harbour this morning by her boats; and I now bid her farewell.

CHAPTER III.

AUSTRALIA—SYDNEY.

Sketch of the history of New Holland—Its first discovery by the Dutch—Captain Cook—Australia selected as a penal settlement—Rapid rise of the colony—Ignorance respecting it in England—High estimation in which it is now held—Early discoveries in the country—Port Jackson—The first settlers—Botany Bay—Port Philip—Port Adelaide—Swan River—Moreton Bay—Sydney—First impressions of the town—Its beautiful situation—State of commercial affairs—Embarrassments of Government—Claims of our surgeon—Appearance of Sydney—Its streets and shops—Numerous public-houses—High rents—Want of drainage—Order and decency preserved—The people—Their features and figures—Prudence of the ladies—Absence of beauty—Universal use of carriages—A primitive four-in-hand—Rapid locomotion—Sir George Gipps—Old government-house—The new mansion—The churches—Dr. Lang—Public buildings—Market—Court-house—Royal hotel—Hints to young settlers—Materials of the houses—Suburban villas—Absence of porters and cabs—Amusements—Theatres—The convicts—Internal communication—The Roads—Nature of the soil—Beautiful prospect—A review—The weather—Lightning—Precocity of the females in Australia—Damp clothes—The botanical gardens—The bench and the bar—Visit to a suburban villa—Hospitality—The chief of G—y.

Sydney, 17th—29th October.—BEFORE giving my first impressions of this great and valuable British colony, I shall advert very briefly to the vast continent of which it forms a part. New Holland is in area as large as the whole of Europe, and has been well termed "The fifth quarter of the globe." It extends from 109° to 153° east

longitude, and from 11° to 39° south latitude, and its distance from Great Britain is upwards of sixteen thousand miles.* The Dutch were the first discoverers of this country. In 1605, a vessel called the Duyfen was sent from the port of Bantam, then belonging to Holland, to explore the coasts of the neighbouring islands; and on its return, it fell in with the land which is now called Australia, to the south of Endeavour Strait, on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria. No settlement was made on this first discovery; but the Dutch, in their trade with Batavia, not long afterwards discovered and gave names to the greater part of the northern coasts of this great country; and completed their knowledge of that part of it by De Witt's and Carpenter's visiting, in the year 1628, the vast sea that now bears the name of the latter —the Gulf of Carpentaria. This enterprising people were also the first who acquired any knowledge of the western shores, which in the year 1622 they explored and named at different points as far to the southward as Cape Lewin, which received its appellation from the ship that first approached it, the Leeuwin or Lioness. Thus the Dutch may be said to have been the discoverers of one-half of the whole continent of Australia, and hence its name of New Holland.

The celebrated Captain Cook was the first British subject that ever explored the coast of this continent, having in 1770 discovered the eastern coast of Australia from Cape Howe to Cape York, to which he gave the name of New South Wales. Captain Bass in 1798, Captain Grant in 1800, and Captain Flinders in 1805, surveyed

* The area of Europe is, in square miles 2,243,000
And of Australia 2,745,000
See RHIND's *Geology*.

the shores to the westward, from Cape Howe to Cape Lewin; so that, in the short space of fifty years, the whole of this immense country not discovered by Holland, had become known to England.

In 1788, the first British settlers landed on the shores of Australia. Government selected this distant land as a place of secondary punishment for the criminals of Britain and Ireland; and in that year Captain and Governor Philip landed with the first colonists—a cargo of delinquents; and the beautiful cove on the waters of Port Jackson was the spot selected on which to plant the standard of England, and erect the capital of what was destined to become one of the most valuable appendages of the British Crown.

There is no part of the earth known to the human race, regarding which history is so silent and meagre in its information as New South Wales; and, on the other hand, there is no country that has in so short a period attracted so strongly to itself the notice of mankind; nor, considering its short existence, and the materials out of which it was reared, is there any colony in the world that has so benefited, by its trade and otherwise, the parent from which it sprung; while, at the same time, it has created a political and social existence for itself, with a rapidity unexampled in the annals of colonisation.

From the extreme distance of this country from England, little was known by those unconnected with its export and import trade, of its real state, or of its rapidly-increasing importance; and I am satisfied that I do not err in saying, that until within these ten years, few in Britain had any knowledge of it at all, or any ideas concerning it, except as connected with *Botany Bay*—the receptacle of the "superfluity of naughtiness" of the empire.

Although known to the Dutch for nearly two hundred years, it is unnecessary for me to say that it is a land unknown to history, or that it is a *new country* in every sense of the word, except as regards its geology, which exhibits evidences of its having been subjected to the revolution of ages, and to the same convulsions that have affected other portions of the globe. We in vain seek on its shores for any work of man linked with the past. Half a century has scarce elapsed since the wild savage roamed through the woods on whose site the capital now stands; and it is not much more than half that period since the very name of the country was a by-word, and, to have been called a son of its soil, would have been deemed a reproach. Those days have now, however, passed away. Information in every branch of knowledge has spread through the land; enterprise, capital, and character, have penetrated into its towns and valleys; no longer exists the belief that beings with heads below their shoulders, or with no heads at all, are to be found there; and this vast country, once degraded in the eyes of the virtuous and honourable, has become the desired of the sons of every grade of society, from the peer to the peasant of England, and of almost every nation under heaven.

I refer those who are curious as to the early discoveries made in this country, to the travels of Oxley, Cunningham, Sturt, and Mitchell, to whose indefatigable labours, energy, and daring, the world is indebted for whatever is known of it. They have traversed a great part of Australia Proper, and much of it that has been explored by no other Europeans. Nothing is at present known with regard to the interior: beyond about four hundred miles from the sea, it is at present a complete *terra incognita*.

My object, however, is rather the present than the past; and, having been in no part of the continent except Australia Proper or New South Wales, I shall merely refer, as briefly as possible, to the other settlements belonging to Great Britain, confining my details entirely to what I have myself seen or heard in that part with which I am acquainted.

When Captain Cook first sailed along the shores of Australia, he discovered the large inlet to which he gave the name of Botany Bay (from the beauty of the various plants he saw there), and Brocken Bay, a large arm of the sea to the northward, into which the noble river Hawkesbury pours its waters. One of his sailors named Jackson, descried from the topmast those tremendous Heads, a mile and a quarter apart, through which the ocean winds inwards into the interior for twenty-four miles, in a series of beautiful bays, and forming one of the finest harbours in the world. Cook, however, thought there was no anchorage there, and that it was only a boat harbour; and, bestowing upon it the name of the sailor who first observed it, passed onward. The orders given to the first expedition under Captain Hunter, consisting of the six hundred male and two hundred and fifty female convicts and their guards, who first peopled Australia, were that the settlement should be formed at Botany Bay, in consequence of the favourable description given of it by Captain Cook. But, on arriving there, Governor Philips, who accompanied the expedition, and Captain Hunter, finding that the anchorage was unsafe, and the soil around poor, resolved to deviate from their instructions, and to seek at some other part of the coast a more eligible situation. On their way to the northward, in search of Brocken Bay, which was laid down in Captain Cook's chart as an exten-

sive arm of the sea, they discovered Port Jackson to be, not a boat harbour, but a safe and beautiful haven, where the whole British navy might ride in security. On the 26th January, 1788, the first tents and huts were placed by the side of the little creek or rivulet, called the Tank, that runs in a rocky bed into the cove. On the west side of the creek, some of these slab huts are still to be seen, in strange contrast with the spacious erections of modern times that surround them. It is said that some of the earlier inhabitants of this settlement are still living, and that they well remember having been accustomed to fish from their windows in this stream, and that the sport was excellent. There is now merely a rocky channel, without any stream in its bed, except during a flood, which soon leaves no trace behind.

Such was the commencement of this great colony, such the materials of which that nucleus was formed; which, by the accumulation of other delinquents, and the importation of free settlers, has expanded itself into a population of one hundred and thirty thousand souls, thirty thousand of whom have "sat down" by the shores of this beautiful cove.

The first offshoot of any great consequence from this, the mother settlement, was established at Port Philip, on the southern shores of this continent. One or two individuals from Van Diemen's Land were the first to settle with their flocks and herds at this place. But capital soon flowed in from Sydney, and for a time its prosperity was extraordinary. It is still a part of Australia Proper. Its capital, Melbourne, contains several thousand inhabitants; and its rapid increase, both in population and trade, has been quite as wonderful as that of Sydney itself. But it lacks three important advantages possessed by the

latter, a good harbour, good water, and extent of available pasture country. The soil, however, around the town is considered of first-rate excellence; and has already, for the most part, become private property. By the sale of town allotments, large sums were realized by some of the earlier speculators; and, for a time, this portion of Australia obtained a name that sounded in the ear of the emigrant scarcely, if at all, less invitingly than that of its parent settlement.

Port Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, is distant westward from Port Philip, about four hundred miles, and is separated from Australia Felix, as the Port Philippians, with some vanity, call their district, by an imaginary line. A better boundary would have been the great river Murray, which flows into Lake Alexandrina, and is entirely within the territory of the South Australians. Port Adelaide has been the scene of the new principle of colonization, under the fostering wing of the Torrens and Wakefield association.* Its struggles, and trials, and difficulties, have been very great; but though under heavy pecuniary embarrassment, were intercourse easier by land betwixt it and the old settlements, it might still possibly succeed. But there is a tide in the affairs and success of nations and colonies, as of individuals; and those that sailed with the first tide to Adelaide, and left it again before the ebb, will, I conceive, have reason to consider themselves fortunate indeed.

As regards the settlement at Cape Lewin, on the south-

* It is based upon the plan adopted by the United States of America, of a minimum price, (which is there one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre,) and open sale, and the produce of the land sales being exclusively expended on emigration and the support of the settlement.

west corner of Australia, called Swan River, with its principal town, Perth, if report might be trusted, one would be inclined to suppose, that, cut off as it is from the first settlement by 1,600 miles, and overwhelmed as it originally was by an unexampled series of misfortunes, springing from mismanagement and local circumstances, the Swan River colony is now holding its head as high above the troubled times as its sisters on these shores, or even higher. Other accounts, however, represent it as almost ruined, and scarce able to maintain its own existence; reports also have been circulated of the destruction of several of the settlers by the natives; and many persons express the opinion that the sooner it is deserted the better. But the truth is, that as little is correctly known of the true state of the monetary situation of this distant people in Sydney, as in London. Each and all of these—Port Philip, Adelaide, and Swan River—have their interested supporters. Where the treasure is, the heart will be also, and, with some, the "praise and preference" too,—until they succeed in persuading some young and inexperienced speculator to step into their shoes and avail himself of all the beauties and advantages they so highly extol.

These are the only British settlements on the southern coast,—St. George's Sound and Portland Bay, are, properly speaking, merely names of districts; and no foreign power has any settlement from Cape Lewin to Torres Straits. On the eastern side of Australia, Moreton Bay, up to the present time a penal settlement, is about to have that stigma taken from it, and to be thrown open for purchase and settlement; and I entertain a strong conviction that its climate, navigable river, and tolerably safe anchorage in the bay, as well as the excellence of its

soil and plentiful extent of river frontages, will secure its success, and that it will soon rise into very great importance. The mulberry, the cocoa, and the tobacco plant, would all thrive there; and I predict, with confidence, that this will ere long be the field of enterprise of future emigrants to New South Wales

Sydney, 30th Oct.—I have already mentioned my first impressions of the singular beauty of the situation of Sydney; and, instead of feeling that circumstances and the willingness to be pleased had lent additional attraction to the region, the more I see of it, and its neighbourhood, the more I am delighted with it: its fine ascent from the noblest harbour in the world; its bays, its coves, its gardens, its gentlemen's seats, its forests of masts reflected on the glassy waters,—the government-house and its beautiful domains: Wooloomooloo, with its villas and windmills, and the whole scenery around! I do not think that the imagination of man can form a combination more pleasing.

The town—as an episcopal see it ought, I suppose, to be called the city—of Sydney lies partly along what is termed the cove, a pretty piece of water forming a bay into which the little creek I have mentioned formerly emptied itself; partly along a ridge rising from the harbour, and sloping for two miles to the southward, and then down to another bay called Darling Harbour, on the opposite side of the ridge.

Vessels of large tonnage can anchor close to the wharfs on all these waters; and some idea of the amount of shipping and traffic may be conceived, when I state that at this moment there are eighty-five vessels lying around and before me, with numberless boats of all descriptions; and great as this proof of traffic is, I am told it is as

nothing when compared with what met the eye before these evil days came over the colony.

We have arrived in this country at a critical moment: alarm and panic prevail; over-speculation, as it is alleged, has been going on to an extraordinary extent; and all credit and confidence are gone. The demand for money is unexampled; but there is none to be had, and the bill system will go no further. Many causes are assigned for this distressing state of affairs, and sundry proposals are now brought forward to give temporary relief, or rather to afford a barrier against the ruin that threatens to engulph the country. Individual suffering is very great, and in some cases peculiarly severe. There seems a kind of "*sauve qui peut*" feeling in the community, that banishes the better feelings of our nature; and if a few pounds are wanting to pay debts or to meet bills, anexecution is taken with as little compunction as I now state it, against those with whom habits of business, intimacy, and friendship, have been hitherto uninterrupted.

Government also appears to have arrived at the bottom of its strong-box; and delays occur in the payments of the emigration bounties, which cause, and will continue to cause, great and unexpected inconvenience and loss. Our surgeon is alarmed for the bounties due to the Lady Kennaway, and for his own gratuities and salary; but I trust and believe this is without foundation. There may have been some evasion of the act regarding the less important details as to the management of our emigrants, of which government may avail itself for delay. But ultimate non-payment I cannot contemplate; as, from all I learn, few ships have given so little opening for censure as she has. And if zeal and praise-

worthy attention to their duties, entitle the medical superintendants to prompt and full payment of their demands, I cannot suppose any one to possess a more valid claim than her surgeon.

In every department stagnation and pecuniary pressure are excessive, and for those that occupy the credit side of the books of the Sydney storekeepers, the times are alarming indeed.

The general appearance of the town exceeded my expectation. Although the houses even in the principal streets form most striking contrasts as to architecture, a handsome stone building of four stories being frequently next neighbour to a slab wooden erection of one, still the great length of some of the streets, and the regularity of their plan, being cut at fixed distances by others at right angles, and the great extent of the place altogether, bordered by these beautiful bays on every side, give the whole an extremely imposing effect to a stranger.

The shops are very handsome; and were it not that the *trottoirs* are so villanously bad as even to endanger life at night, and so broken up as to appear intended as a check, or at least a punishment to drunkenness, one would have pleasure in looking at these signs of prosperity, and at the most wonderful collection of merchandise, furnished by almost every part of the globe. Some of the shops are lighted up with gas; and those of the confectioners, silversmiths, and haberdashers would, many of them at least, not discredit Prince's-street, Edinburgh, or that street of streets, Regent-street, London. I will not assert that such sights as Everington's, in Ludgate-hill, or Holmes's, in Regent-street, are to be seen here; but certainly, there are many shops in Sydney much above the average of their fellows in London.

One thing that pains and surprises a stranger, is the vast number of grog-ships, and the conspicuous and public places and thoroughfares selected for these wells of poison. I am told there are at present in Sydney two hundred and fifteen of these dens of iniquity; which gives one public-house, where spirits are sold and drunk over the counter, for every one hundred and forty souls, including women and children! In a community constituted as Sydney is, of mixed materials, it might have been anticipated that some restriction would exist on this point; but so much the contrary has it ever been, that from the first establishment of the colony, such houses have been the foundation of some of the largest fortunes; and the earlier history of its transactions states, "that his *Majesty's Servants* made rum a legal tender, and the liberty to sell it was a privilege eagerly grasped at by *gentlemen* holding at the time commissions in his Majesty's army. I do not mean to assert that such things exist now. But certain it is, that the injury done to the masses by this facility ofobtaining spirits, is a disgrace to the country.

Shop rents in Sydney are higher than in any town I ever was in. Those of the corner shops in some of the chief streets—George-street and Pitt-street, for instance—range from three hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Retail prices are enormous: in some articles two hundred per cent. upon the prime cost in England. This, together with there being no local dues, and very few taxes of any sort, accounts in some degree for these high rentals. Five years ago, an acre of land in the principal thoroughfare, brought, at a public sale, ten thousand pounds sterling.

One great drawback to the comfort and cleanliness of

the town, is the want of common-sewers, to carry off the water and other impurities. It is true the chief part of the town stands upon a height, and that there is a declivity to the sea on either side. But some of the principal streets are perfectly level; and it is wonderful to me that the senses of the inhabitants are not more offended than they are, and that disease is not more prevalent. The dryness of the atmosphere may in some degree counteract his evil; but the town's-people will never do justice to themselves or their beautiful capital until this is remedied, nor until their streets are macadamized and lighted with gas.

Notwithstanding what I have too truly stated, with regard to the number of public-houses in all their varied description, from the bright and seducing gin-palace to the lowest pot-house, still it is not the less the fact, that I never was in any town in my life where the streets were quieter at night, or where there was less danger of street annoyance.

I expected to have found Sydney a very noisy, dissolute place, especially after dark; and that vice would "run down her streets like a river." But, on the contrary, it is most orderly, and scarcely any drunkenness or licentiousness is to be seen; and there seems as much respect shown to the Sabbath, in the public parts of the town at least, as even in Edinburgh, which is acknowledged to be, in this respect, the most exemplary city in the world. In Sydney this may be, and I dare say is, to a certain extent, the effect of compulsion, and not altogether voluntary; but, if so, it only shows what public good can be effected by the force of public opinion, or the wholesome surveillance of a vigilant police.

The first sight of the town and people does not impress

a European with the idea of being in a country so distant from his home;—the language, the manners and dress of the inhabitants being for the most part similar to his own. But there are many peculiarities that gradually display themselves, chiefly attributable to the climate. There is a sallowness of countenance in the male, and a delicacy of feature and skin in the female, that I have not seen elsewhere: while you are every now and then instinctively placing your hand upon your pockets, as some suspicious-looking fellow passes you. Nor is this to be wondered at; when it is remembered, that every seventh man you meet in the street has "left his country for his country's good"; or is the offspring of those who have done so. There are at the same time very fine specimens of our kind to be seen, above the average height, and with well-proportioned frame; though it is remarked, that tall, well-made men, who have been born in Australia, do not possess that muscular power which is found in Britain generally to accompany similar proportions. The features are, I think, better than those of the English: the eye is generally black in both sexes, the nose rather Roman than Grecian, and finely formed, and the whole expression sharp and good. On hot days, the white dress, very generally worn by all classes, gives a lightness and gaiety to the streets, that is very striking. Few ladies are to be seen walking in the public streets: it is not the custom; and this, I confess, is a great drawback to the general appearance of the place. But the truth is, prudence, as well as that first of female attributes, delicacy, have rendered it necessary in Sydney.

I have not yet seen what I should call a fine woman among the native ladies of Australia, the currency lasses, as they are termed. Many would consider as such those

that rejoice in Amazonian proportions, and regular, but inexpressive features, rather delicately modelled. But, for my own part, I prefer ladies on a *moderate scale*, and have only seen two, both of whom, I believe, were British, that I think would have been remarked in England as particularly handsome.

It is the fashion for every one that can afford the luxury, to keep some kind of conveyance; and they are of every description; one is astonished and amused to see the *sort* of personages that own these carriages; and startled at the mass of vulgarity and pride that occasionally, indeed most generally, roll and loll in them in all the consciousness of wealth; happy in the belief that their neighbour has forgotten the means by which the chariot was acquired, and is yet maintained. Perhaps there is no town in the world where wheels are so universal, or employed in conveying persons of similar rank; where they revolve so furiously, or support such ugly unshapely machines. There is a sad lack of that "*getting up*" in these vehicles, to which the eye is accustomed in Britain. I saw one structure, which it required the utmost stretch of imagination to believe was ever intended to represent a coach, and which was dragged by four animals, that I could scarce suppose their bulky possessor would have ventured to call horses. One or two carriages were to be seen, (of British manufacture, I think,) that somewhat redeemed the character of the place; one of these bore the cognizance of him of Bradwardine, "the muzzled bear." Wishes are horses here, for every one rides; and rides too as if he were endeavouring to escape the clutch of a bailiff. I never before saw such helter-skelter work in any town. The thing, were it not full of danger, would be extremely ludicrous, from the style of the *manège* in Australia.

There is a kind of flighty devil-may-care recklessness about these mounted men and boys that is very remarkable to a stranger.

I to-day left my card at Government House. His Excellency, Sir George Gipps, the governor of New South Wales, is a person that, judging from all I can learn, is in many respects admirably fitted for so very difficult a command as this; over a country divided into two opposite and conflicting parties, the bond and descendants of the bond, and the free; and actuated by all those feelings and animosities that must ever attend the mixture of such various ingredients in society. Sir George is not considered a man calculated to make, or desirous of making himself personally popular. But he has contrived to make his abilities respected by both these parties, and by whigs, as well as tories; and to have impressed most people with whom I have met, of either side in politics, state and colonial, with the conviction that he *means well*, and has the interest of the colony at heart. He is now gone to Port Philip; but on his return, I shall present to his notice a somewhat rare sight at his levée,—a mere bird of passage.

Old Government House is a respectable-looking, unpretending mansion, with a verandah in front; and is of rather a picturesque appearance from its irregularity. There is one good room in it; but although sufficiently large considering the present salary of the governor, the house is certainly not suitable to the importance and dignity of his office. The building is linked, however, with all the earlier associations of the colony,—which some may possibly say it would be as well to forget, but not so I; on the contrary, I would value it, were it merely as being the scene of the wars of its earlier years, of its usurpations, of Governor Bligh's siege in this his own castle,

in 1808, and the injustice and cruelty of the treatment he experienced, which broke the hearts of himself and his wife. In a word, I have a fancy for old things—old friends—old wine—and old houses.

However, a new one has arisen, and a very handsome structure it is. It was planned in London; is somewhat in the Elizabethan style, but not exactly; and both in external appearance and internal arrangement, it is a residence quite equal to the circumstances and income of a governor of Australia. The public rooms are extremely well-proportioned, and occupy one entire side and end of the building; and command one of the most splendid sea views in the world. There is, however, one fault in the proportions; the folding-doors are too small for the rooms. But it is upon the whole a very handsome building, and is constructed of very beautiful stone. The architect very possibly considered it unnecessary to provide against *wet* in such a climate; but had he seen the sudden deluges of rain that descend here, instead of the present very imposing arched entrance, he might possibly have substituted an archway for carriages, or have in some mode combined them. On gala days, in a brickfielder or an Australian shower, I fear the ladies will declare him to be no master of his craft. This mansion is not yet finished, nor will it be during the reign of the present governor; and it is as well, for, as government only furnishes the public rooms, and the governor the rest of the house, it would have made the last year a very losing concern. Five thousand a year, the salary of the governor of this colony, is too little to admit of such outlay; indeed it is too small to enable the governor to maintain, by entertainments and otherwise, his proper position as first and foremost in the land.

The churches are highly respectable structures, and very numerous. St. James's, at which the Bishop presides, is at present the principal episcopal church, and is a creditable building, with a good spire, but without a chime of bells; this is a sound not known in Australia. There is a cathedral in the course of erection, which promises to be a splendid edifice. The Catholic cathedral is also a very handsome building for a new town like Sydney, and would indeed be considered such anywhere; its interior is remarkably fine. The Scotch church is a plain fabric, but as good as some in its mother country. I say *the* Scotch church, by which I mean that in which Dr. Lang presides. There is another, but Dr. Lang's was the original one, and he is certainly in every way entitled to be, as he is, at the head of the establishment in this country. He is author of a history of the colony; and is, in various respects, rather a remarkable person. He has, I believe, four times braved the ocean, and made the voyage to England on different errands, but chiefly on the affairs of his church. He has obtained for himself the character of great pugnacity, and is considered not to be very scrupulous as to either his language or his assertions; and will, occasionally, descend from his sphere.

I believe it is true that vice, in New South Wales, is not public outrage, so much as domestic iniquity. But it is rather extraordinary that men of his calibre should not see that their thunders lose their power when hurled at individuals instead of at the multitude; but Dr. Lang is no common man. I went on Sunday to hear him preach. I was very much struck at first with his meagre appearance, his low, flat head, unmarked features, and the total absence in his countenance of the fire and force of genius. He strongly resembles, however, one of the

ablest men of his day, the late Dr. Thomas Brown, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh; the resemblance extends even to the single lock of hair that used to curl over that mild and thoughtful brow. Dr. Lang's forehead is particularly low, and bespeaks none of the intellect and talent which he undoubtedly possesses; phrenologically speaking, it is a poor development as far as I could see at the distance I sat from his throne. It is not a contracted forehead however, and there is a considerable breadth from ear to ear; which points to battle! His manner is not bad, but it is not forcible: his diction is clear; but his voice is not sustained to the termination of his sentences, and, consequently, the pith of them is sometimes lost. His matter is certainly clever, and you cannot hear many passages of his discourse without recognizing the man of talent.

Upon the whole I left the church confirmed in my expectation of finding in Dr. Lang a man of a superior order of mind. He is proprietor, it is said, of the Colonial Observer newspaper; and writes in it pretty regularly under the apology of its being necessary to combat the opposition the Scotch Church has within itself, and meets with from others, and to write down as well as preach down the loose principles and practice of the colony. Like all such men, Dr. Lang has his enemies; but he is, as a writer, preacher, and public character—in sarcasm, originality, and energy—the Andrew Thomson of New South Wales. The colony owes to this gentleman, I am told, very much, in different ways, and especially with reference to the interest he took in the prosperity of the Australian college.

The public buildings generally are scarcely in keeping

with the otherwise advanced state of this beautiful town. It is somewhat singular in a purely trading community, that they have no Exchange, or place "where merchants most do congregate." There is no such place in Sydney, and most of the wharfs are the property of private individuals. But the truth is, that the traders here are more properly designated by the title of *general storekeepers*, than by the higher name of merchants.

The public provision-market is one of the best erections in the town; it is divided into spacious halls for meat, vegetables, flowers, &c., and is kept remarkably clean. It is open on certain evenings of the week, as well as by day, and the fruits and flowers look very beautiful by lamp-light. Certain classes make it a promenade at these hours, and, perhaps, this is the best place to obtain a correct idea of the bourgeois of Sydney.

The court-house is of plain red sandstone, and of unpretending exterior, close adjoining St. James's Church. The two, indeed, at a distance, appear to be one building, with the only spire in Sydney towering above it; but, in fact, it is separated from the church and spire by a narrow lane. It has been condemned, for some time past, as likely to endanger the lives of judges and jury; and a new one is now being erected, which promises to be all that could be desired, except as to situation; being at a most inconvenient distance from town.

Decidedly the most imposing structure in all Sydney, and, I should think, in the whole colony, is the New Royal Hotel, in George Street. It is quite Eastern in its plan and appearance, and is, certainly, in its height, elegance, and lightness, one of the handsomest erections I ever saw in any country. It is four stories high. The principal public room, which is also used as a ball-room, admits of

being made, by means of the folding-doors, two hundred and fourteen feet in length; and is forty-two in breadth, and twenty-four in height! The front is subdivided into compartments by pillars, wooden above, and stone below, the whole presenting a display of admirable taste in the designer. Such places, however, are not fitted for the youth of Britain landing on this shore, with the hope and intention of making "his plack a bawbee." Every thing at this hotel is excessively dear; and that young man is much to be pitied, who seeks rest and pleasure within its walls. Petty's is the principal private hotel in Sydney, and the New Royal Hotel the principal public one. I do not know that the charges in either are out of proportion to the prices of everything in Australia. But when a young man, wearied with the monotony of his cabin, finds himself seated at a comfortable table in such houses, the contrast is apt to induce him to take his ease in his inn and enjoy himself; and he only finds out his error in not seeking for a private lodging, when at the end of the *month* he calls for his bill, and finds to his dismay that what he considered moderate living, has cost him a sum which will heavily tax his principal.

Board and lodging are, comparatively, much cheaper; and a young man would do wisely to resort to a respectable boarding-house. Such are to be met with, of all descriptions and at all rates; but, for forty-five shillings a-week, the best may be got, and with a private room. Here a man knows his exact expenses, and can calculate to a shilling what he can afford for other enjoyments. But at the Royal Hotel, or such places, an inexperienced youth is apt to forget last night's doings and the penalty, till reminded, when too late, by a bill that empties his sack!

Most of the houses are of brick, covered with plaster, which does not appear to stand well in this climate; either from the dryness of the atmosphere, or from the want of lime in the mortar, it being scarce, and often, indeed generally, obtained from sea shells. I also observed that beneath verandahs in the open air, and even in the houses, the ceilings often fall down, and leave the laths visible. Many houses are of wood, and many of stone; which, as Sydney is situated upon a fine yellow sandstone stratum, one would expect would be the only material used.

The town originally seems to have been built of slabs; but that was to be expected, from the necessity of immediate shelter for the first settlers. Some are of overlapt work, like the houses at Devonport, adjoining Plymouth, and look neat. The universal roof, from that of the government-house to that of the hovel, is shingle; that is, wooden slates, nearly of the same dimensions as our smaller slate at home, and so like stone slate, that it was some days before I observed that they lacked the gloss of Aisdale or Queen and Countess, and were only wood. They are split from Australian forest-oak; will last, if well put on, for twenty years; and cost, by the square of ten feet, or one hundred square feet, only thirty-five shillings, every expense included. They have but one drawback—the danger of fire. A few houses which have been lately built are roofed with slates.

Much of the wood used now in the inside work of the better mansions is cedar, of large dimensions, and exceedingly beautiful—so prettily veined, and in every way resembling so strongly the Honduras mahogany, that one cannot, without minute inspection, perceive the difference. It is not from Lebanon! but from the banks

of the Clarence river, and from the country to the northward of Moreton Bay.

Many of the private houses in the vicinity of the town are delightful little retreats, placed amid beautiful gardens and scenery, wood and water. Many are magnificent in their architecture and dimensions. When you inquire the names, however, of some of them, you are amused at hearing, in reply, a nickname generally indicative of the calling or origin of its possessor or builder. "Frying-pan Hall," for instance, a very handsome chateau in the neighbourhood belonged to a person who, after serving his term of bondage of seven years, followed the useful calling of an ironsmith! It is not safe to be too curious in Australia, as to either fortune or family: we must take the good the gods provide us, and the civilities *sometimes* vouchsafed the stranger, without much inquiry as to the pedigree of the host, or the mode in which his wealth was acquired. Personal history is at a discount; and good memories and inquisitive minds are peculiarly disliked.

When I landed first on the beach, I was naturally desirous of being relieved of my baggage. Small as it was in bulk, I should have in vain waited for anything of the nature of a porter, or cab, or coach. There are no such conveniences in Sydney,—a very extraordinary deficiency in a place of its size. A dray may be had to transport heavy goods landed at this place, if you walk a quarter of a mile into the town; but the lesser conveniences *are not to be found.*

Evidences of civilisation, however, and proofs of one's being in a land of money and of *classes*, are seen on every hand. They have their theatres, amateur theatricals, promenades, balls, concerts, reviews, bands, and

other amusements. The Theatre-Royal is a very neat house and is tastefully ornamented; and the knights and ladies of the sock and buskin are most respectable in character and talent. The exterior of this theatre is extremely good, but the shops beneath take away greatly from its appearance. Signor Dalle Casse has a very unique but neat theatre, next door to my friend Lewis de Bernstinghe's new and handsome shop: his entertainments consist in minor pieces, horsemanship, tomfoolery, and the like. These are among the chief places of public resort in Sydney; but I should not say, as far as my observation goes, that they are much patronised by the *soi-disant* upper classes.

In Sydney one naturally looks for the badge of the country—convicts and shackles. In the morning, forenoon, and evening, large bands of these unfortunate persons are to be seen marching, two, and sometimes three or four abreast, to and from their respective places of labour. They are nearly all dressed alike, in a garb of hodden gray, or duck, and are branded with the initials of the place of their confinement—as P. B., signifying Paramatta Barracks, &c. Some of the greater delinquents are also to be seen in bands, chained by the ankle, and sometimes to each other, when marching from one place of imprisonment to another. Some few are dressed in piebald, brown and yellow cloth, so that should they attempt an escape they may be instantly known.

The *squalor carceris* is generally written in the sunken cheeks and unhealthy countenances of these wretched men. Many have a stupid heavy expression; others have cunning printed most manifestly on their faces; and some have *the villain* written in every feature. I dare say I may be in error in my observation,

that the general colour of eye of these criminals was black; but certainly the eye of the greater part of the offspring of the earliest convicts, the generation now peopling Sydney, is of that hue. The convicts are guarded to and from their work; and it is not often that escape is effected: when it is, the bush is their resort, whence the perpetration of additional crimes generally consigns them to Norfolk Island, or the gallows.

The communication with the interior is now very regular; mail coaches, as they are termed by a very strong figure of speech, run in every direction, and the scarlet-coated postman raps at your door almost as regularly as at home. On some roads,—I am not sure that it is so on all,—the conveyance stops at sunset at the appointed inn, till light enables its driver again to steer clear of the obstructions on the way. My son is off in the one for Bathurst to-day—a shaky-looking double gig on two wheels; the distance is one hundred and thirty miles, and is accomplished in the space of about forty-eight hours, including *stoppages*, which, by the by, occupy the principal part of the time!

The roads about Sydney, and the streets, are just passable in some parts in dry weather; in wet, I should imagine them to resemble anything rather than roads. The soil around is one universal white sand; and in this point Governor Philip did not improve matters in preferring the site of Sydney to the shores of Botany Bay. During a brickfielder this sand is most annoying, and penetrates everywhere. One hill in the neighbourhood—Brickfield-hill—whence these tornadoes take their name, sends forth a perfect drift of this sand. It is astonishing how any plant can grow in it, so arid as it is; yet most plants do, and some very luxuriantly.

On sultry days, hot fiery vapours are seen proceeding from it, as in the Desert of Arabia. Potatoes do not grow well in the neighbourhood of the capital, from want of sufficient moisture.

Notwithstanding this whiteness of the soil, the view from my windows is most beautiful. They command the cove with the shipping floating peacefully on its unruffled bosom; the government domain, with its dark forest oak, and darker and more graceful Norfolk pines, its green slope to the water, and its picturesque irregular old mansion; and the more ambitious new government-house half hid among the shrubbery. The distant hills are dark and sombre, and appear covered with brushwood or brown heath; and in their outline remind me of our own bleak Lammermoors, with just here and there a bare spot peeping out, and showing the poverty of the soil in the district around this sweet Queen of Australia. At Paramatta, at the head of this arm of the sea, only fifteen miles inland, the nature of the soil is altogether different, and every esculent plant grows excellently and abundantly.

I went to what is called the Park to-day—it has some other name, but I forget it,—to see a few soldiers reviewed, and hear the band. There were a great many carriages, gigs, horsemen, and pedestrians. It was the first time that I had seen, in the open air, an assemblage of the people.

I observed no good steeds on the ground, and I have scarcely seen what in Britain would be called a well-shaped horse, since my arrival. Most are sheep-necked, lanky-leggy, weedy-looking cattle. This was a gala day, and I should have supposed that the best would have been on the field; but possibly it is a rule with the *aristocracy*(!) of New South Wales not to sport their best nags on such plebeian

occasions. The heat while we were on the ground to-day was very great, yet not beyond what I have known it in Scotland; and the weather, in its changeableness in this, the April of Britain, very much resembles that of the English October or November. But here no change in leaf or grass meets the eye: universal greenness reigns at all seasons. To-night it rains violently, and lightens as it does in no other country—sheet upon sheet, flash upon flash, illuminating the whole heavens above, and earth beneath, with a lurid blue glaring light, that envelopes you, as it were, and blinds your eyes, and, if you are walking, compels you to stand still. Here it often, indeed generally, rains after a fashion unknown in England—pouring down as if a waterspout had burst directly over head.

The precocity of the female sex in Australia is extraordinary. I was told, the other day, of a mother thirteen years of age! This must be an unusual case; but at fifteen the instances are numerous. At twelve, they have the form and appearance of women. They look much older, however, than they are; and one with difficulty credits the extreme youth of some. I am not aware that life is proportionally shorter; indeed, that can scarcely yet be known accurately in the colony; but I find that the enamel of youth and beauty is gone here at an earlier age than that at which it reaches its perfection with us. The young men and boys of this country appear sharper, quicker, and more manly than at home, and speak with a keener and more decided confidence in their own opinions. But in this also, it is said, the fruit does not fulfil the promise of the blossom.

The stranger, on landing in Australia from a long sea voyage, runs no little danger of catching his death from damp clothes. The Sydney folks seem to have no idea of

dry ones. It requires a large stock of linen and other necessaries to get comfortably through a four months' voyage—in tropical heat part of the time, too; and in his haste to have a thoroughly clean wardrobe, the new comer sends away every article to the laundress (at three-pence per piece, be it told in a parenthesis). Such of them as are immediately needed are put on without any previous examination; and shuddering, chills, rheumatism, and cramp are in reserve. At Paramatta, the female convicts do washing as a task, at two shillings per dozen pieces, which is a consideration when the stock of clothes is large; and in the case of a newly-arrived settler there is no consideration in Australia so small as not to be worth attention. The emigrant will soon find that all his extra savings will not cover his extra demands. But the danger to the constitution of putting on wet clothes is of still more importance.

I have just returned from the most beautiful spot I ever saw—the Botanical Gardens of Sydney. It was literally a walk through Paradise; the only difference betwixt it and Eden being, that here *every* tree was forbidden, and death and destruction awarded, by man-traps and other means, to those that touched their fruit. These Botanical Gardens in position are the finest in the world. The situation is a beautiful slope down to a "lovely peaceful bay," and is surrounded by the domain encircling the government-house on the one side, and by Nature, in her wildest aspect, on the other—the Bush. This also is on a hill, and sloping down to another bay on the opposite side. But the splendour of the plants, the trees, the flowers! Every production of the East is here; every plant, every fruit, every beautiful flower is to be seen in these gardens in the highest possible perfection. The intensity of one's

admiration is almost painful. The never-ending variety of colour is dazzling; the scent of the orange-flower, though luxuriously grateful, is oppressive. But the whole no words can do justice to.

I never till now had so great cause to regret my want of accurate botanical knowledge; would that I had worshipped Flora more devoutly! One cannot move in these Hesperides without something new and rare meeting the eye: the unlearned can only wonder and admire.

I went to-day to the supreme court with my friend Mr. R., and heard his honour the chief justice condemn a poor culprit to death. The prisoner was a man of a peculiarly bad countenance, and denied his guilt after sentence with the greatest *sang froid*. The present chief justice is a sensible-looking, middle-aged man, with a very thoughtful expression. He passed sentence with great impressiveness, shortly, but forcibly.

Mr. A. B. the solicitor-general, is a mild agreeable-looking person: I was introduced to him in court. There was one of the counsel, the oldest barrister present, whose countenance betokened great acuteness: his keen, gray eye and general contour reminded me instantly of the late John Clerk, Lord Elden, once one of the brightest ornaments of the Scottish bar. Upon the whole, however, what with the want of that to which my eye has ever been accustomed—the coloured robes and proper hat—the vulgarity of one or two of the gownsmen, the general appearance of the court-room, and the meanness of its furniture—the supreme court of New South Wales did not make a favourable impression upon me. There are three judges—the chief justice and two puisne judges: they are generally appointed from the English bar: the former has a salary of £2,000, and the latter of £1,500 each: all

are respectable in ability, and one of them is considered a very able lawyer. The title is "your honour." The emolument is not equal to the heavy expenses of living in Australia. It may be a question whether the judges ought to be selected from the colonial bar, or whether the mode hitherto adopted should be continued of sending them from the bar of England: but, doubtless, it will ultimately be here as in other countries, that the bar will furnish its own superiors. Were this *now* the case, the difficulty would be excessive of getting the leading barristers to accept the office of judge, however in other respects it may be inviting; as the difference betwixt their professional income, say, £3,000 or £4,000 per annum, and £1,500, would be a sacrifice too great to make for the honour received.

To a stranger there is a want of that peculiar bearing towards each other, in the different ranks of the profession, that one sees and admires so much in Britain; and the tart rejoinders of the counsel to the judges surprised me not a little: they had all the abruptness but none of the point of Mr. Clerk's celebrated reply to Lord Eldon, when checked by his lordship in an appeal case: "My lord, it is *my privilege* to speak, but it is your *duty* to hear."

To those who are acquainted with the complexity and difficulty of the English law,—its divided jurisdiction of law and equity, its system of common-law pleading, and its artificial principles of evidence,—it will be matter of surprise that in so young a colony as New South Wales, where the relations of society are so simple as compared with those of the mother country, the whole body of English law should have been introduced, and be now acted upon for the administration of justice. The pleadings, both in equity and in common law, flourish in their

full prolixity; and a plentiful crop of litigation is said to be produced by the technical rules of practice. The consequence is, that a large harvest is reaped by the legal profession. It is asserted, marvellous as it may appear, that during the recent crisis even the attorneys themselves were *shocked* at the money squandered away in legal proceedings, chiefly in consequence of embarrassed men being anxious to stave off the day of payment as long as possible. There is one legal institution in Australia, the operation of which in actual practice it may be of some service to describe: I allude to the trial of *Nisi Prius* cases before two respectable men, (qualified to act as special jurors,) such as storekeepers and magistrates, instead of before a jury of twelve men. If either party wish to submit the trial to a jury, it is at their option to do so. Again, if either party desire to have a cause tried by special jurors, a motion to that effect must be made, and the court will grant it on proper grounds being shown. But both these proceedings are extraordinary. The ordinary mode of trial is by two assessors. They are charged by the judge in the same manner as a jury, and in case of a difference of opinion, the judge may give a casting vote. The assessors receive from the successful party ten shillings each; and as the two assessors generally sit the whole day, they sometimes earn a very handsome remuneration. The advantages of this institution are these: greater despatch than when the trial is by jury; the withdrawal of two men instead of twelve from their private affairs; and the confidence which is usually generated by the position and character of the assessors. With respect to the emoluments of the legal profession, it must not be inferred that the profession of an attorney is necessarily a thriving one in Sydney;—so far from it, that

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Many of the private houses in the vicinity of the town are delightful little retreats, placed amid beautiful gardens and scenery, wood and water. Many are magnificent in their architecture and dimensions. When you inquire the names, however, of some of them, you are amused at hearing, in reply, a nickname generally indicative of the calling or origin of its possessor or builder. "Frying-pan Hall," for instance, a very handsome chateau in the neighbourhood belonged to a person who, after serving his term of bondage of seven years, followed the useful calling of an ironsmith! It is not safe to be too curious in Australia, as to either fortune or family: we must take the good the gods provide us, and the civilities *sometimes* vouchsafed the stranger, without much inquiry as to the pedigree of the host, or the mode in which his wealth was acquired. Personal history is at a discount; and good memories and inquisitive minds are peculiarly disliked.

When I landed first on the beach, I was naturally desirous of being relieved of my baggage. Small as it was in bulk, I should have in vain waited for anything of the nature of a porter, or cab, or coach. There are no such conveniences in Sydney,—a very extraordinary deficiency in a place of its size. A dray may be had to transport heavy goods landed at this place, if you walk a quarter of a mile into the town; but the lesser conveniences *are not to be found.*

Evidences of civilisation, however, and proofs of one's being in a land of money and of *classes*, are seen on every hand. They have their theatres, amateur theatricals, promenades, balls, concerts, reviews, bands, and

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that the general colour of eye of these criminals was black; but certainly the eye of the greater part of the offspring of the earliest convicts, the generation now peopling Sydney, is of that hue. The convicts are guarded to and from their work; and it is not often that escape is effected: when it is, the bush is their resort, whence the perpetration of additional crimes generally consigns them to Norfolk Island, or the gallows.

The communication with the interior is now very regular; mail coaches, as they are termed by a very strong figure of speech, run in every direction, and the scarlet-coated postman raps at your door almost as regularly as at home. On some roads,—I am not sure that it is so on all,—the conveyance stops at sunset at the appointed inn, till light enables its driver again to steer clear of the obstructions on the way. My son is off in the one for Bathurst to-day—a shaky-looking double gig on two wheels; the distance is one hundred and thirty miles, and is accomplished in the space of about forty-eight hours, including *stoppages*, which, by the by, occupy the principal part of the time!

The roads about Sydney, and the streets, are just passable in some parts in dry weather; in wet, I should imagine them to resemble anything rather than *roads*. The soil around is one universal white sand; and in this point Governor Philip did not improve matters in preferring the site of Sydney to the shores of Botany Bay. During a brickfielder this sand is most annoying, and penetrates everywhere. One hill in the neighbourhood—Brickfield-hill—whence these tornadoes take their name, sends forth a perfect drift of this sand. It is astonishing how any plant can grow in it, so arid as it is; yet most plants do, and some very luxuriantly.

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occasions. The heat while we were on the ground to-day was very great, yet not beyond what I have known it in Scotland; and the weather, in its changeableness in this, the April of Britain, very much resembles that of the English October or November. But here no change in leaf or grass meets the eye: universal greenness reigns at all seasons. To-night it rains violently, and lightens as it does in no other country—sheet upon sheet, flash upon flash, illuminating the whole heavens above, and earth beneath, with a lurid blue glaring light, that envelopes you, as it were, and blinds your eyes, and, if you are walking, compels you to stand still. Here it often, indeed generally, rains after a fashion unknown in England—pouring down as if a waterspout had burst directly over head.

The precocity of the female sex in Australia is extraordinary. I was told, the other day, of a mother thirteen years of age! This must be an unusual case; but at fifteen the instances are numerous. At twelve, they have the form and appearance of women. They look much older, however, than they are; and one with difficulty credits the extreme youth of some. I am not aware that life is proportionally shorter; indeed, that can scarcely yet be known accurately in the colony; but I find that the enamel of youth and beauty is gone here at an earlier age than that at which it reaches its perfection with us. The young men and boys of this country appear sharper, quicker, and more manly than at home, and speak with a keener and more decided confidence in their own opinions. But in this also, it is said, the fruit does not fulfil the promise of the blossom.

The stranger, on landing in Australia from a long sea voyage, runs no little danger of catching his death from damp clothes. The Sydney folks seem to have no idea of

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admiration is almost painful. The never-ending variety of colour is dazzling; the scent of the orange-flower, though luxuriously grateful, is oppressive. But the whole no words can do justice to.

I never till now had so great cause to regret my want of accurate botanical knowledge; would that I had worshipped Flora more devoutly! One cannot move in these Hesperides without something new and rare meeting the eye: the unlearned can only wonder and admire.

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there is no place where connexion is of greater importance, and where, consequently, the bulk of the business is in fewer hands, while many are without clients. With respect to the higher branch of the profession, the fees are not, I understand, upon so high a scale as in England, partly in consequence of the great competition of forensic talent, and in the next place, the business is, as in Scotland and England, engrossed by the older practitioners; while the numerous barristers who have recently arrived in Sydney, or have sprung up in the colony, have only the crumbs to share among them. In former times, I believe that fees of fifty, sixty, and even one hundred guineas were not of very rare occurrence; but even in the most important cases such fees are now unknown. The name of one calculating individual is generally to be found in the list of causes, each day; and it is said, that he systematically refuses to pay every demand, the use of the money due being of more importance to him in his large concerns than the increased amount which he is ultimately forced to pay under the decision of the court.

The New South Wales bar was, after the death of a Dr. Wardel, a lawyer of great ability and practice, and the retirement of a gentleman named Wentworth, so ill supplied, that a person engaged in a lawsuit, finding all the leading talent retained against him by his adversary, inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, headed "Barristers Wanted!" This was read in England, and occasioned an influx of professional men. Some of these would have been in a miserable plight, by all accounts, but for the sudden growth of Port Philip and New Zealand, where they took shelter, and now procure a very comfortable livelihood.

The "glorious uncertainty of the law" is as common in New South Wales as at home. This may be in part attributable to the introduction of all the technicalities of the English law. In the next place, no judge can be sufficiently skilled in all the different branches of the law,—equity, common law, criminal law, equity pleading, common law pleading, and ecclesiastical practice,—and yet the supreme court assumes the adjudication of cases in all these branches. At times, it is alleged, it is necessary to point out to the judges the commonest principles of law; and the expectations of judges, counsel, and suitors, with respect to a point of law, are frequently overturned by the chance arrival of a volume of recent reports from England.

Special jury causes, of which I have seen two, sometimes occasion great expense to the suitors in bringing up witnesses from distant parts of the country. At the last sitting there were no less than eight cases which could not be tried, in consequence of the appointed number of days having run out. They were ordered to stand over to the next sittings, when the witnesses will have to be a second time brought up, and suitable refreshers furnished to counsel.

I have just returned from a visit to an old acquaintance, who possesses one of the most splendid villas in the neighbourhood of Sydney, in the midst of an extensive and beautiful garden. The interior of the mansion is handsome and spacious, and fitted up with good taste; comprising in its many elegancies the results of his extensive travels in Europe. Mr. B. is a gentleman very justly esteemed, and is an active member of many of the excellent public institutions in Sydney; and his ample fortune and high respectability are just those lights that settlers in this

distant land should keep ever before them, as guides to show what may be accomplished by prudence, activity, and strict integrity.

His gardens are most beautifully arranged. Here I saw the almond, the fig, the citron; the blossom, the newly-set fruit, and the ripe fruit of the orange, all on the same tree; the lemon, the loquat, (an excellent Chinese fruit, of the size of a plum, and in taste resembling the gooseberry,) the pomegranate, the grape, nectarine, apricot, and pear; the date, the aloe, the sugar-cane, the strawberry, and, better than all, the delicious water melon. The white cedar is also there, and the bamboo; the dark Norfolk island pine, with its pelican-pouch, and the weeping willow, in all their vigorous and graceful perfection. Fifty hives of bees amuse the leisure hours of my excelent friend and his lady.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the kind friends whose unreserved hospitality I experienced during my stay in Sydney. Coming, as I did, without any letters of introduction, their kindness was as unexpected as it was profuse; and I shall ever retain the most grateful recollection of it.

While merely glancing at the *hospitality* of Sydney, I may mention meeting at dinner a person of name and rank in his own land, with whose career considerable interest is associated—the chief of G——. He is a large muscular man, of the Marquis of T. school. His garb was a blue cap with a tarnished silver band, pea coat, thick cloth trowsers, and no waistcoat; and in this he rode seventy miles in a hot wind. Although *outré* in his attire, whenever he addresses you, you instantly recognise the gentleman. He made himself extremely agreeable; and the evening passed cheerily away under

the benign influences of burgundy, claret, hock, sherry, mareschino, curacoa, and aqua vitæ.

G—— has settled down in a newly-discovered district of the colony, called after the present governor's euphonious surname, *Gipps' Land*; and intends to cultivate cattle, and not sheep. The country, it is asserted, suits the former best, being moist, in consequence of its vicinity to the mountains and sea; and he is now chartering a vessel in order to remove his lady and establishment thither.

Alone in the wild! what a life will it be for a woman of fashion and elegance, with native blacks on every side, and her home regularly guarded, as if danger were ever at the door! She ought indeed to have a bold Scotch heart. And yet, when one casts a look back towards home, what is life in the far highlands and islands of Scotland? what is society there? or to the sister isle, "that first gem of the sea," as we are commanded to term it! where is the security for life there? And what a change to G—— himself is this! In his native mountains he was laird—chief "prince of all the land." With his tail on, his clan around him, he was mighty among the chieftains. Now his country owns another lord—a Southern—and the descendant and representative of his chivalrous and ancient race, (for a time only, I trust,) is a stockholder in the wilds and woods of Australia. May he be spared to rebuild the walls of his house, and one day tread again the mountains of his fathers as their rightful lord!

'ER IV.

— THE BUSH.

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it might be to their mutual benefit to unite their interests. They accordingly set off together on a long excursion of above two thousand miles, spying the land previous to fixing on their future stations. Such, indeed, is the common practice in the bush. They became partners, and settled themselves at Bourolong, agreed well together, and were satisfied with their location. After some time, however, my son and his companion were induced to leave the county of New England, in consequence of the loss sustained in that district by the terrible catarrh, a disease unknown when they settled there, but which had carried off a great many of the flocks in that county.

About this time they received an offer for the stations and stock from a new arrival with plenty of money in his pocket. They gladly availed themselves of it, in the dread of further injury; and having concluded the bargain, as Mr. —— preferred agriculture to the risk and annoyances of sheep, and my son still kept to his original intention of wool-growing, they determined one to take the right hand and the other the left; and thus they amicably separated. My son had again bought sheep, and taken them to the station of Connobolas just before I came to the country; not with the view of making that his permanent residence, but to obtain a temporary run for his stock, which he proposed shortly to remove six hundred miles to the northward, in the new country of Moreton Bay.

When, therefore, my son who had accompanied me from England, set out from Sydney, it was to join his brother at this new abode among the mountains and glens of the lofty Connobolas. He arrived at an inn twelve miles from that place, by the mail, on the fourth day; and on asking the landlord to direct him to Mr. Hood's station,

was told, to his delight, that he would find Mr. Hood in the next room. The pleasure of the brothers at meeting in this distant land may be imagined. Our arrival was unknown to the Australian; and, of course, his surprise was unbounded, as well as his delight; and it will easily be believed, that when he was told, that I had crossed the ocean to visit him,—that I was at that very time within two hundred miles of him, and was now to be his guest for a time—there was little delay in making arrangements for his journey to Sydney. Having placed his brother at the head of affairs during his absence, he the next day mounted his horse, and as, in the bush as well as in the town, every one gallops as if on an errand of life and death, he was by my side on the second day. Rapidity is the grand characteristic of Australian life; and the habits of this country remind me much of what is asserted of the Americans. "They are born," it is said, "in a hurry, educated at full speed, make a fortune with a wave of the hand, and lose it in like manner, but only to remake and relose it in the twinkling of an eye. Their body is a locomotive, travelling at the rate of ten leagues an hour. Their thoughts are a high-pressure engine. Their life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises them like an electric shock." I was walking in Prince's-street to my lodgings, when my son overtook me. I heard a bounding step behind me; and, looking round, saw a countenance that I felt I ought to know, although I could not instantly recognise it; but the very first accents of his voice removed all doubt. The first greetings over, I began to examine my boy. He was but eighteen when we parted. He was altered, of course, and had become more manly in figure and face—bronzed, older-looking, *changed!* I felt somewhat disappointed at not seeing exactly the same slim

young creature that had left me three years before: but, if I had lost the boy, I had found the man; and so, after a second look at his garb—and a look of amazement I fancy it was, for his toggery partook largely of the backwoodsman's style of costume—the past was dismissed with something like a feeling of regret, and the present became all in all. The negligence of dress that these sons of the forest indulge in in this country, is somewhat appalling to a stranger. The face is adorned with a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache. The dress consists of a cabbage-tree hat, as large as an umbrella; a round cut-away jacket; no waistcoat; a black glazed belt round the waist; white trousers; and frequently a stock-whip in the hand, almost as long as a South American lasso, while clouds of smoke unceasingly issue from the mouth. My son was not *quite* after this fashion; but, had I met him in the recesses of the bush, my first impulse would, I confess, have been to have looked to my pistols.

One gentleman, who is, I am told, a distinguished disciple of the fierce beard-and-moustache school, finding it necessary, when in the further end of New England county, to make a visit to Sydney, bethought him that it would be as well to inspect his wardrobe. This was done, and with tolerably satisfactory results, until the protection due to his head was remembered, which it had been his wont to cover with anything that came nearest: he was now at a loss. Hats, or anything resembling felt, he had none. His cabbage-tree chapeau was withered and gone. Imagination was taxed to the uttermost for a substitute, when, at last, the happy idea occurred to him that what served him by night might serve him by day also; and so he literally mounted a red nightcap! and rode with it one hundred miles to the River Peel! This gentleman was a

decided character; and I must slide the following anecdote in here, while I am writing of him. Being, on one occasion, stopped by bushrangers, and deprived of every thing worthy their notice, with his horses to boot, he coolly turned round to the knights of the highway, and said, "Gentlemen, I am very shortsighted; I cannot easily supply the place of the eye-glass you have taken; you can see pretty well without it, apparently; be so obliging as to return it to me." The robbers were so surprised and amused at the ludicrous coolness of the speech, that they instantly returned the glass, "being happy to oblige him."

It is quite customary, in this life in the woods, for an acquaintance, in passing a station (as homesteads are called) to dress himself in the settler's garments, as a fresh rig-out, and leave his own till some other occasion; nay, I have heard of the dress so left, being found on the back of a second caller as better than his own, and so passed through different hands before its original proprietor saw it again. This disregard of neatness of dress, however, is to be regretted. The bush requires all appliances to keep up the distinction of ranks; and the total disregard of all appearance now in fashion tends to destroy the respect due to difference of position: that, and the abomination of an *Israelitish* beard, would become Siberia better than the forest.

It is truly disheartening, on first coming to this land of promise, to hear the reports respecting the state of the colony. The failures, and expectations of failures; the deplorable difficulties of nine-tenths of the settlers; the embarrassments of the storekeepers; and the inconveniences to which many men of acknowledged wealth are temporarily subjected from want of ready money. Indeed all these calamitous circumstances raise a degree of doubt

in some minds, whether the colony is destined to recover. The terrible crash in America; the stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England; the colonial liabilities for the bounties to emigrants; the diminished and diminishing receipts from the land sales, consequent upon the price being raised from five shillings to twelve shillings per acre; the sudden doing away, almost at the same moment, of the assignment system, by which the amount paid by the settlers for wages is ruinously increased; the frightful extent to which speculation has been carried on by the settlers *in overbuying their capital*, and trusting to the forbearance and assistance of agents; and the over-importation on the part of the agents and storekeepers themselves, have one and all contributed to bring about such an amount of distress as the colony certainly has never before had to struggle against since its first establishment;—not even in the year 1827, when sheep were half-a-crown a head, and bullocks thirty shillings. The assignment system was then in full operation, and land was at five shillings per acre, upset price. The settlers were of a different class; surer in their hold of the sources of profit; more moderate in their habits, and less speculative. Wool was then more in demand, and there was less of it. In short, there were better grounds for hope of speedy reaction in that season of affliction than now, and their spirits were upheld. At present, all is depression, doubt, and suspicion. Fifteen, twenty, and even fifty per cent., are being given for money. One or two money-lenders are making their fortunes rapidly; and auctioneers and attorneys have their hands full of lucrative, but destructive business.

It is, however, a golden year for emigrants, or others possessed of a ready capital. More, I believe, may be

done with one thousand pounds, cash in hand, just now, than with five in former years.

I cannot, I confess, view matters with the gloomy hopelessness so commonly entertained. Many of the causes I have assigned for the evil's existing, are of but temporary duration. We have seen such a crisis in our own country, and have seen her rise from it like the phœnix. American affairs may improve, and their demand for the raw material may be renewed, as well as for the manufactured. The manufacturing districts of England will, doubtless, be, ere long, again in activity, and demanding the wool of Australia, which is the best in the world. The system of assignment may be re-established by the Government, under remodelled regulations; the public bonds improved; and the settler's communication with his port facilitated. Cooley labourers may be introduced, which would greatly reduce the enormous expense of wages, and the fleece may yet be made to cover all expenses of the station. The fleece first raised Australia to importance, and the fleece must support it. The colony is too young; it has scarcely stamina to recover from this blow, except by means of that which is its staple commodity. But, if the trade in wool be duly fostered, there appears every hope of rallying from the present depressed posture of affairs.

Men anxious to discover some remedy for the present disastrous state of things, are talking of the yet undeveloped capabilities of Australia,—its vineyards, canes, tobacco, &c. This is all well, and such projects would be admirable in prosperous times; but these, town allotments, and all such modes of profit, possess no immediate exchangeable value, produce *no exportable commodity*; and without such, it is not very apparent how matters can go

on. The life-blood of the colony was ever, and is still, its wool. Let its character in the English and foreign markets be sustained, (which has lately, I am sorry to say, from its being ill got up, been retrograding,) and the flock-master and all linked with him be supported by cheaper labour, and better internal communication; and then, with a demand for his produce, will return prosperity throughout all the branches of the community. I state these views with diffidence, from my as yet *short* and therefore *imperfect* knowledge of the affairs of the colony; and if, after a longer residence in this country, I see cause to alter them, I shall candidly confess my error.

30th October:—This is the first day since my arrival that there has been a *brickfielder*, accompanied by a *hot wind*. The first is an absolute tornado of dust from the interior; the latter is the air heated by passing over the inland sands. Both are most disagreeable; but I confess, such is the effect of over-drawn pictures of evil, that, hateful as this fiery wind is, it is not so terrible as I expected; indeed, I was asked how I felt under it, before I knew it was that scourge. The brickfielder is a far greater annoyance. It blows the dust and sand through every crevice, and even into places where it would be supposed impossible that anything could penetrate; on land it is suffocating and annoying, and to vessels near the shore, it is a most fearful dispensation, from the violence of the terrible accompanying gale. The heat and glare from the white sandy streets and houses in these hot suns are overpowering, certainly; and yet I walked up and down the whole length of the town to-day twice, which amounts to about eight miles,—the principal street, George-street, being nearly two miles in length. This I could not have

done in a less pure and *elastic* atmosphere. We start for the wilderness to-morrow. I have purchased two horses and a gig, as the best mode of travelling in this climate.

31*st*.—This morning I placed in Mr. R.'s hands all my papers and things that I valued, and did not wish to expose to the "barbarian eye;"—and, wishing my acquaintances adieu, left Sydney for the bush.

1*st November*.—*Parramatta*.—After a delightful drive in my gig, with my Australian on horseback by my wheel, I reached this town, which is the second in importance in the colony, just as the sun went down. It is now the beginning of the Australian summer, and everything around me is fresh and blooming. Our road was bordered on either side by the bush all the way, except spots here and there picked out and partially cleared of wood, with wooden and sometimes turf cottages, resembling those one sees in the wilds of Lochaber. Miserable as such dwellings with their open crevices must appear to our northern notions, they are quite sufficient for this mild climate; and their neat appearance, (for many of them are white-washed,) made them look wonderfully comfortable and picturesque too as the night drew on, when the light shone through their crevices, and brought them into view in the forest. Before day closed in, we passed one or two really sweet places, with neat and pretty gardens and vineyards around the cottages and paddocks, as the adjoining cleared spaces are called; but the continual croaking of frogs, the tormenting everlasting chirping of myriads of locusts and insects that cover the trees by the way-side, the dust of the road, and, above all, the melancholy impressions produced by the never-ending succession of public-houses, with the tumultuous scenes around their doors, greatly

detracted from the pleasurable feelings we experienced in this emancipation from the sea and the city. The roads, also, to a traveller accustomed to the thoroughfares of Great Britain, and totally ignorant of the state of such matters in this colony, appeared to threaten considerable difficulties. They are broad enough, but are ill kept, full of water-holes after rain, and dust-holes before it; requiring, in fact, a degree of attention to the safety of your vehicle, scarcely compatible with the full enjoyment of the novelties around.

This is a sweet English-looking unpretending hostelry, the "Brown Cow," kept by Mrs. Walker. None better in England, none so good in Sydney; although there were many of far greater external pretensions;—a one-storied, verandahed, square building, in the middle of a pretty garden, being all that presents itself to the weary traveller. As soon as he enters, however, he will find himself most comfortable, and inclined to rest longer than may probably suit his purse; for here, as elsewhere, travelling is expensive. The charge for tea is three shillings; a bottle of ale or porter three shillings; the keep of a horse for the night five shillings. But the great danger lies in the real comfort around him; the beds, the neat small rooms, and the appearance of the whole establishment, from the nicety of the garden and cleanliness of the cottage, to the excellent arrangements of the interior, and the civility of the waiters.

It is not easy for me to express my pleasure at finding myself *in the country*, with all the newness of the bush around me, elated with the prospect of my wanderings, and the sight of new scenes. One thing which I have noticed all along the road, is the want of fences. There are none but wooden palings: no hawthorn hedges, no

walls even, not even a Fife dike; which gives a cold and poor appearance to the few things called fields, one does here and there see. I ought, however, to except a cactus hedge, and one of roses and geraniums, which I saw on the hill of Wooloomooloo. But there is one delicious novelty that makes up for many wants—the perfume that pervades the air in the bush and around this inn. In the bush it is not that of flowers, but the freshness of the air from the woods, tasting like nothing I have elsewhere known. But that in the room I now occupy, is from the hundred roses and other plants in the garden before me, loading the air with what one would expect to experience only in the gardens of Stamboul or Ispahan. This first hostelry in the route to the interior is most admirable indeed, and is an agreeable surprise to me. It seems a kind of home: I never experienced the impression in an inn before, and I shall be loath to leave it.

3rd November.—We drove this morning to breakfast to an extensive station that lay on our way to Penrith, called by the *pretty* native name of Bungarrabee. The occupier, an English gentleman of the name of K—, is an acquaintance of my son's, and is married to the sister of my friend Mr. D. of Sydney. The entrance to this place is by a fine avenue through the bush. The house is most peculiar in its style; beautiful festoons of roses and plants almost conceal it from sight; it is a delightful spot; and, like most houses in this country, is encircled by a broad verandah to exclude the sun. The interior was as pleasing as the exterior; comfort and elegance were blended in all its arrangements. Mr. K— is principally engaged in rearing stock of a very superior kind: nags, with pedigrees as long as their legs, and bulls and cows of the most aristocratic blood; he is consi-

dered to have some of the best in the colony. We inspected his stock minutely: his horses and mares; his bulls and cows, and also his oat-hay; bad turnips; (this root does not grow well in this country;) good beet and mangel worsel; his thriving garden with its vines, cabbages, potatoes, and strawberries.

On our way to this place we had a beautiful view of Parramatta: it lies low, at the head of the navigable arm of the sea that runs from Sydney inland, eighteen miles to this place. Here the little rivulet called the Parramatta river, falls over a *kauld* into the salt water, which retains the name of the Parramatta river as far as Sydney. The governor of New South Wales has a country house here, standing on an elevated site, overlooking the town. The accommodation is said to be better than at his official residence at Sydney. It is a plain but pretty building; and were I the governor of Australia, this should be my Windsor, and principal abode.

By the way, the propriety of placing the new Government-house on its exposed situation at Sydney, open to the artillery of the enemy, seems to me very questionable. It is not long ago since two American frigates were anchored within range of its windows, having sailed up without a pilot, or any previous knowledge of the harbour, and during the night too.

Parramatta is a straggling but very pleasant town, with good shops, good soil around it, and steamers two or three times a day to the capital. The chief house for female convicts is here: in it several hundreds are employed on work of various descriptions. Without being of any peculiarly harsh temperament, I cannot help thinking that punishment might be made useful here by more rigid regulations as to labour. Taking care of children is

no punishment for women, and yet it is all that some of the convicts undergo.

Before coming to Bungarrabee, the country is one continued dense wood, except at one or two places. One of these open spots, called Prospect, resembles very much the country above Bennahie, in Aberdeenshire. The hills are of the same character, with a similar half boggy, half cultivated country at their foot. The high grounds here cannot properly be called hills, but there is a general resemblance between the scenery. *Here*, however, on the hill-side grows the vine, and in the swamp the best land grows wheat, oats, and maize; instead of bear, oats, and heather. This place belongs to a Mr. Lawson, one of the most considerable stock-holders in the colony; and his house, grounds, and vineyards, seem to be very handsome and extensive. There is a little modest English chapel, beautifully situated on the opposite side of the road here, at the end of a little avenue of trees cut out of the *solid bush*, that has a pleasing effect.

We left Bungarrabee after one of the most terrific land thunder-storms I ever witnessed; and after a wet drive in the cool of the evening of a very sultry day, through a country partially cleared by the roadside, but in the main one forest of eucalypti or gum-trees, and brush-wood, reached the village of Penrith, where we proposed passing the night. The road to Penrith is comparatively good, though leading, like those of the Romans, straight forward over hill and dale in a direct line. In my ignorance I thought it would have been better to have adopted the more general mode in use in other lands, of getting better gradients by going round the base; but my son, who has traversed a great part of this colony, tells me, that it would be very difficult to do so; that the ranges

or ridges stretch so across the country, that days might be passed in turning the flank of a range. Some evils, however, might be remedied: the wooden bridges might be repaired; and the ruts filled up, which form actual ponds in wet weather. So dangerous is the present state of these roads, that travelling at night is out of the question, except by those who are acquainted with the dangers that yawn and frown on every side. The locusts were again on the trees by the road-side, in numberless myriads; and, with the frogs, kept up an everlasting deafening sound, which rendered it almost impossible to converse. The former have a sharp note: they are seldom seen, but are heard everywhere; as to the frogs, they are also a great annoyance, and seem to rejoice in a constant croaking in chorus! Our drive, however, was novel, wild, and, in spite of everything, agreeable.

The inns in this country are certainly first-rate. Here we are at the nice little village of Penrith, with its hostelry of the Rose Inn, kept by "John and Susannah Perry," with every comfort about us. The cleanliness of the beds, the very first object with a traveller, is here, as at Parramatta, above all praise. From their style, one can scarcely credit that these inns are in the bush. Although not so large, the rooms are as comfortably and completely furnished as any in our best provincial towns; and their bouffet is covered with plated articles of all kinds and glass, ready for use, and clean and bright as they can be made.

3rd November.—Penrith is a prettily situated village of one street, on the slope of a country that is bounded by the river called at this part the Nepean, (*above*, the Cow Pasture river, and *below*, the Hawkesbury,) about a mile from the base of the Blue Mountains. The houses

are all built of wood. The charges at the inn were certainly very high: our horses cost six shillings each for the night: beds, and the usual meals, are tolerably reasonable; but the feed of horses, and luxuries such as porter and ale, are three hundred per cent. dearer thanin England. I am informed that as much as twenty shillings a night was paid for the keep of a horse in the dear years 1837-8-9.

In about ten minutes after leaving our inn we came to the river—a glad sight in this parched land: it is a goodly stream a hundred and thirty yards wide, and very deep, slow, and sluggish. It is the boundary of the county of Cumberland, and breaks through a gorge in the mountains some miles above, near some wooded towering hills; and wanders through a plain on either side of us, level as Falkirk; but not, as that rich carse is, studded with farms, and well-furnished stack yards; though here and there there are some "scattered villas, the woods and plains among." Still it has a strong general likeness to that celebrated carse, and instantly brought it to my mind.

The mighty range of the Blue Mountains forms a very noble background to the Emu plains: they extend as far as the eye can reach, range upon range, till they almost reach the clouds. The mode of passing the Nepean was somewhat new to me: it was by a punt, or boat open at both ends, and large enough to hold two or three carriages and a flock of sheep; it was worked across by two men hauling upon a rope fixed at either shore. Our gig, and horses, and ourselves, with some other people, occupied but a small part of it; and in about twenty minutes we reached the other side. The view of the river when it issues from the gorge in the mountains, is very beautiful. The darkness of the forest, with the

broad stream winding its way betwixt its green banks, with drooping trees on its margin, is indeed very striking. On looking back upon the plains from the heights, they are seen to form an extensive tract of country,—a most agreeable break in the endless woods. They are called the Emu plains, and consist entirely of grass land, at least I could discover no corn upon them. About a mile from the river, the road begins to ascend these Blue Mountains, by the pass of Lapstone, through a horribly precipitous glen: this line of road was planned by the present surveyor-general, and is considered a great achievement; but it is still very steep, and the road is more or less of an ascent for seventy miles. Part of this pass is a dark ravine, and very dangerous; equal in its ruggedness to any of our worst Highland passes;—more dangerous and grand even than Killycrankie, in its depth, height, rocks, and wood: but it wants the Tummel, and the Garry! One solitary raven, with its peculiarly melancholy croak, crossed our path. We are now quite in the bush, in the midst of a world of trees that are unknown out of Australia: the red, white, and yellow, gum trees; the stringy bark, and the mimosa or acacia, with its yellow flower, and its sweet perfume, lined our road occasionally; and the twelve miles we drove before breakfast were once or twice enlivened by drays and teams of bullocks winding their slow and clumsy way to their far-off homes in the wild. The bush ought, in proper language, to be called the forest: it is an interminable world of large timber, interlaced below with young wood springing up of the same trees, chiefly the gum tribe or eucalyptus.

Thus far in my drive I have not seen one patch of what at home would be called good grass. With the exception of one small field, I have seen neither white

nor red clover; but the yellow or hop kind, is not uncommon. We have not yet had many birds to enliven our way, but shall, I am informed, when we get further to the west. At Parramatta, I saw the Indian *Native Companion*, which is found on the banks of the Ganges feeding upon the human bodies which that river is ever bearing downward to the ocean. It is as tall as a man, is slender, and beautifully formed, and of the colour of our heron, with a bright scarlet patch behind the ear.

We lunched at an inn called "The Weatherboard," sixty-six miles from Sydney, at the top of one of these endless Blue Mountains, after a severe drag of twenty-eight miles to-day, in part of which the road was barely passable. Sir G. Gipps travelled this way in one of his expeditions into the interior, some twelve months or more ago, and is said to have expressed himself much satisfied with the condition of the roads! I hope this is not the case, as good internal communications is one of the very first desiderata in every country.

We passed a chain-gang station at a place called *Twenty-mile Hollow*, on the top of another high range. A gang in chains were marching to their work in file, guarded by escorts with fixed bayonets. The clanking of the fetters had a dismal sound; but the men seemed to walk lightly along, though pulling carts up a hill, in a broiling sun. They were not linked to each other, but were all fettered by the ankles, so that they could not take a full step; and some of the worst characters had rods of iron fastened up betwixt the limbs. One of them touched his hat to us; the rest passed sullenly along.

We saw some very beautiful plants in our road to-day;

one in particular called, after Sir Joseph Banks, "Banksia grandiflora," was most splendid; its bright red hue reminded me of the pomegranate-flower: it is peculiar to New South Wales. But the never-ending forest soon grows wearisome to the eye; and the roads are so bad that it requires all one's attention to prevent the vehicle from upsetting, or falling through the holes in the bridges! After a laborious day's work, we reached the inn, called "Pulpit-hill," a little after sun-set; the last mile in the dusk was altogether a perilous job. The house looked less inviting than any we had seen: but to proceed was impossible; and therefore, having the broken windows mended by putting up the shutters, a good wood fire blazing on the hearth, and all made snug, with the comfort of seeing our horses attended to by the best ostler I ever saw dress a horse, we passed a very comfortable night in this high region, at the elevation, according to Captain King, of two thousand eight hundred and thirty-four feet above the sea. At the Weatherboard, this afternoon, we had paid for our horses' feed no less than 6*s.* 6*d.* each; here we were charged 8*s.* each for the night. The corn given to the horses in this country is not oats, but Indian corn or maize, very excellent, if not preferable food: oats are only grown for hay; when cut green, and properly winnowed, they make most excellent fodder: this, and, in some places, lucerne, are the only representatives of rye-grass and clover in this land.

The inns are not placed with reference to the convenience of travellers, but with reference to water,—that scarcest and most valuable of all articles in Australia.

4th November.—We started this morning at seven, and by a road which one would be inclined to say, was

not made for *civilized* man, horse, or even bullock dray, reached Jager's inn to breakfast, at the foot of the celebrated Mount Victoria. In our way we passed some of the noblest and grandest scenery I ever beheld; and by a most wonderful road, a new and enormous work, descended into the Vale of Clwyd, through a pass cut partly out of the solid rock, and falling some thousand feet in a circuitous route of little more than two miles and a half. This is a large and commodious inn, excellent in every way, and most romantically situated. The first view we had of the vale from the mountain top struck me as having some resemblance to Highland and Welsh scenery. But the universal wood did not permit the idea to last long: there are a few green patches of open land here and there interspersed in the low ground; but around, behind, on every side, the view is hemmed in by the boundless forest. These patches, however, with a cottage generally dotted upon them, are a great relief to the eye. We lost a horse's shoe at the village of the vale, which consists of four or five houses; and the rural Vulcan protested to my son he had seen me in Wales. He left it only last year; I was there some years ago, and it may have been so. This peaceful valley is soon passed, and again do terrace upon terrace, mountains upon mountains, uplifted to the clouds and covered with forest, distress the eye.

We are now nearly a hundred miles from Sydney, in the wilderness of Australia; and I have as yet seen no blacks, no bushrangers, no snakes, no kangaroo, no emu, nor any of the Australian wonders. Indeed it has been too like home in some respects; for a dense fog, like the mists on our own hills, wetted us to the skin all day, and scarcely permitted us to catch occasional glimpses of the high upheaved rocks by which our path led.

On leaving the Vale of Clwyd, we came to the river Lett, the head of Coxe's River. It runs in a bed of fine granite, and is but a little rivulet, although dignified in this water-lacking country by the title of a river. The change of strata from the sandstone which we have had ever since we left Sydney, to the granite, occurs abruptly at this place.

As I walked up the hill I was delighted at finding a harebell, the emblem of my country. I plucked it with great delight: it was scarcely so large in the cup as the Scottish flower, but in every other respect the same; and of that delicate shade of blue that no other flower possesses.

> "Thou art to me like vanished years
> And thoughts of happiness gone by,
> Watered so late by evening tears
> In the long waste of memory.—
> That thought is sometimes chill and wild,
> And yet I do not love it less;
> Like thee, lone flower, the desert child!
> It blooms amid a wilderness!"

We now journeyed up a steep, long, and wearisome mountain, and descended into retired glens on the other side, watered by two little wimpling burnies, called "Solitary Creek," and "Coxe's River." An old military stockade in ruins, upon a height, gave an interest to the scene: any ruins are a treasure in a new country.

After leaving these peaceful retreats, we began to mount our last and worst range, which seemed to have no summit. We at last arrived at a prettily situated inn, called "Rottens," where Her Majesty's portrait swings betwixt two poles, inviting all her loyal subjects to halt there. From the summit of this mountain, the eye stretches over a whole world of ranges, towering one over the other, and all covered with forest,—the dismal-looking gum and

stringy bark trees, which, seen in certain lights, have at a distance a gloomy reddish brown shade, that gives a sombre character to this country. When near, the hue of all the tribe of eucalyptus is that of our gray saugh or willow, and the leaf is of exactly the same shape; but in the mass in the distance, at evening, it is dusky and dark, and *painful.*

For the first time since I landed in the colony, my spirits gave way. When looking abroad from this mountain on the interminable forest around me, I confess I did for a time wish my sons and myself were again in our own native land. But the interior of the inn in some degree made us forget the desolate scenes around us. A large cheerful wood fire was burning on the hearth; the room was neatly furnished with the usual showy sideboard of bright plate and crystal; and a good meal, consisting of green tea, (black tea or coffee are not much used in Australia: the very labourers consume only green tea,) eggs, excellent home-baked bread, beefsteaks, &c., served to dissipate my gloomy reflections. Fires are rarely needed in this country, and few houses have grates. The wood-logs blaze, as in the Highlands, on a clean hearthstone.

5th November.—This is a rainy morning, and in this country, "it never rains but it pours;" however, we have resolved to brave the storm. When there is a river to cross, after rain, the sooner it is done the better; so "boot and saddle" was the word. A more painful drag up a mountain, or a more wretched road than the first three miles from Rottens, no human being, I should think, ever experienced. I was in despair. We were forced to stop and breathe the horses every twenty yards; it poured a deluge; the thunder rolled; one of the cushions disappeared; our baggage came loose; we lost a shoe from my

gig-horse, and there was no blacksmith within twelve miles. Never was there such a combination of misfortunes; however, we were at length blessed with a sight afar off of the plains of Bathurst, and of our next hostelry, the "Green Swamp," the station of Lauchlan Mackay. Here we rested our horses and ourselves; and Lauchlan, the fortunate possessor of the "Green Swamp," furnished me with his history. He, his wife, and six grown-up children—three sons and three daughters—were, four years ago, a starving family in the island of Coll; and now he possesses "seventy head of cattle, seven or eight horses, a vineyard which last year yielded two hundredweight of grapes, which were sold at the Bathurst races at a shilling the pound; and a 'bonny farm,'" giving three crops of oat-hay, self-sown for three years, without plough or harrow; and follows, with his sons, the callings of farmer, blacksmith, and innkeeper. Lauchlan monopolizes and prospers; and, from being in wretched poverty in the island of Coll, is now thriving, rich, and happy. "Had it no been for the laird himsel, I wad ne'er hae gotten frae Tobermorey; for I was a gie bit abun forty, sir, and it's no easy getting aff after that age. But I was the first yemigrant that ever went frae Coll, and it was just lookit over; and weel it was sae, for we had tint the coo, and the wife was like to gang daft on our hands a'thegither—that's her, sir, (pointing to a moving mountain,) she hasna yae word o' English, puir auld crature—and now I'm prood to say she has mair coos than she kens what to do wi'!" Happy Lauchlan!—what with one shilling and threepence for a horse-shoe, three shillings per bottle for porter, and three crops of self-sown oats, I prophesy that, ere long, you will be a wealthier man than *Coll himself!*

After an ascent of a mile of very bad road from Mackay's, we reached, by a tolerably good one, the plain of Bathurst. This extensive and undulating plain is a succession of rises and hollows, without wood, and 2,100 feet above the level of the sea. It is subdivided into farms and fields by palings. This is the universal fence throughout New South Wales: uninteresting and cold in the landscape, but capital fences for cattle, with which all the farms we saw appeared to be well stocked. I was much disappointed with this far-famed part of the colony—this oasis in the desert of forest. Its grass is in tufts, not in close sward; but is said to be very nutritious. This open country presents every appearance of having been once a vast inland sea or lake, and to have been left as it is at present, from the subsiding or drying up of the waters. Neat-looking and extensive farm-buildings are seen in various parts of it, with a windmill here and there. The first sight of the town of Bathurst, also, came short of my expectations of the capital of the west. It has a gloomy appearance at a distance, and stands unpicturesquely. Its courts, jail, and inn, are all poor; and the last the most wretched that I have seen on the road. The Campbell River, a small creek, runs below the town; and a quarter of a mile further on, the Macquarie divides it from the village of Kelso, a few neat houses, with the prettiest parsonage and church I have seen in this country. I should have preferred Kelso to Bathurst for our quarters for the night; but its inn is not a very good one; and we, therefore, crossed the river, which runs in a bed betwixt steep banks that bear the marks of high floods.

This town is the chief, indeed the only one, in the county of Bathurst; and contains, including Kelso, about

sixteen hundred souls, and is one hundred and forty miles from Sydney. Here, for the first time, I saw some of the aborigines. They were dressed in tattered European clothing, and were loitering about the doors of the inn. The tribe, from constant contact with the settlers, have adopted, in some degree, the habits of civilized life. Many of them were good-looking, and had a free and stately air about them that I could not but admire. The gins or women were not so hideously ugly as I had been led to suppose; and one with her child slung over her shoulder, had almost a pleasing expression. One man, named George Innes, after Major Innes of Port Macquarie, having been in his service, spoke English pretty well, and seemed remarkably intelligent. But poor George has been seized with the "Whitefellow's" vice; and rum is the ruin of him, as it is of one half the natives of Australia. He spoke of the distant tribes as "Myall," or wild blacks, and appeared to have great pleasure in relating the mode and causes of a murder lately committed by them upon the Bogan.

Every inn in this country has a tap attached to it, where the lower classes are to be seen day and night spending their earnings. Such is the extent to which drinking is carried, and so totally reckless of money are the lower classes of bushmen, that, to avoid the trouble of nightly settling their score, they have been known to place large sums of money in the hands of publicans, with a request to be told when it was expended!—and bucketsful of Devonshire cyder, under the name of champagne, quickly raise the bill to the desired amount.

6th November.—The Bathurst plain is subject to very severe droughts: it was lately, I am informed, like a sandy desert; but now, though the pasture is such as we should

consider miserable at home, it is looked upon as in a good state. We left this great store shop of the west in the forenoon. It is said to be the healthiest place in Australia.

The country now changed its features considerably. The roads, though not made except by the passage of bullock drays into the interior, was better than any we had yet travelled by; and the forest became less dense, the trees being larger and wider apart, and with less underwood. Every now and then the road ascended and descended the various ranges, and I had a glimpse of one of the best districts I have seen; it lay at the further end of the plain of Bathurst, and belonged to a General S——, who was, for a short time, deputy-governor of the colony; during which period, *he granted himself*, as was then a custom not unusual, a large track of country in this spot, about thirteen thousand acres in extent; and here he now lives, retired from the world. I had also an extended bird's-eye view of the plain, at least a great portion of it, forty miles in circumference.

No halting place occurs for twenty-three miles on this road; and at one part of it called the "Rocks," a craggy and difficult pass, peculiarly adapted for murderous deeds, we had to walk, carrying our loaded arms: the bushrangers have a particular fancy for the spot, and not long ago it was the scene of several serious affairs. It is, in fact, scarcely possible for the traveller to make any defence, as the rifle is generally at his ear before he is aware of the neighbourhood of his assailant. Our precautions proved unnecessary; for throughout twenty-three miles we only saw one horseman and four pedestrians, who seemed just as much on their guard against us, as we were against them; and after passing some pretty undulating slopes

we arrived at this wretched inn, called "Guyon," without any adventure.

The habits of the colony have introduced a custom in Australia, connected with the circulating medium, which is singularly significant of the state of society. Bills of exchange, as is well known, were invented by the Jews, in consequence of the extortion they were subjected to throughout the world. The same propensity to get possession of the property of others is prevalent in New South Wales, and has forced upon the inhabitants the necessity of substituting for money a species of bill, which is an order upon an agent or banker in Sydney, or in other towns, for the sum required, however small: nobody, therefore, carries money with him. These orders circulate as bank notes do at home, and very frequently do not reach the person upon whom they are drawn for many months, and, from loss or other causes, sometimes not at all. This is, in every way, an advantageous arrangement for the settler in the country, and the only safe one. In settling my bill to-day, I received in payment of the balance a 3*s*. order of my son's, given to some one several months before.

After leaving Guyon, the country still continues to improve, that is to say, the forest becomes more open; but the roads are still very fatiguing, and continue to mount to the very summits of the hills.

In this stage, we passed through a pretty valley, Frederick's Valley, which has been sold in small allotments to settlers; neat cottages are springing up, and fields and patches or paddocks, of maize, adorn the sides of the roads. These small settlers are a description of persons that do well in this country. Possessed of a few hundred pounds, they purchase one of these allotments, which are

generally backed by the bush, into which no one will go, as the *frontage* and *water* are, of course, preoccupied; so that after tilling the allotment, and accumulating a little fund, they buy cattle or sheep, and gradually extend their holdings: such persons certainly change for the better in coming to Australia. And just so with a still poorer class, who, like Lauchlan Mackay, have only mechanical and labouring skill for their capital. Lauchlan's whole wealth was *seven* pounds.

In this pleasant valley there were some large fields of maize in great luxuriance, belonging to a Captain Rayne: it is, I think, a prettier crop to look at than any of ours. The maize is sown in rows, at some interval apart, and grows to the height of six feet; the leaf is pendant, of a beautiful shade, and of a rich green colour. The flower and the head are very handsome, and of all grain it is the most prolific; it is sown in October and November, and is reaped in April and May. It is, however, used in Australia as food for animals only, but in other countries it is found to make good flour. It not unfrequently happens, as in Mackay's case, that different crops are got in succession from the same ground, without the labour of the husbandman in preparing the ground or sowing the seed. There is something peculiar to the country that causes the ear to fall, even when the crop is cut for green fodder, in sufficient quantity to produce a second and even a third crop. They, of course, lessen in quantity as well as in quality, and I have no doubt there would be more profit if the usual process were resorted to. Two or three ploughings, I see, are given to land intended for wheat, which is the only bread corn in Australia. The seed-time is from March to June; the harvest in November and December. Thus there are two seed-times and two harvests each year

in this favoured clime. Oats and barley are sown and reaped in the same seasons as wheat. Maize will produce on an average fifty or fifty-five bushels to the acre; and wheat will give twenty-five bushels of sixty pounds weight; of course these quantities and weight must vary with culture and soil, but they may be taken as the average. Lucerne is now grown in many parts of the colony, and is esteemed excellent food for horses; it is, however, generally mixed with green oats, which, as I have already stated, are the common fodder of the country. The potato yields two crops in the year, in the lower districts of the country; so readily do the soil and the climate second the industry of the settler.

We were cheered on our journey to-day by the loud notes of the native thrush: it is in plumage like the magpie, but its note is full and rich, and very like that of our Scottish mavis. Flocks of little green parroquets, and several varieties of the chattering noisy parrot tribe, were on every side. Some of these, from their brilliant plumage, would have been much prized in England, particularly one called the "Lowry;" its feathers, which were crimson and blue, of the most beautiful shades imaginable, shone splendidly in the sun. Nothing has struck me more since I have been in this country than the novelty of seeing the sun, at mid-day, in the north instead of the south. It will be a long while before I get familiar with these accompaniments of southern latitude, or the alteration of the seasons. Daylight, too, is short: on the 23rd of December, the longest day, the sun rises at fifty-two minutes past four, and sets eight minutes past seven. In our longest, in June, it rises at five minutes past three, and sets forty-eight minutes past eight; a wide difference in the pleasant hours of the pleasantest period of time.

While on the subject, I may as well compare our winters also: on the 21st of June, the shortest day here, the sun rises at eight minutes past seven, and sets fifty-two minutes past four—giving nine hours and forty-four minutes of light; while our shortest, in December, gives us only six hours and fifty minutes light; the sun rising thirty-three minutes past eight, and setting twenty-three past three. Thus good old Scotland has in summer an advantage of three hours and twenty-seven minutes more of daylight; and in winter has its comforts of candles and a sea-coal fire one hour and twenty-nine minutes sooner than Australia.

Betwixt our last inn and Peisley's, to which we were travelling, we passed the first grave-yard I have seen in the bush. A few rude pales put up in an oblong square round the grave, marked the spot where six individuals rest. It is a lonely peaceful place, many miles from any abode of man: no inscription records the names of these exiles from their country, and the passing reflections of the traveller are their only requiem. Jacob desired to be laid with his fathers; and however little it may signify in the opinion of some where dust returns to dust, I confess my wish is that mine may mingle with that of my own people and kindred in my own land.

On Sunday, the 7th, we arrived at Peisley's inn, the last hostelry *within the boundaries* of the colony in this direction, and one of the very best that I have been in since I entered the country. A little rivulet divides the colony of New South Wales from the wilderness, which, however, is *settled* by stockholders nearly two hundred miles further to the west. All the country *within the boundaries* has either been bought from Government by individuals, or is leased from it. All *beyond the bound-*

aries is occupied by settlers or *squatters*, holding a license from Government, for which they pay an annual tax of ten pounds—upon whom is also levied the only *direct* tax in this country, namely, sixpence for every ox, and three-halfpence for every sheep. The amount collected is understood to be expended in local purposes, for the benefit of the settlers.

From Peisley's to my son's station at Connobolas, is fourteen miles. For a part of the way the country is better than any we have yet passed: it abounds in box-trees and apple-trees, which, in this land, are generally signs of a clearer forest and better soil than where the other gums and stringy bark trees predominate. As we drew near, we got a good view of his *runs*, as sheep-walks are called, which form a long stretch of country, on the slope of a glen, ending in the towering top of the lofty Connobolas, a mountain seen from a great distance, and said to be about 4,450 feet above the level of the sea. We left the dray track, called a road, some miles before coming to his residence, and *took to the bush*. I was not a little surprised at the first view of his gunyah or house: it belonged to no recognised order of architecture. However, I was too much rejoiced at finding myself at the end of my long journey, to feel inclined critically to inspect his domicile; but felt thankful that the object of my journey was now likely to be attained, and that I was permitted to see both my sons safe and well in the land of their choice.

CHAPTER V.

AUSTRALIA—LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Connobolas—The woods—Advantages and disadvantages of the station—Our mansion—The upper station—Our next door neighbours—Fare in the bush—Damper—Elegancies of life—James Simpson—Loss of our horses—Frequent loss of stock—The birds and plants of Connobolas—Visit to Boree Nyrang—Sheep-shearing in Australia—Australian agriculture—Absence of any winter—"The settlers"—Trying times—The corrobory—Native customs—The King of Boree—The natives—Dress—Marriage—Origin of the race—Their customs and food—Cannibalism—Religion—Their diminished numbers—Laws regarding murder—The Australian ibis—Pine range—Large gum-tree—Bullock drays—Their drivers—Their oaths and drunken habits—The convicts—Opinion of their own position—Travelling in Australia—Sunday in the bush—Removal to the upper station—Houses in the bush—Our domestic arangements—The bushrangers—Their unpleasant proximity—Keeping open house—The native dogs—Ophthalmia—Snow—Our complete seclusion.

Connobolas, November 8th.—THE ranges of this station reach for miles to the top of the high and far-seen Connobolas. The lower station, where my son at present lives, is distant four miles from that occupied by the former settler, whose house was at the base of the mountain. At this lower station, the country is better for sheep than it is higher up: there is more boxwood, and less of the stringy bark tree. *This* is upon a limestone stratum, always a good foundation for soil; *that* upon a conglomerate, and, in some places, an iron stone, where the grass is sour, and not so nutritious. The woods of

this country are unfailing indexes to the soil. Box and apple-trees, two of the genus eucalyptus, are sure to lead the settler to good pasture, to a more open forest, and to more extensive glades, with no undergrowth to intercept the flocks and herds in their roaming.

Like all other places, this has its advantages and disadvantages. My son's views have for some time been turned towards Moreton Bay, as have those of many others; and there are some settlers, who, though still residing upon their land within the boundaries, have already sent flocks and herds thither, six hundred miles away, where they themselves have never been. Before my son can put his plans into execution, however, some months must elapse, as the drought has been such that the Liverpool plains cannot be crossed, there being no grass or water on them. Connobolas has its drawbacks: its stringy bark ranges, and comparative cold in winter, from its great elevation; the numbers of cattle belonging to different stockholders wandering at will on the mountain; the difficulty of collecting one's own stock in the recesses and innumerable glens and gulleys of these hills; the near neighbourhood to the haunts of the bushrangers,—all these circumstances detract from the advantages of the place; and my son's land being surrounded with large stations, renders it difficult to get any lower and warmer runs for his sheep in winter. But it has also many great advantages: it is extremely healthy; possesses excellent grass in this dry season, while all around is parched up, and a plentiful supply of water—an object of the first importance in all parts of Australia; and the distance from Sydney is as moderate, and the communication as good, as in the case of the other settled districts, with the exception of the sea-coast sections. These things I *hear*: before making

up my own mind upon such matters, I must have time to *see*. Meanwhile, we must make ourselves as comfortable here as we can. I have now been three days in this far corner of the wilds of the bush; sleeping and living very comfortably, despite the uncouthness of our abode.

"*Parva Domus Magna Quies*," was written over some Roman door; and here we do, indeed, rejoice in a small and quiet house. It is divided into two rooms, not by any wall or partition, but by my old cloak, which is made to do duty as a curtain. The abode is as primitive as anything can well be. It was erected in a day, and is formed of slabs of bark, supported by boughs of trees. Daylight or starlight penetrate it at every corner, affording to those of an astronomical turn excellent opportunities of studying the heavens, while they recline on their couch; admitting, too, as freely, the cold by night, as the heat by day. Yet, in spite of the torments of myriads of flies, and the apprehension of an attack from the bushrangers, who prowl about these mountains; with no door to the mansion, a sheet for a carpet, and a thing called "a stretcher" for a bed, placed beneath the bare bark of the sloping roof, I have slept as soundly as I ever did on my own bed in my own home.

We rode out to-day to survey the run: we went to the foot of the "Old Man of Connobolas," as the highest mountain is called, and saw there the house occupied as a station by my son's predecessor; and a more sequestered and beautiful spot I never beheld. In front, the mountain towers in three high ridges, wooded to the summit, with here and there spots green and devoid of trees. A little streamlet runs before the door, and behind and on both sides the dense forest shuts in the house. Two glens

stretch upwards from the spot, and lose themselves in the recesses of the ranges; and one of them—the channel of the "creek," as the rivulet is called—winds downwards to the gunyah.

A path, admitting of the passage of a gig or dray, leads to Boree, a district of country fourteen miles off, where our nearest neighbours reside. This upper station is, indeed, a sweet place, and, but for the close neighbourhood of the bushrangers, who scruple not at any thing to obtain a booty, however small, and to whom no one dare give food or water, lest the law punish the charity, it would be a delightful retirement from all the ills of life—a perfect hermitage.

My son proposes moving thither shortly. The distance from any other habitation, and from help of any kind, when needed, would, to me, be a great objection to this or any such situation. But, in this strange country, it is considered no objection; on the contrary, it is held to be an advantage. It is not long ago since a gentleman in the county of New England, challenged a new comer for "*sitting down*" within ten miles of him, which he considered to be an encroachment on his runs. *Sitting down* is the expression used by the blacks for encamping or settling at any place.

I had heard so much of the fare of the bush, that the very word "damper" was associated in my mind with something like the black bread of Russia, or the pine bread of Sweden. I am glad to say, however, that it is the very best bread I ever ate. The merino mutton is very excellent, though not equal, in my opinion, to our blackfaced wedder; and, what with the hundred shapes which flour assumes in this country, and other aids, living in the woods is as good as any one need desire, albeit the

service is not of plate, nor the variety of viands very great. At one house at which I have been, although it was that of an extensive stockholder, and one which might be called a superior establishment in these parts, the remnant of a broken tumbler did service as a mustard-pot, a *silver* salt-cellar was the point of attack for every knife, black bottles passed for decanters, and one tumbler did the duty of five.

In many houses, tea forms a part of every meal: from the bullock-driver and his mate, to the possessor of one hundred thousand merinos, all drink green tea. If you go into a cottage, at any hour, the first thing you are offered is a quart pot of tea, with brown Mauritius or Java sugar, and damper. I must add that, *in the bush*, there is a welcome and a simple hospitality not to be met with in Sydney.

My old servant, James Simpson, whom I allowed to accompany my eldest son to this country, has been, indeed, a great assistance and comfort to him. He had been with me all his life, and his father had lived for sixty years in the service of our family; it was, therefore, not without reluctance that I parted with him. Faithful, intelligent, and careful, James is just the support needed by my son in all the dilemmas incidental to such a country, and such a neighbourhood and population. His wonder was excited to the uttermost, on hearing I was really in Australia. His pleasure did not display itself at the first moment of our meeting, as I expected. He afterwards explained the cause. "I was quite dung doon donnerit, whan I saw the laird; I canna concet what doonned me; I was raal glad to see him, bit I dinna ken hoo, I couldna speak it." *I*, however, saw the cause, James; and I gladly took your hand as that of an attached friend in a far foreign land.

"Eh, sir; I little ever expeckit to see you here!" was said so truthfully and naturally, that I valued the words more highly than I should have done the best turned compliment. And the very sight of James returning at evening from the hills, quietly following his flocks, is pleasant to me; and I make it a rule always to meet him, as soon as his sheep-bells and the bleating reach my ear.

James is a good deal altered since he left Scotland. He wears his chin in colonial fashion, with a beard as long as a Hebrew's, which makes him look like a Cossack. His manner, too, is changed, more self-possessed and more independent; and he can say, "*Mornin'*"—the usual Australian salutation—with as much *brusquerie* as an American. But he has not yet acquired that disagreeable nasal twang with which it is pronounced, and which is purely Australian.

Our hours in the bush are very early: we rise at six, and retire to our couches at nine. One of the first things done in the morning, is to look in the direction the horses *should* be. On looking across the forest to-day we could not see any of them, and without them nothing can be done. Stables are not much used; the open wood is, generally speaking, the only stable, and hobbles the only halter. To seek and find was the next step. My son's experience led him to the belief that they were only gone to the ranges, and would return when the sun got high. James, however, was despatched to Boree, the place at which one of them had been purchased, as it was possible he might have returned to his old abode. But he had his trouble for nothing: at noon they all came galloping home. They had gone to the ranges in their wandering during the night, and were driven home, as my son had foretold, by the sultry heat of the sun. James's

absence afforded my younger son Alexander the first opportunity of following his chosen vocation. His man, Luke, knew nothing of a bushman's life at present, and had a wholesome apprehension of bushrangers, blacks, snakes, and all such horrors; and his master, therefore, determined to accompany him on his first essay in sheep-tending, the other men being off with their own. He and John Luke are, therefore, away with the merinos, pipes in mouth—no oaten reeds, but actual *tobacco clays*—for the pastures among the mountains. The custom of allowing stock of all kinds, horses and cattle, to wander where they please, gives rise to a vast deal of annoyance and trouble in this country; but there are no fences, and where it requires five acres to keep a sheep, and a larger extent of pasture for the other animals, it will be easily conceived that the distance travelled must be great. Besides, it is no uncommon thing—or rather, it is of daily occurrence, as every newspaper and poundkeeper's list will show—for cattle and horses to be driven away and concealed till a reward is offered for their recovery, when they are either brought back, or (that the thief may appear to have acted honestly) are placed in the nearest pound, and information then lodged with the proprietor that they are there, and the reward claimed.

With horses the loss is soon discovered, but with cattle it is different. Many people muster their cattle only once a year, and none more than twice; so that, unless a person is fortunate enough on looking over the newspaper (if such a luxury ever reaches him) to see his *brand* advertised, as having been found upon certain cattle lodged in a certain pound, the chances are that he loses them altogether, as, after being advertised for some time, they are sold, the brand is altered, and he hears no more of them.

I have not yet seen any of the wild animals of the country, neither kangaroo, nor any other; and very few of the birds or plants peculiar to it. He must be very obtuse, however, who is not forcibly struck with a hundred novelties on every hand, in this land; but some parts of the colony are less famous than others, for such marvels as the kangaroo, the emu, and the snake; and this seems to be one of them: the raven is, as I have already mentioned, exactly the same as our "*corbie crow*," except in his note, or croak rather, which is beyond all expression melancholy and miserable, c-r-o-a-k, c-r-o-a-k, c-r-o-a-a-a-k! in a gradually lowered voice, till it dies away upon the ear. There is a pied lark, so called here, very like our water-wagtail, and a sand-lark, very much like our own; the owl has exactly the same note as our own cuckoo, and is to be heard every night; the mutton-bird is like our common rook, and the stately emu resembles the ostrich, but is considerably larger.

Of plants, we have the common buttercup, the deadly-nightshade, and wild flax, much like our harebell; and a pink-weed, common near the sea-shore at Berwick, is to be seen everywhere here. Wild carrot, and wild parsley supply the place of our clovers; and a tufty coarse-looking grass, of which sheep are very fond, and which constitutes the best grass of the colony, holds the place of our rye-grass. I have not yet seen in Australia, what in Scotland would be called grass.

On the 10th November, I accompanied my eldest son to Boree Nyrang, the station of R. B. Esq. This gentleman is in several ways connected with Scotland; and knowing that my son was only lately settled in the neighbourhood, and that his accommodation was not what he could have wished it to be, hospitably and kindly re-

quested him to bring me to pass some time at his house. On our way thither we called at the large station of Captain R---, called Boree Cabonne (large Boree, in contradistinction to Boree Nyrang, Little Boree). It consists of a great many huts, and resembles a little wooden town. Both Borees were esteemed as nearly the best sheep stations in this part of the colony; and, until lately, were well watered by a chain of ponds supplied by the rivulet that passes Connobolas: lying low, moreover, the heat, though excessive, was well suited to merinos; which, provided they have plenty of food and water, cannot be in too warm a situation. But last year, and this also, the drought has been so great, that even these favoured stations have suffered dreadfully, and are now looking as if the whole was arid sand, or red earth. Capt. R——'s fields, enclosed as usual with pales, were as large as those in Scotland, and were studded over with mares and foals; the cleared ground beyond was similarly enclosed, and would bear comparison with the park of any nobleman in England. The open plain in front, with its semicircular background of forest, looked more inviting, more British, than anything I have seen here. Captain R—— was not at home, but we found instead a relation of the immortal Sheridan residing there, who did the honours of the house.

This is sheep-shearing time, the most important season of the year in Australia. All was activity and bustle, and extensive were the operations which were in progress. The sheep was first dipped into hot water, and then into cold—a regular Russian bath, the wool meanwhile being washed carefully with the hand; when well done, this leaves it white and clean. The hot water is used, because the lime in the bed of the creek is thought to possess some

quality that darkens the fleece. The flock was all merino, and it was wonderful to see animals in such good condition on such miserable pasture. Clipping, sorting, packing, and branding were, also, all going forward. The clipping struck me as being done in a slovenly way, and with great cruelty to the sheep. Large masses of wool were occasionally left on the pelt, while, in other places, pieces of skin and flesh were clipped clean away. They are sheared at so much the score; and the shearers, knowing their victims are dumb, and cannot prefer complaints of ill-usage, are regardless of their suffering, and unless the overseer's eye is constantly upon them, injury and loss are sustained to an extent that would not be tolerated in England. This is the case throughout Australia.

After leaving Boree Cabonne, we crossed the creek, and, about a mile further on, arrived at Boree Nyrang, just as dinner was about over; and here we found Captain R——, who also gave me a polite invitation to spend some time with him, either at Boree Cabonne, or at his homestead, near Bathurst. Mr. B—— received us very kindly, with a warm welcome, — a point of first-rate importance in a visit, — and good cheer of every kind, including delicious Sauterne, and excellent porter; (no man can, *prior to experience*, duly estimate a glass of London porter on a hot day, sixteen thousand miles from the Thames:) the first day, which is sometimes a little stiff and formal, passed agreeably away, amid general conversation. This is also a very large station, not quite so well situated perhaps as Capt. R——'s, but possessed of a better cottage. Many thousand sheep bleat on its ranges; and the wool harvest in all its stages was going on. The first step is to place the sheep in the man's hands; who, holding it by the fore-feet, rolls

it backwards and forwards in the water; and then passes it under water to a second, and he to a third; a fourth holds it under a fall of water of two or three feet, spreads the wool, removing every impurity, and allows it to scramble out the best way it can. Then follow the clipping, and the packing in large bales, which are marked with the letters N. S. W. W.,—New South Wales Wool; with the addition of the degree of fineness, the initials of the grower, and the number of the bale. Some of these bales weigh three hundred pounds and upwards; and many persons take great pride in the neat appearance of the packages, and the great mass of wool compressed into them. For this purpose a pressing-machine is used; but, in small establishments, this operation is performed with the spade. In this station everything seemed to go on like clockwork. Regularly every morning Mr. B—— starts for the washing pool, by nine o'clock, and there overlooks the shearers, until the dinner hour: whilst I, after accompanying him the first day to see the process, and the difficulties his scientific skill had overcome, in obtaining a level for a proper fall, amuse myself in the house, talking to the blacks — of whom there is a tribe in this district; or in reading, as the library contains an excellent, though small, collection of books—a possession invaluable at so great a distance from Paternoster-row. The first book that caught my eye was, "Practical Agriculture, by David Low, Esq." Here, far in the west of Australia, on the very verge of civilisation, is my talented friend's work considered a standard authority.

Agricultural rules, applicable to Britain, do not, however, always hold good here. Crops of wheat, and oats, sow themselves thrice in annual succession; no deep

ploughing is required; a very shallow furrow is all that is necessary, in ordinary cases. Manure is seldom employed, except sometimes for wheat, the soil being too rich and open to require it. Here, the finest sheep are those pastured in clayey regions, and the bullock fattens in the forest; oats serve for hay, and no clovers grow. Hope clover, it is true, may occasionally be seen by a road-side; and the doop-grass of India is found in different parts of the colony, forming the only close sward that I have seen. It is of the same family as our fiorin; and, as it affords a full bite, I should think it a valuable grass, and that it ought to be more generally introduced. But neither it nor clover is sown for pasture, or for fodder. Wild parsley and carrots are found in most places, among the natural grass of the woods, and seem to be a favourite food with sheep and cattle; the ox appears to delight in herbage unknown in Britain, mixed with the weeds common to both countries—the buttercup, a species of daisy, and others.

Here, no steam-mills or horse-mills revolve,—wind-mills are to be found near Sydney and Bathurst; but, throughout the colony, the wheat is ground by the hand-mill. The bread is the best I ever tasted: it is unleavened, and is baked in the ashes of a woodfire. No provision is made for winter in this land,—none is necessary, as it is the most delightful season of the year. The flocks and herds roam over the mountains and plains of the forest, which are for ever clad in their livery of green, for in Australia there is no fall of the leaf; and in the winter months the grass is richest and greenest, in consequence of the absence of the withering rays of a vertical sun.

This summer, the terrible drought has robed every

plain and patch in this district in russet brown, and shrivelled the leaf as with a scorching fire. These dreadful evils—the failure of the pastures, and the drying up of the usual supplies of water—added to the unremunerating price of the fleece, are indeed severe dispensations, and would appear to have thrown a gloomy foreboding of evil over the settlers, which is exceedingly alarming. They are a class of great enterprise and daring, with a vast amount of invested capital; and the generality of them are men of superior birth and education—in fact they are the gentlemen of the colony: and hard indeed would it be, if, as seems to be expected by some, the present difficulties should cause the destruction of so important a class. For my own part, I cannot look upon matters in this light, nor dread such an event. That many must remove their flocks, if the drought continues, is certain: great loss will be suffered, and property forced into the market at ruinously low prices; while those who cannot meet the demands against them in Sydney, will be compelled to make sacrifices hitherto unknown in the colony. But should the windows of heaven be opened, which may happen to-morrow, verdure would once more cover the earth. And with regard to the more serious evil — the low price of the fleece, I cannot but believe that, though necessarily a work of time, prices will rise: my fear is, that they will rise to too high a rate,—as was the case ten years ago,—fostering renewed speculation, and laying the foundation of future misery. I am inclined to think that, when a staple article of one country is acknowledged to be superior to that of any other, though temporarily depressed in price, from circumstances affecting all the world; if the character of that article is preserved, it will rise again. I cannot

believe that the manufacturers of England or America will use an inferior or a dearer article, from Saxony or Spain, in preference; or that our government will delay the return of better times, by withholding that greatest of all advantages—cheap labour.

I have now passed three days here, and have been most hospitably entertained: the forenoon I have always to myself; and the evenings flit quickly away, with my talented host, whose conversational powers are aided by his extensive wanderings in most of the countries of Europe, and in many Eastern lands.

We had last night a pantomime of a description I have long desired to see—a *corrobory*—the dance of the aborigines. We heard their music, and stole down upon the tribe that live very harmlessly in this neighbourhood; and, unobserved, saw them for some time at this singular amusement, which is universal through all the various tribes of New Holland. Dances are national things: many civilised and uncivilised nations have their peculiar dances, from the Scottish and Irish reel down to the Australian corrobory.

In Australia, though the various tribes differ in many ways, in language and customs, they have, throughout the entire land, one and the same corrobory. Their women (called *gins*) stretch a sheep's skin across their knees and beat it with a stick, singing the whilst a wild unearthly tune, which sounds like the hum of bees rather than music: the voice rises and falls, and the tones are in turns exciting and depressing; which with the cracked-drum-like sound of the sheep's skin, produces a savage harmony indeed. The men who dance to this music are painted red, yellow, and white, and display wonderful muscular power, brandishing their war instru-

ments in both hands, boomerangs and waddies; at times stamping and acting as if in combat—then in retreat, then in pursuit. Sometimes they will throw themselves into distorted postures, quivering in every fibre as if under the influence of galvanism; and anon, dancing in a circle with their legs and arms extended, and holding their weapons above their heads, they emit from their mouth a sound as of rushing water. Fires blaze around the dancing ground, and are so managed as to throw a glare of light through the darkness, at certain times when particular attitudes are displayed. The men become exceedingly excited, and sometimes the scene ends with bloodshed. To-night, a black gentleman decoyed a sable lady from her lord: a heinous offence, which can only be wiped way by a similar exploit on the part of the injured husband, or by a fight, and the spearing of the *gin* in a limb. Such were the results on this occasion. A white man does such things with impunity: indeed the husband considers this an honour; but the black fellow cannot. The king of the tribe of Boree is the lord of three queens: he certainly cannot be considered a jealous husband, as he is willing to dispose of them for a *consideration*, as he would his tomahawk. His majesty, who was also actively engaged in the dance, at its conclusion came up to Mr. B——, and said, "B——," (they are quite independent and at their ease in their mode of addressing you,)—"Who this? You come see corrobory, B——?" "Mr. Hood's father," was the reply.—"Mr. Hood's father, O! Mr. Hood! me know him,"—(this was said with a smile of approbation,)—"Mr. Hood's father, Budgeree gentleman; give me *something* to-morrow."

I had a good deal of *talk* with these strange people: the chief or king is a very handsome man, acute, intel-

ligent, and clever; but suspicious, cunning, and greedy, as all savages are. The women are generally hideously ugly. They sometimes have, as an ornament, a fish-bone stuck through the cartilage of the nose, and are commonly very disgusting objects.

Several of these people offered themselves as servants to me; but, though faithful if entrusted with anything to carry or deliver, and fighting in defence of it with those of their own tribe, or any one else, they are not nice in their ideas of "mine" and "thine." They will not remain long in any place; nor, indeed, do the youths of the tribe dare to go out at all without the consent of their chief. They all have a most disagreeable smell from the oils with which they rub themselves, and are an uncleanly people. Still the blacks of New Holland are not so low in intellect, or in form, as I was led to suppose—on the contrary, they are intelligent; and I have observed as perfect figures amongst them as I ever saw among whites. Their legs are often, it is true, deficient in calf, but not always so; and though of less stature than an Englishman, their proportions are as good. The men are, for the most part, entirely naked except a band round their loins; and the only covering of the women is a torn blanket, in the management of which they are very dextrous; but they do not appear to consider it necessary or proper to carry it much above the waist. They are given as wives at eleven, twelve, and thirteen, and at twenty are old and haggard. There are generally half-caste children of colour with every tribe. The youths are made men by having their front tooth knocked out, and by undergoing some other ceremonies. They then change their habits, are seldom seen with the women and children, assume a thoughtful appearance,

and are subjected to the rules and restrictions of the tribe. Some of them, indeed most of them, are scarred on the arms and breast at this period, with some sharp instrument: the wound is prevented from healing, and thus the flesh at that part becomes of a lighter shade than the rest of the body. This process of being made a man is generally gone through at the age of fifteen or sixteen; and, some moons after it is over, a *gin* is bestowed upon him.* During the day the men and women are apart, and at night sit in separate families; each round its own fire, though all near one another. The number of wives seldom exceeds two or three: in the majority of cases there is only one; amongst themselves the marriage tie is held to be sacred, and its violation can only be expiated by blood. There are two points regarding the history of these descendants of *Shem*—not, I think, of Ham, as the Africans are—which have given occasion to much discussion, and which are not yet satisfactorily settled; though, for my own part, from the proofs I have obtained, I have no doubt at all regarding either of them, —these are, the destruction of their aged parents and female offspring, and their cannibalism.

I have heard a boy, who is now with me as a servant, tell of the time when an old woman "*was made tumble down*,"—their common expression for being killed: he laughed at the act as an ordinary affair. The few women one sees accompanying the men of a tribe seem to corroborate the other part of this charge, which, too, is rendered probable by the necessity they are under of keeping the tribe to a number proportioned to the extent of the produce of their hunting grounds,—opossums, snakes,

* Their mode of counting the time is by moons, up to ten, as being the number of their fingers.

grubs, &c. Their wars generally originate, not in their "removing the landmarks which their fathers have set up," but in their hunting beyond their limits. The tribes are from fifty to a hundred in number, and all of them have prescribed and clearly-defined grounds appropriated to them generally thirty or forty miles square for each tribe. So numerous and distinct are the different languages, that very often neighbouring tribes do not understand each other.

Of their cannibalism I entertain no doubt. Their revenge is incomplete unless they eat their enemy. The civilised blacks deny the charge altogether; but in the same breath they will add, "White fellow *bel budgeree pata*," that is, the white man is not good meat. How do they know that? By inference, it would appear, that the black man *is* "budgeree pata." Bones and the remnants of the clothes of white men have been found in the bags of the *gins*; and almost all the settlers with whom I have conversed, are convinced that it is their custom to eat human flesh. Hunger, I have no doubt, originally led to this inhuman custom; and it is said, that its cravings have driven fathers to eat their own children. It is but right, however, to state that it does not appear to be any longer the custom among those blacks who are located near the settlements of Europeans. A gentleman from New England, Mr. E——t, assured me he had made a great many inquiries into the subject, and from what he had heard from Mr. M'D——, who lived with a tribe for several months, he was led to the belief that the New Holland blacks were not now anthropophagi. It is known that, when they have killed shepherds and others, they have left them untouched; but this may have proceeded from their knowledge that these men would be inquired after.

Different parts of the human body have undoubtedly been discovered in their possession; and I conceive that it would be unsafe for Mr. D——, the gentleman who rode in the "Bonnet-rouge," to find himself complimented in a retired spot in the manner he once was, as being "budgeree pata."

I have said my belief is that these natives are not the descendants of Ham, but of Shem, and are Asiatic. They have scarcely anything in common with the African black: the hair is not woolly, but long, and hangs down about their face and ears, except when curled with grease and oil. They have not the pendulous under lip and protruding upper one, nor the flat nose; but a wide mouth, with moderate breadth and depth of lip, and an aquiline nose. The crown of the head is not so low as that of the African, but rather conical, with the forehead high and narrow, and sometimes is ridged up like the roof of a house; in short, they appear to me to be a distinct race from the blacks of Africa. Their religion is very singular: they worship no idol, nor have they any religious ceremonies whatever. With regard to futurity, they have very peculiar views. They conceive the whites to be reanimated beings, who, in a former state of existence, had been the ancestors of their race. They believe also that white men never die, but that the blacks die and become white men and masters. A gentleman told me that his servant was thrown into great perplexity one day on being told that his master must die, saying, "Bel you die, sir? white fellow never die." I have not heard of their believing in a *good* spirit, but they believe in a *bad* one, that does all the evil that happens, and kills the young children. It is alleged that this last doctrine is professed, to cover their own delinquencies towards their

female offspring. Their name for the spirit of evil is "debbil-debbil," evidently a corruption of the white man's devil.

There has been no census or correct estimate of the blacks; but from comparing the births and deaths in different known tribes, there is every reason to believe that the latter are the most numerous. Disease, unknown, it is said, before the arrival of the white man, has augmented the mortality; and the half-caste children are often murdered. There is no law amongst them against murdering their own families or relations, while the murder of those not related is forbidden; and thus revenge to the death is common at the hands of the nearest relative. Such are a few of the particulars that I have gleaned regarding this benighted people, and I trust they may be considered of sufficient interest to excuse this long digression.

To-day, the Australian ibis came about us in flocks, wheeling in circles high in the air: their plumage is black, with white about the tail; they are shy birds, and seldom come within shot. They at once reminded me of the Egyptian ibis, as represented in hieroglyphical inscriptions. That bird, once worshipped as *Thoth* and *Mercury*, is, I believe, of a red colour, and never seen in this country. These strangers continued their gyrations for some time, and then disappeared behind a pine-ridge that fronts the house. This pine mountain is the first I have seen in the colony, and its dark outline affords a great relief to the eye, from the sameness of the perpetual gray *eucalyptus*. In shape the Australian pine resembles the Scotch fir, but it is different in the feather, and the fibre is finer; the wood is like larch in the grain, and is considered to equal the Memel timber for building purposes.

The garden here is large, and lies before and on either side the cottage; beyond it is a large inclosed wheat paddock, sheltered by this fine boundary, the pine ridge. In this garden, by the side of potatoes and cabbages, grow the grape, the pine, the pumpkin, and the melon, unprotected by any glass frames, and needing less care than the vegetables I have named. There is also a noble gum-tree that I shall ever remember; it is, I think, a yellow gum, and the largest specimen I have yet seen of this monarch of Australia's woods; it measures about thirty-four feet in circumference round the lower part of the trunk, and is certainly a very fine ruin; it has been scathed by the storm, and is fast falling to decay. In one of its remaining boughs there was a bird to-day singing, or speaking rather, the words, "coûte qui coûte," Sir Eyre Coote's motto, as distinctly as possible.

This evening four very large bullock drays, loaded with bales of wool to a great height, and weighing with their burden two and a half tons each, passed this station. It is a most picturesque sight to see these immense piles winding their slow way through the forest. These drays are of two kinds,—some have shafts and others have a pole; these had six bullocks in pairs before the one in the shafts. The bullocks are harnessed in the simplest manner, with a rod of iron for a collar, and the yoke over the shoulders of each pair, to which is fixed the chain, which is fastened to the end of the pole or shafts. Their progress is slow, averaging from ten to fifteen miles a-day; but they drag heavy loads up steeps and over roads upon which no horses in our country could be made to draw a load. They have the advantage, too, of being cheaper; the roadside is their pasture, and blows and curses their only grooming. The bullock-driver is a being completely

sui generis; he is the most cruel and profane wretch that breathes; his cruelty and drunkenness render him more a brute than the animal he tortures.

Of all men that ever broke the third commandment, they are the most perfect in profanity. My Uncle Toby says, "the dragoons swore awfully in Flanders," but the worthy lieutenant would have considered their oaths not worthy the name, if he had heard the accomplished bullock-driver of New South Wales threaten his cattle. Hudibras writes that—

> "Oaths were not made more than law,
> To keep the good and just in awe;
> But for the wicked and the sinful,
> Like moral cattle in a pinfold."

And that—

> "Quakers, who like to lanthorns bear
> Their light within them, do not swear."

This possibly is the only apology that can be made for these men, that they have no light within them; I never before heard oaths such as they use, or uttered with such fiendish vehemence; the variety, too, is wonderful. The fellows excuse themselves by alleging that *their team understand them*, and never believe them in earnest unless they so address them.

Swearing, drunkenness, and blackguardism of every description, characterise these draymen; and, while better paid than any other daily labourer, some of them receiving forty pounds per annum and victuals, they are the laziest of men, often refusing to do anything whatever, except belabour and curse their helpless victims; but of course there are exceptions to this rule, as to every other. Respectable men may sometimes be found in this class.

The fact of being a drunkard, or a convict, is not looked upon in this country, amongst *the class*, as any disgrace; on the contrary, they often openly express their intention "to go and get drunk;" and "Where have you been, Tim? have you been getting drunk?" is an every day question. As to being a convict whose term has expired, and who is called an *expiree*, or one still under sentence, but possessed of a pass during good behaviour for the unexpired period of his sentence, called a "ticket-of-leave man," no shame whatever is evinced by the very best amongst them; and they look down upon all "self-imported devils" as beneath them, and not worth consideration. And yet many of the convicts are good servants: there are several of them at this station; and Mr. B—— assures me he looks upon them as the best servants he has. His overseer is a "government" man, as they style themselves, and does not feel any disgrace in it, and is an excellent servant. One incentive to good conduct is the knowledge that the eye of the law is ever upon them, and that, for any great delinquencies, there would be a short shrive and a tight halter.

After a most agreeable visit I left Boree Nyrang to-day, and returned home accompanied by my eldest son, who came over to guide me through the bush. Travelling in this part of the country is not a matter of much interest: the novelty of a new country pleases at first, but soon passes off, and the only change is the alternation of denser and thinner forest: there are no links with the past, no ruins, no reminiscences, no gray hallowed cathedral, no Saxon, no Gothic remnant; when once you have passed the boundaries, there is no temple even of modern erection, whither the people congregate to worship; no green blooming hedges, no green lanes, the beauty and

the boast of Britain; no tottering watch-tower to recall the deeds of other days.

To-morrow is Sunday, and it is a fact characteristic of these wilds, that all the good folks here observed it yesterday! It is not, generally, a sacred day, a day of rest, in the bush, as it certainly is, in appearance, at Sydney. How, indeed, can it be such? No bell tolls within fifty miles, nor within that distance is there any authorised voice to preach the word of God—even the day of the week is forgotten. I fear much that Callum Beg's reply to Waverley's query, if it were Sunday, would be applicable throughout many parts of Australia—"Could na say preceesly,—Sunday seldom comes aboon the Pass of Bally Brough."

15*th November*.—During my stay at Boree Nyrang, my son had removed to the upper station at Connobolas; a spot, indeed, most remote from public view, and situated near a creek, or more properly speaking, a small rivulet, which, it is said, flows constantly. The cottage is larger than the gunyah, but still it is not such as he would desire to inhabit permanently, though better, he tells me, than many that have far larger stations attached to them, and where luxuries abound. A house seems the last consideration with the bushmen, and with good reason—*that* can be procured any day. The climate requires shade rather than shelter. It is not their *own*; and if the district be thrown open for purchase, and any one fancies and buys their station, by the present law all their buildings pass from their hands, without any equivalent being given for them. It would be well for many of our Scottish lairds in the old country, if the house were more in keeping with the rent-roll, and they could realise Robert Burns's motto, "Better a sma' bush than nae

bield!" I have been in a house in Australia where there was no lock to secure my bedroom; where the furniture was of the very plainest kind; where bunches of receipts were suspended from the roof, and books and drawings lay promiscuously amidst guns and constables' fetters; and yet the owners were among the *élite* of the colony, and would be found in the first circles of society in England.

Here, at Connobolas, we rejoice in one table of homely manufacture, fixed to the earthen floor, with a long suitable seat to match. A similar piece of upholstery, minus one leg, supports my desk and dressing-case; a stretcher (universally used in the bush) supplies the place of a bedstead;—mine I have adorned magnificently with a curtain of mosquito-gauze. The rafters are our roof and ceiling, and slabs of bark our serking and slates. Glass windows we do not patronise; shutters outside are our only screens. The walls are slabs of bark, closely fitted upon upright slabs of wood; and the painting and papering are clean white sheets, nailed all round the room, to exclude in some degree the light and cold by night, and the sun by day. Two loaded guns stand, ever ready, in the corner; and pistols are always below my pillow. In the space betwixt my apartment and that of James Simpson, is the couch of my sons, where, beside another stretcher, may be seen saddles, bridles, ropes, rice, tea, sugar, tools of all descriptions, gig gear, preserves, butter, cheese, spirits, *et multa alia.* As to James, he and his wife slumber upon a very primitive elevation above the floor, prepared by him in half an hour, and find rest and peaceful oblivion "as weel as e'er they did at hame." The *cuisine* is furnished with considerably fewer materials than would be held requisite at the Clarendon, or Gresham's; but there

is merit in management, and I never dined more comfortably in my life than among the mountains of Connobolas; nor has the fear of snakes (although the trail of one that must have been at least six feet long, and as thick as my arm, lay on our path to-day, betwixt the stations) of blacks or of bushrangers, yet cost me an hour's rest. There was a person in this neighbourhood, fifteen or twenty miles distant, who forfeited this station and his licence, in consequence of having allowed bushrangers from these haunts to come about his house—harbouring them, as it is called; and it is not a fortnight ago since certain gentlemen (!) made use of the enclosures around for the purpose of branding their neighbours' cattle and calves with their own marks—a process carried on by the light of the moon, and a favourite pursuit in this colony. If my memory serves me, there is a motto on the borders of Scotland, "Reparabit Cornua Phœbe!"

The nearest town is Bathurst, distant from us about fifty miles; and there, also, are the nearest magistrates' bench, church, and physician. Our nearest post-office is at Boree or Peisleys, both of which places are fourteen miles distant, and the post is only once a week. At Boree, also, live our nearest friends. The shepherds' huts are scattered around in every direction, but some miles from us, and quite out of reach in any case of emergency.

Such is our present situation. Hitherto we have not been disturbed by night or day. No door as yet prevents intrusion; a piece of unbleached linen alone excludes man and beast! Indeed, a door of *sheet iron* would be of little avail against the class of persons who sometimes demand admission from these mountains; and the linen portal is so much cooler, that we prefer it, as it acts like an Indian

punka. We erected a tent, but I could not breathe in it. In this country, as in the East, tents ought to be *double*, to exclude the sun. My two youths intend to try it; but I suspect that, what betwixt the cold by night and heat by day, they will be glad to flee to their storehouse again. Amidst all this exposure, which but lately would have appeared to me the life of a savage, with a blazing fire on the hearth in the ample chimney of bark slabs, we pass our evenings wonderfully well. Luke, as one of the watchers, sleeps under a few bark slabs, beside a large wood fire adjoining the sheepfolds, to keep off the native dogs. This is a duty rendered necessary by the frequent attempts made by these animals to get into the yards among the flocks. Throughout the bush it is the universal custom to fold all the flocks every night by sunset, to avoid the ravages committed by these native dogs—a species of jackal, and not unlike the fox. They roam and prowl about in packs; and if once successful in making their way into a yard, they kill and tear as many as they can reach, without being satisfied with what they can consume: their bite is very generally fatal. John does not dislike the job, preferring it much to the more serious charge of a shepherd by day. He is the only one of us that has suffered from ophthalmia, a complaint very common amongst the new comers to this colony. From being at so great an elevation above the sea, this place is considered nearly ten degrees cooler in summer than the lower station—a very important object in this country; while, in winter, being sheltered by the highest ranges of the Connobolas from the south wind, it is nearly as much warmer. In this elevated region snow occasionally falls, and in considerable quantities; but at Boree it is little known, and has only once been seen in Sydney.

Upon the whole, it is not a disagreeable seclusion from the world; but that is not the use and end of a voyage to Australia; and it is far too much cut off from assistance, in case of need or sickness, possibilities never contemplated by the youth of the bush. It is wild, grand, and beautiful; but there is a silence about it, a singular loneliness, which, coupled with the impression that we are constantly within the *ken* and *shot* of the outlaw, give a tone to the mind and feelings *not* beneficial; and which can scarcely be conceived by those who have never lived in forest scenery.

CHAPTER VI.

AUSTRALIA——LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Mode of spending our time—Rivers—The swamp-oak—Stalactite caves—Difficulty of forming a decided opinion as to the merits of the colony—Advice to settlers—Appearance of the country—A bird's-eye view—Brittleness of the trees—The various species of trees common in Australia—The whole country one vast forest—The principal plains—Loss of a flock of ewes—Mode of "*planting*" cattle—Habits of the bush-rangers—"Bailing up"—Recovery of the lost flock—Thunder storm—Expected attack—Unfavourable views of the country—How viewed by the settlers—Visit of King Sandy—Dexterity of the natives in cutting bark—Their language and phrases—My horses lost again—Plagues of the bush—Extremes of heat and cold—Coals—Native superstition regarding fire—Effects of retirement—Out-of-doors improvements—Sporting in Australia—Bullock-hunting—Whip—Natural wonders—Sunday—My black boy, Jacky—"Tommy Come-last"—Our sheep-washing begins—A runaway convict—The mounted police.

LIFE is passed with us after a most primitive and pastoral fashion. We rise at six, and the early mornings are delightful; we see the flocks tended by James, and the other men set off for the ranges; then breakfast, read, write, shoot, lose a horse and seek and find it again, send off a dray on "a canny errand, to a neighbour town;" I write these notes of my wanderings, then dinner; after that, we walk a mile or so to a fall of the creek, among the hidden places of the glen, amidst rocks and solitary woods, making calculations and plans as to the future; then tea, good-night, and to bed by ten.

The walk I have alluded to leads to one of the loveliest views I have ever seen; it terminates in a waterfall, over a rock of about eighty feet in height, in a wild, romantic glen. The Connobolas creek runs under ground below the rock. It comes down from the higher mountain above; and disappears again below the ground, before it reaches the ledge, and reappears a few hundred yards below it. This is a remarkable feature in almost all the rivers and creeks of this extraordinary country. With the exception of the Nepean or Hawkesbury, and the M'Quarrie, all the rivers and rivulets I have seen in Australia are mere chains of ponds, dry in many parts of their beds. The M'Quarrie has at Bathurst a small stream just sufficient to give it a character distinct from the rest; but I believe the remark is true of both those rivers in other parts of their courses. In some districts the river Lauchlan is at present dry for sixty miles, with water above and below; and, after leaving this station, this little rivulet follows the example of other streams, being at Boree a mere succession of water-holes here and there, with large dry spaces between; it afterwards flows in a continuous stream, and falls into the Lauchlan, not above ground, but unseen beneath. A few dark green swamp-oaks, and other bushes of that species, fringe the margin of the stream—unlike our stately oak in its leaf, which more nearly resembles that of the pine. I mistook some implements made of it for British manufacture, so strongly does it resemble the English oak in its grain. But it is not more unlike in leaf than in its habits and locality. The English oak grows upon dry ground, rejoices in the mountain side, and changes its foliage yearly. Here it is an evergreen, and the sight of it afar off gladdens the heart of the despairing and parched wanderer; for it is found beside pools of water, by running

streams and springs. Thankfulness fills the heart of the thirsty traveller, as his keen eager gaze descries from the summit of a range its cypress-like darkness in the vale below. But, in such dry seasons as this, when his weary limbs may by a last effort have borne him to the spot, he may find only where the river *has been*, and may perish from thirst. The forest oak is very similar in exterior to the swamp-oak, and is a valuable wood for many purposes, such as forming shingles, &c. But oak is a misnomer as to external appearances. It is more like the Weymouth pine.

16*th*.—My eldest son rode out with me to-day to visit some very extensive stalactite caves. It was very hot, though our path lay down the banks of the rivulet. In one of these caves the creek loses itself, and does not reappear above ground for a mile, when it wells forth in a fuller volume of water than before. The country adjoining is on a stratum of limestone. Bones of various animals have been found in these caves; some of them those of quadrupeds belonging to species now extinct. After visiting these astonishing works of Nature, we passed through some very lovely scenery in the windings of the creek, to two stations some miles below, belonging to Mr. L——, which, though in average seasons, I believe, reckoned among the best sheep runs in the colony, were at present mere ridges and plains of red and beaten earth. The more I see of this country, the more I am at a loss to form an opinion regarding it. There does seem a curse upon it at present, judging from the awful droughts to which it has been subject from its first discovery: the first was in 1791, and they have since happened pretty regularly every seven or ten years; 1827, 8, and 9, were dreadful years; little or no rain fell in 1837, 8, or 9; and, in 1840 and 1841, in most parts of the colony complaints have been general.

The fall of prices, the increase of expenses from the scarcity of labour, the want of public markets, the insecurity of property, the difficulties of realising property when necessary, from the scarcity of money, the almost complete impunity with which crimes are committed, the impracticability of procuring evidence of deeds done in this thinly-peopled country,—these, and many other evils, render it a difficult and serious matter indeed, to point out the right and prudent path for a settler to pursue; and the task is rendered still more arduous by the fact that almost the whole of the country in this district worth possessing is already occupied.

This *want of country* is one of the most serious bars, as it appears to me, in the way of the future advancement of the colony. The idea of the settler not finding ample room in so immense a country as Australia may at first seem absurd, but many things are required to form what is called "a desirable run." The feed must be good; the water must be in sufficient quantity not to fail in dry seasons; there must be a passable country betwixt it and Sydney; the land carriage must not exceed three hundred miles, at the utmost, or there must be good water communication with the metropolis. Now a very considerable part of the known country where these requisites are combined, is already occupied; and without these, no station is worth having. No one taking a station would wish it less in extent than would be sufficient for five thousand sheep at the least, and from that to twenty thousand, with a proportionate number of cattle—say from three hundred to a thousand. From the information I have been able to obtain, such stations must now-a-days be *bought*, and not *selected*; and, in these times, purchasing becomes an affair of grave consideration.

To give anything like a correct description of the *appearance* of this country is very difficult. It is totally unlike any I have seen: it is a succession of mountainous ridges and ranges, with valleys between. The sea, during a storm, is the nearest resemblance to it I can draw: every mountain and valley is covered with wood, and the roads leading over the summits of these ranges afford a constant repetition of just the same never-ending forest. In one of our rides over the runs, we had from the top of one of the ranges a bird's-eye view of the country about and beyond Boree. It was a succession of ridges of forest, with the fertile district and vale of Boree lying burnt up in the hollow below. The whole landscape had, as at Rottens Inn, a brown, withered appearance, painful to look at. We saw large herds of strange cattle pasturing at will in the glens belonging to my son,—a common *liberty* now. Whenever people have no feed for their stock upon their own runs, they turn their cattle adrift and let them find food and water for themselves; and perhaps their owners never see them again, until the cold weather—if they have been roaming on the mountains—sends them home, or the time arrives for branding the calves of the former year, when the stock man is sent abroad to collect them. The *pound* is thought by many the best and cheapest mode of collecting their cattle together; it costs but a shilling per head, and you have then merely to ascertain your property and turn it loose again. The cattle do no injury to sheep-runs, as the sheep drive them away. But it is a system that leads to much fraud and loss.

The most striking feature of this country is the universal extent of forest; and there are some circumstances connected with it, that may not be generally known. Among the many peculiarities of the Australian forest

is the brittleness of some of its timber. Before rain, trees frequently fall, without any warning; and in the slightest wind, gum-trees of the largest dimensions are levelled to the ground in every direction. No one builds a cottage without clearing away all the large trees near the spot, lest they should crush it in their fall. Throughout the unbounded forests of Australia, one sees living and dead trees mingled together, and often as many prostrate as erect. I have now learnt to perceive a difference in the outward appearance of the various woods, which at first escapes the eye of a stranger. The family of the Eucalyptus, common in all parts of the colony, comprises the white, blue, red, and yellow gums; the box-tree, the apple-tree, so called from its resemblance to that tree, the peppermint, the iron-bark, and the stringy-bark trees. The leaf of one and all of these is the same,—the distinction lies only in the bark, which, when narrowly observed, is seen to be different in each. The gums take their names from the colour of their bark, which is literally yellow, white, blue, or red; none of them are very valuable for timber, but some grow to be magnificent trees. They seem all to decay just above the ground; and many are charred and black in the stem, from the fires of the natives, and the conflagrations of the forest. The iron-bark is a remarkably hard and very useful wood; and the stringy-bark, from the ease and *accuracy* with which it splits, is perhaps the most useful of the whole, but it is also the most noxious, and the ugliest of the race, and is always found on a poor soil; its bark is used for roofing, and its timber for slabs, whilst the inner coating makes excellent ropes. The bark is black and very strong, and grows in perpendicular strings of considerable length. The box also grows

to a great size, and is a sure index to a good country; its bark resembles the skin of a *snake*. The apple-tree only differs from the rest in being prettier in the grain, and by its likeness to its British namesake in the ruggedness and angular shape of its branches; all of them are *evergreens*. A new settler will soon learn that, if he wishes healthy runs for his stock and sweet herbage, he must seek a box or apple-tree country.

The forest and swamp-oak I have already described; they resemble in no way the trees I have just named, but are valuable woods; their dark foliage is a pleasing relief from the light gray leaves of the others; but from their peculiar formation, the sigh of the wind through them is one of the most melancholy sounds that ever reached the ear of man. The mimosa is found in various districts of the country,—there are thirty-six kinds; it obtains the name sometimes of acacia, and also of the wattle, and is very valuable for its bark, from which the tan of Australia is made. The kurrajong is generally found in single plants; it is of a laurel green in the leaf, and is a delightful relief in the glade; but it does not grow to any size, nor have I heard any particular purpose to which it is applied, except by the blacks, who kindle fire by rubbing one piece of it upon another.

These are the prevailing trees in the forests of Australia: were they equally blended, the scenery would have a more inviting appearance; but the gums and stringy bark predominate, and occasion a wearisome monotony.

I do not suppose that in England, the whole of Australia is considered to be *one endless forest*, with here and there an occasional plain; but that is much nearer the truth than would be imagined. It was long before I could

realise the idea, that in looking through the glades of these woods, I saw the pastures of the Merinos, and cattle-herds of the stockholder. But so it is; and one great pleasure in traversing them, is to come unexpectedly upon from five hundred to a thousand sheep, and some hundreds of cattle, in charge of their solitary shepherd, and roaming at will unrestrained by fence or hedge. The principal plains are Liverpool, Melville, Beardy, and Darling, in the north; Emu, King's, and Bathurst, in the west; and Manero, Goulburn, Yass, and others, in the south. Some of them are very fertile, and of large extent, but all are not cleared of timber; and, with reference to the extent of the country they are as nothing, and do not interfere with the truth of the observation, that New Holland is one immense forest.

18*th November*.—Great excitement was created amongst us to-night; and I confess I was again induced to wish that my boys had remained at home in Britain instead of becoming bushrangers in New Holland. But I suppose, the thousand gentlemen bushmen would laugh at my apprehensions. At sunset it was observed by Alexander, that one of the flocks of ewes and lambs was greatly diminished in numbers; and, upon their being counted, two hundred and fifty were found to be wanting.

In coming home with his flock, James Simpson had seen a fire in the woods, with three sheep roasting upon it! One of the shepherds, formerly a convict, had been lately warned away. It is the uniform custom in this country, for losses to be made up by the shepherds, by deductions from their wages; and he had been subjected to the fine, but in part only, for twenty-one were after all left unpaid for. Two other men in the district, one

of them a ticket-of-leave man, had been seen about this spot, in the morning: their characters were not very good; and one of them, who, on some slight affront, had been heard to threaten revenge, was just the sort of person that would not hesitate to take a shot at his enemy from behind a thicket, or tumble him down a gully; still less would he scruple to lend his hand in driving away his sheep, or burning his property. All these circumstances gave a bad aspect to the affair. But no time was to be lost: the moon shone brightly, and my eldest son and James have mounted their steeds, and with loaded guns are gone in pursuit. The knowledge of the desperate men they might have to deal with, renders their absence a period of great anxiety to me,—out of reach, as they are, of aid, in the forests, and retired glens, where the sheep are likely to be found, if they have been *planted*,—as *driving them away* is termed. Our own position is not a little perilous: we are *under arms*, and keeping watch, lest it might prove to be a plan on the part of our neighbours, the bushrangers, to get some of us away in search of the lost sheep, that they might the more easily *bail* up the remainder.

The horsemen have returned without succeeding in their search. The shepherd, who was in charge of the diminished flock, ran into the wood, and disappeared as soon as the loss was discovered, but has now returned pretending that he also has been in search of them. He confesses having thrown the sheep upon the fire, and alleges that they were smothered by the rest in a run for rock salt, and he consumed them that the native dogs might not be tempted to the place by the carrion. Altogether, though thought nothing of by my Australian son, who is accustomed to the wild doings of the bush, the

event has, I must own, caused me much uneasiness, independent of the heavy pecuniary loss; even should they be traced, a fatal collision with the depredators might ensue. Were this in every other point the most desirable station possible, its loneliness and complete separation from the rest of the world, would, in my opinion, render all its advantages nugatory. These convict shepherds are always known to the outlaws about them, and it is believed are frequently in communication with them; and we can never feel certain that we are not the object of their devices. It is a sad state of things when one is obliged to conceal any property in order to secure it. Some articles which I should not like to be deprived of, I have buried beneath the floor of the cottage.

Bushrangers seldom attack a house at night—they cannot so well see what is worth taking—and during the busier hours of the day the settlers are supposed to be more on their guard; their favourite times are the early morning and just before nightfall. *Bailing up* is the term used to express their usual mode of proceeding on these occasions; which is this:—one of them goes in with his gun pointed and cocked, his finger upon the trigger; and with the muzzle disagreeably near your person, *invites* you to retire into the corner, while his companion inspects your property, and helps himself to anything which you may happen to have and he to lack. If you retreat quietly to your appointed corner, and are passive, the robbery is the only injury you suffer; but a motion, a look even around the apartment, is construed to be an endeavour to obtain the means of resistance, and is the sign for the ruffian to fire. Two of my friends in New England were *bailed* up about nine months ago, and their property removed before their eyes!—rather a serious

inconvenience, three hundred miles from any town where they could replace their losses. The bushranger's life is the *last* throw of the die; and they are generally, always indeed, desperate men, and utterly regardless of your life or their own. The shepherds sometimes, for their own sake, enter into league with these men in the vicinity of their haunts: this, of course, only fits them for the same life and the same death; for it is rare indeed that the bushrangers are not ultimately *suspended* from business.

My Australian son and James Simpson were off again this morning on the track of the missing merinos; and, I am glad to say, came upon them in an out-of-the-way glen, on the opposite side of the ranges, not on this run, but on the road to the dwelling of the suspected party. Whether they had been *planted*, or had strayed thither, we cannot tell; but though proof of guilt is requisite before condemnation, I confess I have little or no doubt on the subject.

The weather has now become very hot; I find it impossible to be much out of doors in the heat of the day, and never except on horseback, when passing rapidly through the air prevents the closeness of the atmosphere being felt. The mornings and evenings are, indeed, delightful, but the nights are as cold as the noon is hot. We had a splendid thunder-storm to-day: it was awfully grand; the echo and reverberation among the mountains prolonged the roll of the thunder, and the lightning flashed fiercely and fearfully.

20th.—Here is a morning as gloomy and surly as any November morning in Scotland: the elements, like everything else in this country, are always in extremes—great heat or great cold—a calm or a whirlwind—a drought or a deluge.

The Australian is off to Boree for some of his stores, which he did not consider it safe to keep at his own station. A—— is gone after some bleating sheep, which he supposes to have strayed from the shepherds. James has driven his fleecy treasures to the pastures; and Luke is clearing out the yards,—an operation performed daily with a broom and shovel, that the sheep may lie upon a clean hard bed every night, which is thought essential to their well-being. These yards are regular stockades, impregnable to native dogs. Mrs. Simpson is at her housewifery, and my black fellow is looking after the horses; and here I am left to guard the castle, and smile to find myself *daundering* about with a loaded gun over my shoulder, expecting every moment that *the hill folk*, seeing the dispersion of our forces, may forego their usual times and seasons, and consider it a suitable opportunity for replenishing their rocky storehouses with the plunder of our ill-manned garrison.

These accounts may, I fear, give a rather unfavourable idea of my *first* impressions of bush life in a *new station*. But to these evils are to be added other discomforts: there is no sort of society, no new books, no letters, and the newspapers only once a week—and, after all, merely Sydney ones; a slabbed and bark hut, open to every chilling blast, and scarcely affording a shelter from the heat, which is, occasionally, still more unendurable than the cold; no glass in the window frames, a bark slab door, that turns on the broken end of a black bottle for the lower hinge—(the bush *is* certainly a good school for invention),—and is tied with a stirrup-leather for the upper one; which door, moreover, when shut, darkens the apartment, and when open leaves you to the mercy of the dust (a terrible nuisance in Australia), of the rain, the wind,

the horses, the oxen, the sheep, and the bushranger. I confess that for me such a life has not charms to compensate for all these disadvantages; but there are those that hold a different opinion,—that are able to sink the present in the future—that look upon all these discomforts, deprivations, and alarms, as temporary evils, and as giving zest to existence by their novelty—that enjoy the freedom and liberty which the bush bestows, and revel in its wildness and the ever-active exertion it demands—always keeping a weather eye upon the realisation of the one great object of their existence—accumulation: some, in order that they may be able to return to their own country; but others with no such view: having committed themselves and their fortunes to the troubled waters of such a life, they pride themselves on being "colonial," and on having forgotten the home of their fathers.

We were honoured last night by a visit from his sable majesty, Sandy, king of Boree. He was accompanied by one or two of his subjects, and came to strip bark for "the master," at which operation they are particularly dexterous. They make a notch in the bark with the tomahawk for a resting-place for their toes, and by a series of these they will ascend the branchless trunk of a tree for fifty feet, striking above their heads; and will, whilst standing in these notches, strip off a sheet of bark six feet long and as many wide as the tree is in circumference, excepting just as much as serves to keep the tree alive, which they generally leave.

James's admiration for his black brethren is not great; and his jargon when addressing them is a very droll mixture of broad Scotch and the little he has picked up of Wirradery, the language of this district. When angry with them, for being dissatisfied with any meat given to

them, James will say, "Ye no keu what budgeree pata is, ye sumphs!" But to do them justice, though very greedy, they are not very difficult to please, as far as relates to the delicacy of their provisions. The price of their labours in this instance was an old coat of my son's, which his majesty had long coveted.

Their eye is invariably black, with a suspicious watchfulness lurking in its corners, but it is not so ferocious as I had expected. All I have heard speak have a smattering of slang English: they have some expressions which are not without poetic beauty; for instance, "Euroka boi,"—the sun is *sick* and *dying;* "Euroka naroi,"—the sun *jumps* up. The following are some of their phrases:—"Orquoyapita,"—make haste; "Oquarapata,"—bring water. If you ask them if they saw any one yesterday, they reply, "*Bel, he no make a light* yesterday,"—No, I did not see him yesterday. Their sense of sight is remarkably acute: they will trace a footstep while galloping on horseback through the woods, where no mark is visible to a white man, and can tell whether an opossum went up or down a tree. The acuteness of their hearing is also extraordinary. But both of these peculiarities are common to all savages; faculties sharpened by constant exercise, and doubtless given to them, in an unusual degree, to make up for deficiencies of their nature and condition. Robertson's account of the natives of America, when first discovered, is, almost in every word, applicable to the tribes of New Holland.

There are various and never-ending annoyances in this shepherd's life, and of various degrees of importance. Both of my horses have, for some days, disappeared; and the glens and ranges are so numerous and difficult of access and search, that it is almost impossible to trace

them. Two men have been out, Monday, Tuesday, and to-day, with the Australian, peering into every hollow, but without success; and I am now, therefore, a close prisoner, with ample time and subjects for reflection. The inclosed *paddock* here is not sufficiently large for all the cavalry, and I was tempted to allow mine the liberty of the bush, not duly considering the wandering disposition of Australian horses, nor having the columns of the Sydney Herald sufficiently in remembrance; which are daily filled, through two entire pages, with threatenings for detention and rewards for recovery. Losses of this sort are quite an everyday affair, it seems, and thought as little of as various other colonial occurrences; but to me, these are such unexpected *torments* that I am apt to look upon them with a Scottish eye. My black boy's quickness in tracking is at fault also: he, too, has failed in finding the road they have taken, and I am not without suspicion that the same person that *planted* the sheep, has also *transplanted* my steeds.

This is the month when the bush teams with all manner of natural plagues—when every creeping, flying, and crawling thing is heated into active life. The mosquitos were at work last month, and were a considerable annoyance to me, but more so to A——, who fought them at first manfully, but at last retreated, resigning his couch to them altogether, and rolling himself up in a coil on the floor. After a time they cease to molest strangers. The number of insects and reptiles is wonderful: flies of all kinds and shapes and sizes; ants, single and double-headed, grasshoppers, locusts, scorpions; a large assortment of centipedes varying in length from one inch to four; snakes from those eight or nine feet long down to the little adder, whose bite is instantly fatal; and, worst of all, the

common fly: you eat it, you drink it, you inhale it,—truly, their name is legion!

We have at last had a slight shower, which I hope will set these villanous annoyances to roost, and refresh the thirsty ground at the neighbouring stations; for the earth there, indeed almost everywhere for three hundred miles west of Sydney, is parched up, and as red as a tile. But here all is luxuriantly green. The heat this evening is tremendous, and, from the perpendicular rays of the sun instantly absorbing the moisture, it is quite overpowering; and yet at night we shall be drawing round a blazing fire; and when in bed, having in some places only a sheet overhead between us and the moon, we shall be heaping up mountains of blankets, opossum-cloaks and shawls. Fuel, fortunately, is a thing we can never want here. In the bush, as might be expected, we see *no* coals; but at Sydney they are to be had from Newcastle on Hunter's river, even delivered at the ship's sides, in the harbour, at 21*s.* per ton: they are brought by water carriage above a hundred miles. While on the subject of fire, I may mention a custom of the aborigines that seems to link them with the natives of other lands. The women of the tribes endeavour never to be without a fire by day or night. They kindle it, if from any extraordinary circumstance the fire should be extinguished, by rubbing together two pieces of the kurrajong tree; but, as with the Magi in Persia, it is a superstitious observance with these people never to allow their fire to go out.

26th.— Notwithstanding all its annoyances, I must own that this cottage, on a sunny morning, is a delightful abode. The mountain tops just gilded with the rays of the rising sun; the birds, with their varied concert of discordant sounds—for we have no nightingale, thrush,

blackbird, lark, or linnet here, but only parrots of all kinds, and of every imaginable note, the magpie or pyet-lark with its clear mavis-like pipe, and the mocking-bird imitating them all: the music is harsh, yet, from their numbers, their notes blend into a pleasing cheerful sound —the shades of the glens, and brightness of the ranges, the solitude, and the grandeur of the lofty mountains, contribute to compose a beautiful and very pleasing spot.

Bushrangers have not troubled us: it is supposed that there are none at present in these parts; and we now retire to our beds without inspecting our guns. Yet to an active mind, the most perfect security, and retreat from our fellow-beings' intrusion and from the world, is not enough to satisfy, even when the mind has been care-worn, or the heart seared with the heated iron of unhappiness.

Man is by nature a gregarious animal; and the mind, to retain its elasticity, and the features which distinguish him from "the brutes that perish," must have other minds to discourse with. Exchange of ideas, through books or men, is necessary. We have neither, to any extent here; and I fear that the lonely woods, the murmuring burn, the raven's melancholy croak, the bleating of the flocks, the lowing of the herds, but cherish feelings, reminiscences, and anxieties, that were better left dormant or subdued altogether, and are inimical to the due exercise of our energies and faculties.

It is dangerous for either youth or age to be too much in society, and in the world, as it is called; it is also *not well* to be too much alone; as with the body, so with the mind, there is mental health in mental activity.

For lack of better occupation in this complete impri-

sonment, we have been adding a coach-house! (save the mark!) and a stable, to our outworks; very rude erections certainly, but still such as are considered sufficient in this climate. For my own part, I conceive that the changes of climate here are fully as great as at home, and more instantaneous; and that the deluges of rain that do occasionally fall, the dust that almost constantly fills the air and penetrates everywhere, the heat by day and the cold by night, require as perfect dwellings both for man and beast as in other lands. It is true that the thermometer seldom or never stands at Sydney in winter (May, June, and July,) below 40°, and that the average is about 53°; that the average temperature of summer, (November, December, and January,) is somewhere about 74° in the shade; and that there is a dryness in the air that is singularly salubrious. It is certain also that we have not the extreme of heat known in India, nor the cold of northern latitudes; but still we have occasional days of overwhelming heat, when the mercury will rise in the shade to 85°, and fall in the night to 53°; and, not to mention our minuter foes, the insects, we have hurricane winds, that might be excluded by more substantial and closer workmanship. I have great pleasure, even here, in seeing order spring out of confusion, and the necessary accommodation arise where it is wanting, albeit not of the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian order of architecture. I have also tried to bring things out of doors into some shape and neatness; but the mass of fallen wood is so great, that it is a disheartening undertaking. The different sorts of wood, too, are so very hard, that to saw them into pales is a labour of great difficulty. The common saw has little effect upon them; splitting is the only mode of reducing the iron bark or stringy bark tree to an

available size for useful purposes, after it has been cut into lengths with the long saw. Neat fences of rails, therefore, I cannot procure; and I am often obliged to content myself with fancying what I *could* do were the place *mine*, and the means within command of making it what it is capable of being made.

Another day is gone, and still no tidings of my horses. I have lost faith in the searching abilities of white men, and have employed a dark brother to trace them, and offered a reward for their recovery; which last is, perhaps, the only chance of ever seeing them again. My travels are now limited indeed. One of my son's horses has fallen lame, and the other he is obliged to hunt the country upon himself, and I am thus a close captive.

Here at the antipodes we have names of men *geographically* immortalised, who not only ruled England, but have overruled the destinies of nations from pole to pole, and have caused the imperial circlet of Britain to be feared and respected, if not beloved, wherever grass grows or waters run. We have Wellington Valley, and the town of Melbourne; Peel River, and O'Connell Plains; Goulburn, Bathurst, Aberdeen, and Liverpool; Glenelg River, and Chatham Bay. But we have no recollection of Fox, Sheridan, or Burke!

There is but little sport in Australia. None of the Lady Abbess of St. Alban's legitimate game are to be found.

> "The first of them is the *hart*,
> The second is the *hare*,
> The *bore* is one of *tho*,
> The *wolf*, and not one *moe*."

Some time ago, when *times* were good, there existed what was called the Cumberland hunt: they pursued the native dog, which always made a capital *run*; and the

kangaroo. But that meritorious fraternity has been broken up; and horse-racing seems to be almost the only bond of union among sportsmen. The hunting of the *roo* was generally a quick affair: he made a tremendous burst, leaping, not running, with incredible speed; but it was soon over. The native dog afforded another description of chase, giving a long run, and occasionally, very nervous work. Galloping in the forest required the most constant exercise of eye and hand imaginable; and the poor wight was truly to be pitied, whose nag was not fine in the mouth;—the pace was tremendous, and he was a fortunate, as well as a skilful man, that descended from his saddle unscathed.

The bushman's pursuit of his wild and wandering bullocks is now the nearest approach in New South Wales to Melton, and a most perilous affair it is. Not only does the bullock turn and double so rapidly that your horse must be able to do the same, and you be ever prepared for turning an acute angle, or for a fall to the earth, or against a tree; but, when roused, the fellow will generally turn and charge. This is an almost daily occupation with stockmen; and though a very exciting pastime, one of the most dangerous occupations of the bush. The whip is the only weapon used, and a most terrible one it is, in an experienced hand,—it will cut the flesh clean out, and the sound is as loud as the report of a gun. The whip is about six yards long, and thick in proportion, with a short handle not above two feet in length. A crack will gather a herd together from opposite sides of a range; for they have a wholesome apprehension of its powers in the brawny arm of the stockman.

We have here none of the extraordinary animals peculiar to Australia, such as that singular creature the Orni-

thorhynchus Paradoxus, with the body of a quadruped, and the bill of a duck. I saw one at the house of my talented friend, Mr. Roach, in Sydney, who devotes himself to the collection of all the most rare and beautiful productions of the country, in all classes of natural history. It is of the size of a rabbit, but in shape like a mole, with feet similarly placed; it has a coat of close short dark brown hair, and a flat black beak exactly like a duck's in form; its habits are those of a quadruped; it is without exception the most extraordinary production of this extraordinary country. Neither the horse, the ox, the sheep, the goat, the ass, the fox, the hare, nor the rabbit, are natives of New Holland. The kangaroo—in its various species, from those six feet in height down to the kangaroo rat—the opossum, and the native dog, are the only four-footed inhabitants of any importance in its forests. The emu is not game, but is a noble bird, larger than the ostrich, and taller, but of the same genus; and resembling it in shape and plumage,—in the *droop* of its plumage rather, for it is of a peculiar dirty grayish brown colour—it runs very swiftly, and is with difficulty overtaken by a horseman at full speed. It has no tongue; its note is peculiar and hollow; one tone, that seems to come from its stomach, as it were, sounds like the fall of a bucket in a well. I have seen one of these birds that was considerably taller than I am. The bustard or wild turkey, the bronze-wing pigeon, and the quail, are common, and afford good sport, and good eating. The quails are very plentiful, and at evening the pigeons are to be found on the branches of the trees; unaccustomed to the sight of the white man, they allow us to approach very close. The snipe, too, is found, but I have only seen one. These, I think, are the only animals, or birds of any kind, that afford either sport or food to man, in the forests of Australia.

28th, Sunday.—This day we endeavour to observe as in the land of our fathers; but alas! the want of the church-going bell is greatly felt; and the paucity of books suited to the day, the heat, and consequent lassitude, make it seem a long one. There was a gale in the evening that upturned the white backs of the leaves of the trees all one way, so like what I have seen befall my own ash trees at home, that it sent me in spirit back to my own land: there was a freshness in it, too, that seemed to breathe of Scotland.

My black boy has left me to-day. These blacks are a curious race: indolent to a degree, and willing to do nothing but bask in the sun. Jackey said the mountainous region about Connobolas was "too *cabonne* miserable." This poor fellow's parents were dead, and I intended to have taken him home with me, were I spared to return thither. But he prefers being wild in the wood, sleeping under a branch by a fire of sticks, and eating fish, grubs, serpents, and opossum. Jackey has, I must confess, turned out badly. Though I paid him far beyond his expectations, poor boy, he has gone off with the bedclothes given him to sleep upon. But with him this is not considered a sin, but a work of merit;—being detected is the *sin*. Even the "*tame*" blacks, as they are called, are still a savage race. If any one of another tribe is seen hunting upon their territory, he is chased and killed like a wild beast. This custom is said to be suspended once a year, when the great annual corrobory at a certain *full moon* is celebrated by neighbouring tribes. The moon has been an object of worship, and the occasion of rejoicing and feasting at its changes, among almost all nations. Feasts in honour of the new moon were held by the Hebrews, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Gauls. The corrobory is held at the full. The youth of the several tribes then undergo the ceremonies necessary

to constitute them men—such as knocking out a front tooth, and scarring the flesh. Amity exists between the tribes during the convocation, but the ceremonies not unfrequently terminate in battle and bloodshed. I have engaged, in place of Jackey, a native who accompanied Major Sir Thomas Mitchell in his discoveries in New South Wales, and was called by him, "Tommy come last." He is a very intelligent black, with the best expression of features I have yet seen amongst them. I have meantime sent him to seek my horses, which are not yet recovered, and he is still absent on the quest.

Sheep washing and shearing commenced with my son to-day. He has them shorn at Boree, there being a better washing pool there than at this station, and better accommodation for stowing away the wool. He is gone thither, and I am left alone with A——, and *he* talks of setting off on foot with James in search of the lost horses. Our retirement was rather disagreeably invaded to-day by the visit of a man of very suspicious appearance, a stranger in the district, who appeared to have been bending his steps to the mountains for safety, but on seeing their rugged aspect, was afraid to take refuge in them. He walked into James's apartment, where Mrs. Simpson was; and sitting down unasked, as is the custom, commenced conversation with the usual salutation, "Mornin.'" Mrs. Simpson thought his look was sinister, and she did not much relish her visitor. But she knew I was in the house, and so she offered him, as is also usual, tea and damper. These he declined, but lighted his pipe and went out to the door. He seemed to take a rapid look all round, and more especially at the frowning mountain and woods; came hurriedly in again, and asked if she was not afraid to be alone in such a place. She told him she was not alone.

He talked in an embarrassed way, and she began heartily to wish that he was gone. Several times he ran to the door, and looked eagerly about on all sides, and at last he dived out of sight in an instant. He had scarcely been gone ten minutes, when two mounted police, armed to the teeth, came galloping in pursuit, and asked if such a man had been seen, adding that they had "their chase" a-head, and were sure he was bound for the mountains. I went out and answered that he had been here, but assured them that we did not know in what direction he had gone. I do not know that I should have shown myself to these gentry, but they inquired if any one was at home, and therefore I appeared. Their *instinct*, if I may use the word, is almost as wonderful as that of the blacks. One of them immediately rode down to the ford across the rivulet, leading to the mountains, and instantly declared he had not been there. They then separated and took the bush in pursuit of the delinquent; and though an inexperienced eye could see no track of living thing in the forest, the runaway was hunted into a shepherd's hut, and caught within six miles of our house. He had suspected that he was pursued and would not have time to scale the hills, and in despair took to the banks of the creek, thinking to be concealed by its dark fringes. What his crime was we knew not; but it is not improbable that, had the pursuit not been so hot, he might have proved a troublesome neighbour. These mounted police, who are extremely daring fellows, are many of them old offenders themselves; but they are well officered and are most useful; and although not to be esteemed the *first service* in the world, they are a valuable corps; and having desperate men to deal with, it is very requisite that their nerve and courage should be first-rate.

CHAPTER VII.

AUSTRALIA—LIFE IN THE BUSH.

Narrow escape of my son and James—Valiant old lady—Losses of sheep—Recovery of my horses—Colonial tactics—Moreton Bay—Improvements at our cottage—Utility of the sheep in Australia—Great heat—Failure of the water—Herons—Start for N——— Mulong Inn—The Bell River—Twenty-mile Hollow—Plain of Nurya—Wellington Valley—Mr. Muir—N——— Its present appearance—Public scourger at Wellington—Success of the Missionaries in Australia—Rides in the forest—Breeds of cattle—Australian wines—Violent thunderstorm—A hurricane brickfielder—Native grave—Black cockatoo—Leave N——— Christmas Day—Uncertainty attending the carriage of goods in the bush—General view of the colony—Prospects of settlers—Jealousy towards newcomers—Improbability of their obtaining unbiassed advice—The necessity of their investing a part of their capital—Losses to the stockholder from disease—Good runs the object of first importance—Artesian wells—Settlers who are likely to do well—Estimate of a young settler's outlay—His profits—The mistakes of young settlers—Wages in the bush—New Year's Day, 1842—Astronomy—Hail-storm—Escape of my sons—Sagacity of a horse—Mr. W.—Dreadful droughts—The camel—An event—Determination to return to Sydney—Letters from home—" Tommy-Come-last"—The boomerang—Dreadful occurrence in the bush—Providential escape of Mr. B——.

December 1st.—My younger son and James went off on their expedition in search of my horses yesterday morning; and James has returned this evening alone. We became alarmed last night, suspecting that something had befallen them, and have been kept in a state of great anxiety all day; for they are both strangers to the forest, and to lose one's way in its ranges and gulleys is most

dangerous on many accounts, and, among the rest, from the want of food and water. James's haggard, worn-out look, told us to expect something disagreeable—his tale was soon told. They wandered over ranges and glens all the day, often seeing prints of the hoofs of horses that they thought must be ours; but night closed in, and they found themselves *where* they knew not, with blistered feet, weary, hungry, and, worse than all, thirsty, without a drop of water. At a hut they passed, they had got a man to accompany them, who James thought might assist them; but unfortunate it was for them that they ever asked his company. He pretended to know the country, and at the top of every range assured them he knew where he was; till at last he confessed he had lost all his landmarks, and was quite ignorant of his way! They were all in a terrible state, this stranger guide being the most alarmed of the three: they crawled on, till this man said he could go no farther, and lay down. They all resolved to endeavour to sleep, and extended themselves upon the grass. One dreadful feature of the forests of Australia is, *that they do not furnish a single plant or blade that will sustain human life, nor any wild fruit;* and, in this case, they were also without *water*. One of the party slept, the other two could not, and they soon rose and resumed their journey by the light of the moon. James had observed, at home, the night before, on looking at the rising moon, that it was straight before the cottage door; it now struck him, that they must still be wandering farther and farther from Connobolas, as they had the moon right in front of them; this casual observation, in all probability, saved their lives. They began to retrace their steps, and, by dawn of day, to their great joy and thankfulness, reached a cottage, which was inhabited by an old woman; who, unaccustomed

to be roused by strangers at such hours, received them as "robbers, thieves, and bushrangers," as she afterwards declared she believed them to be, from their frightful appearance; she, therefore, valiantly presented an old rusty pistol at A——'s face, declaring he was a dead man if he advanced a step. Had the poor old soul looked coolly at them, she would soon have discovered her mistake; but such an arrival, at such an hour, was indeed calculated to cause suspicion. However the bold old lady, at last, did arrive at the truth; and, on hearing their story, became most hospitable and kind, and gave them of her best. Totally ignorant which way they should steer, on which point their hostess could not enlighten them, they again, after an hour or two's rest, set out, and travelled all day, when, towards evening, Alexander declared his belief that they were near Connobolas, from the lay of the ranges—and he was right. They shortly after reached the hut at which their companion had joined them; here, my son's feet and strength having completely failed him, he resolved to remain all night. Poor James looks as if he had been terribly overworked; and, from his account, I am not surprised at his exhaustion; the terror of being lost in the bush was, of itself, enough to subdue most men.

From his knowledge of the country, my eldest son is convinced that they must have walked between thirty and forty miles, and were going directly towards a country where they might long have wandered in vain, and then lain down and died. All their labours were fruitless, for they could obtain no tidings of the stray horses. But we at home have heard of them from a neighbour, of whom I have all along had suspicions regarding them, and whose character renders it likely that he would, for the purpose of obtaining a reward for their recovery, resort to the

colonial system of "planting them." He had, from the first, feigned great zeal in helping to discover them, and to-day informed us that they had been seen at Frederick's Valley some days ago; there is yet, therefore, some hope that they may be recovered, but not without the reward, I expect.

This man was in search of strayed stock of his own; and it appears to me, from what I hear of losses of cattle on every hand, almost all of which are recovered in the end, though sometimes after the lapse of twelve months, that it would require one or two persons to be attached to every large station to act as mounted policemen, to catch runaway cattle and recover stolen property. It is quite evident that we require some such protection, for a fresh loss has been this moment reported to me; and, indeed, such things seem endless in this country. One of the shepherds, who went to Boree with part of the sheep, lost five hundred ewes and lambs yesterday. They had got out of the stock-yard, and were gone no one knew whither. Mr. Sheridan very kindly placed two blacks upon their trail, who followed them at a hard gallop for ten miles, and recovered every one of them—not one was lost; a very unusual piece of good fortune, when their number and the distance they had roamed through the forest and glens are considered.

Here it is now the middle of summer, and the days are fiercely hot, while the nights and early mornings are as cold as in the middle of winter in Scotland, and with a degree and feeling of chillness quite unknown to me before.

Luke allowed another flock of sheep to escape from him at Boree to-day. He is a heavy sleeper, and on looking for his charge this morning in the place where he put

them last night, behold they were gone! where they were off to, or when, it was beyond poor John's skill to tell. Again, these useful blacks were put upon the foot of the "jimbocks," and with equal success.

The weather to-day is most unfavourable for the sheep-shearing. The severe storms of thunder and rain are very injurious to those which have already been shorn, on account of the wet and cold, and ruinous to the wool of those washed and about to be shorn, from the dust being again blown into the fleece. This is a life which keeps the mind in a constant state of care and anxiety; but it has its charms and advantages, and the good and the bad must be taken together in this world.

My horses, after seventeen days' absence, are at last returned; and I am the poorer by their trip seven pounds sterling, the amount I had to pay for reward and expenses. I was not wrong in my suspicion: a great deal of art was used to blind our eyes, as well as those of our neighbours, and to make rascality appear like friendship. But the person I suspected not only knew where my horses were all this time, but his own confederates, his aides in branding the cattle, were the persons who came here one night, frightened the horses off from the place, and chased them for miles away to a retired spot in the hills, and there hobbled them till the reward was offered; he then called here to mislead us, asked if we had got them, said he was going to Bathurst in a day or two, and if he heard of them would let us know. He himself took them there under cover of the night, with one of his assistants, and in the morning led them to the *pound*, left them there, and sent this assistant for them; and after paying the fine, brings them here in triumph for his reward and expenses—expecting, too, gratitude and thanks

for his theft. Such is *neighbourly kindness* in this region, and it is practised every day. This is the first Australian imposition of which I have been the victim; but I was so glad again to see my gallant chesnut (*Tea-pot* by name) and my douce gig nag, that I winked at the roguery, and paid my "footing" with a good grace.

This night and the last it has blown a tremendous hurricane: we every moment expected that the roof would be carried away, if not the whole of our frail domicile; but it still stands over our heads. During the heat of the day the wind falls, and a perfect calm succeeds these tornadoes. I believe them to be caused by the heat of the sun upon the arid sands of the interior, alternating with the severe cold at night.

The Australian still speaks of going to inspect that better country, called Moreton Bay, from which all are now hoping to extract the golden fleece, that tempted them to these distant shores. As far as I am individually concerned, I should not dislike the excursion, and I should be glad to satisfy myself by ocular proofs as to the grounds for the character that district has obtained. I should pass with the caravan of drays and bullocks, horsemen and watchmen, over a great part of the colony best worth seeing; some of its most extensive plains, Liverpool Plains, Beardy Plains, and Darling Down, and the place in New England where my son originally settled. I shall then have penetrated further than any other in that direction, as we must go, at least, twenty miles beyond those who have already settled there: the mode of travel, moreover, is interesting. But, with its pleasures and excitements, it has its dangers, risks, fatigue, and possible losses, and I shall be still better pleased if my son were to give up the idea.

I walked to-day as far as the old gunyah, a distance of four miles through the woods; and to my surprise I found only the backbone and ribs of our old dwelling remaining, —all the rest was gone. The bark has been brought here for other purposes, and there will soon be no traces left of this my first habitation in the bush. A—— has set to work preparing for future days, by sowing and planting in the garden. Melons are now in full flower; pumpkins, potatoes, cabbages, and loquats, are all in the ground, and several other improvements have been made which will tend to lessen our discomforts in this seclusion. Nature requires but little to preserve health, and it is wonderful what may be effected by neatness, order, and arrangement. She has done everything for us on a grand scale *without;* it will be our fault if matters are not comfortable *within.* The sheep—the great supporter of Australia—aids in every way to produce this result: it feeds us, clothes us, and now it defends us from the storm, the crevices in our roof being caulked with its skin—a capital invention. The floor is carpeted with it; the seats and stools are covered with lamb skins; and though not exactly clothed in their fleece, as our first parents were, some of our shepherds make them their mattress and their cover by night; and it is to the fleece that we look in Australia to supply us with money and every thing else.

A—— and I work hard to bring about all our improvements; and were it not for the very ugly remnants to be seen around every new place in this country, in the shape of stumps of trees, sawn over, and left to rot in the course of years, I have little doubt but Connobolas would be a much more agreeable place ere the year was over. We bring wood for slabs from the opposite hill, but with the fear of snakes ever before our eyes; and have converted

the sleeping apartment into an excellent storehouse, and have the satisfaction of seeing order rising out of confusion—the work of our own hands.

Tuesday, 14th September.—This is the hottest day I have experienced in Australia, or that I ever felt in my life. I rode over to Peisley's yesterday, and staid all night, and was joined there by Mr. T——, who had politely come out of his way many miles to see me and invite me to his dwelling, in the name of himself and the other members of his household, Mr. C—— and Dr. R——, friends of my Australian son. Their residence is fifty miles away, in the *kernel* of the colony, Wellington valley. I hear much in praise of these gentlemen, and have accepted the invitation, as it is my object not only to see the best parts of the country, but bush life in all its varieties. I returned home through the bush to-day, and I actually thought I should have expired before reaching our beautiful home. I did not know what heat really was before.

15th.—The water is now beginning to fail in all the creeks around, from the great heat and long drought. A beautiful bird, called the Australian heron, that has been driven from the interior to these parts, was shot by my eldest son to-day. His coming so near the haunts of man is a sure evidence of the want of water inland. The female was seen every evening for some days back, sailing down the creek, and "sitting down" opposite the door. It is considered a rare bird, and the specimen is valuable. The plumage is very beautiful, of a fawn colour on the back and wings, with white breast; the top of the head dark, crested by two white feathers six inches long, and drooping backwards; when parted, a third but shorter one appears between them.

We started early this morning, with gig and horses, for N——, the residence of Messrs. C——, T——, and R——. Our way led us past both Borees. On reaching Boree Cabonne, Mr. Sheridan expressed a wish to proceed to Wellington on business, and I offered him a seat in my gig. We called, in passing, at Boree Nyrang, where I saw Mr. and Mrs. B——, who had returned home, and an agreeable gentleman-like person of the same name, a settler at Portland Bay, who is about to return to England, and with whom we had met on our way from Sydney at that natural fortification, the rocks called Hassan's Walls. The country all around these stations was quite burnt up; no rain had fallen. We passed through rather a good country for ten miles, to a place called Mulong Inn, near which were several huge limestone rocks standing in bold relief against the sky. The country around appeared to be such as would afford good pasturage in average seasons, but it was now apparently as bare as new-ploughed soil. At this inn we staid all night. Though a new and well-built house, it is beyond all comparison the worst managed inn that I have entered in New South Wales; and all the drunkards of the district seemed congregated within its walls, allowing us no sleep, but annoying us through the night with all manner of low blackguardism. I understand the host is the proprietor of this conveniently-situated hostelry. If so, there is no remedy but withholding the licence from one so unfitted for his business.

The Mulong creek, which lower down is called the "Bell River," is now a series of apparently disconnected water-holes near the house. It affords the only water to be had here. A draught of it was offered to us, but it was impossible to drink it, in consequence of the quantity of

earth it holds in suspension. This increases the profits of mine host; as, any one wishing to slake his thirst, must pay three shillings for a bottle of ale or porter. Even in tea, its *aroma* was too great, and overpowered that of the hyson. What a drawback to the advantages of this country is the want of water! We left this uncomfortable caravansary by early dawn, and journeyed towards the station of some friends of my son's to breakfast. In this stage we travelled fourteen miles through one of the finest tracks I have yet seen in the colony. The stratum is still limestone, cropping out in huge rugged rocks. The glades are much more open than in most other districts. My hospitable acquaintance of "Twenty-mile Hollow," who so politely offered me the comforts of his station, has a very pretty place upon a rising ground, above the Bell River. This sweet romantic spot is at present inhabited by a lady,—rather a lonely situation for a female. An excellent sheep country is intersected here for many miles by the Bell. It is one of the few parts of the colony that have left a very pleasing impression on my mind.

We were most hospitably received by the Messrs. B— and had a most excellent breakfast set before us. Fresh fish was on table, a luxury seldom known in the bush; it was a kind of cod, caught in the Bell River, and very like, in shape, the salt water cod-fish; its taste was excellent. The Messrs. B— have a very considerable station here, in a spot quite retired from the world, with the winding Bell River below, so called by courtesy, being, at present at least, only a chain of ponds. I have not seen in Australia any gentlemen who appeared to me more likely to do well than our kind entertainers. They are, I believe, from Lancashire, have a large stock, and are steady sensible men,

blending, as every man ought to do, strict economy with most liberal and gentlemanlike hospitality.

From this comfortable mansion—at which, by the bye, one of the emigrants brought over by the Lady Kennaway was sinking a well—we drove to the Plain of Nurya, through a good country all the way: it presented a totally different aspect from that between Sydney and Bathurst, being more cheerful and more open, though still in the forest. The plain of Nurya delighted me excessively: it is the prettiest open space I have seen in New South Wales; of an excellent level, and beautifully green, bounded on the one side by the river Bell, which all the way is concealed by the fringe of its beautiful dark green swamp oaks. This river winds most picturesquely here, as indeed it does throughout its whole course. We have passed over its dry bed four times within the last twelve miles. The roads are good, comparatively speaking, except at a place belonging to a Mr. P——e, and at some of the said crossings, where a day or two's labour of a single man would produce a very beneficial change. I cannot leave Nurya without one word more in its praise, as the finest plain and finest scenery I have seen—the banks of the Bell River, and the greenness of the plain itself, give such newness and freshness to the landscape as to render it indeed a paradise. After encountering some long ascents, we passed the celebrated caves of Mitchell, and soon dropt down into the Vale of Wellington. This fine district of Australia once smiled in all the luxuriance of rich corn and pasture. It was the Goshen of the colony, and under the especial patronage of Government. It is in the county of Wellington, bounded on one side by the river Bell, or rather by its bed—for there is not one drop of water in it. I was recommended at Sydney to see

this favourite and favoured district before I formed my opinion of the colony, as it was its garden and granary! But alas! the desolating drought of the season has swept vegetation from the face of the earth, and rendered the whole of this extensive plain a barren waste; nor are any marks left by which to judge what it *may* have been in its golden days. It is long since rain has fallen in this rich but thirsty valley: no wheat has been sown here for some years; and the ridges, where it once grew, are rapidly filling up by the sand which the wind sweeps over it. The river Bell is dry through the whole length of the plain: not even a pond is to be seen in its deep and hidden channel, and all is arid sterility. At the farther end of this valley stand the few houses that once were the Government buildings of Wellington, where especial delinquents were imprisoned; and, if I am not mistaken, it was here that my own countryman, Thomas Muir, of Westcraigs, suffered banishment for supporting universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual parliaments; which in these more enlightened times any foolish fellow may prate about as much as he pleases, in public and private. He escaped at last, and after a most romantic career, being taken by a privateer, and retaken, and afterwards wrecked on the coast of Spain, at last arrived in France, where I believe he died from the effects of the hardships he had undergone.

A station, erected here by the mission for the conversion of the natives, the prison, the barracks, and other buildings, are fast falling into ruins, and ere long not a brick or a slate will remain. There are still, however, a court-house and a post-office, both invaluable accommodations to the district. They are under the active management of the gentleman at whose house my companion, Mr. Sheridan, left me.

From this prettily situated place, on a rise at the west end of Wellington valley, we passed by three or four uninclosed lonely graves, merely fenced off from the bush by a few palings. After a long descent, we reached the banks of the Macquarie, where at an angle of the road, we had an imposing view of N——, the house of our hosts, finely situated on the side of a singularly shaped conical hill: at the first glance you perceive that you are looking at the extensive and beautiful residence of an English gentleman. The river runs, or rather stagnates, immediately below the house, in a chain of ponds at present, though last year it ran in one continuous stream, and was passed by Mitchell in boats! I crossed the Macquarie *on dry land!* and, after a steep drag from its bed, reached N—— in time for dinner, having accomplished fifty-six miles from Connobolas. We found Mr. C. at home. He impressed me at first sight with what I believe to be his character—good sense without affectation, and genuine hospitality. Dr. R., and the younger T., also appeared agreeable and gentlemanlike persons; and the reception we met with from one and all was such as made me immediately feel myself at home—the most agreeable impression that can be given to a stranger. My son had been acquainted with these gentlemen in New England, which county they left about the time he did; and I was glad to find he had the discrimination to cultivate their society, and that their regard was mutual.

The establishment here is the largest I have yet seen in the colony: the stations are of prodigious extent, and were reckoned as some of the best sheep-runs in the country, when Messrs. M. let it to these gentlemen last year. The river then had water in it, and the pastures were clad in the richest green, though for three years before there was

no stream, and the curse of drought had robbed the earth of its verdure, as it has done this year, making some of the runs altogether unavailable.

The soil is excellent for sheep, and very healthy; and were such years to return as that in which they first saw and took it, few stations in the colony could compare with N——; but at present it appears to me for four miles up the course of the Macquarie, and as many down, to be one continued desert of sandy red earth, without a blade of grass, or green thing, bounded here and there by pools of water. This river, as it is called, is clear, and not muddy like the Bell or the Nepean; it owes its name to Governor Macquarie, whose name is attached to several places in the colony.

I accompanied Mr. C. to-day to Wellington, where, in his functions as a magistrate, he displayed exactly the character I had expected—strong natural sense, coolness, and justice. A neighbour, the son of the Postmaster-General of New South Wales, assisted him in his duties: he is living at present in the vicinity, and has, like every body else in this country, flocks and herds. *A scourger* sworn to *do his duty*, was the only novelty I observed; and I am sorry to say that, from what I hear, I must, I fear, alter my opinion and early impressions so far as to believe that such an officer *may* be a *useful member of society!*

18*th December*, *Sunday.*—As no service was performed at the mission chapel to-day, on account of the absence of the missionary, who is a German, we remained at home; but I observed that no work of any kind was permitted. This mission is not thought to have effected much good, but it has great difficulties to contend with. From the reports annually drawn up by the missionary, it would appear that the

habits of the blacks are hostile to the acquirement of knowledge. The young men of the tribes are prevented from going near females for some years; and married men, or, more properly speaking, *men that have gins*, will scarcely enter a building where females are. This presents many obstructions in the way of their living under the same roof together, and of their joint education. Several natives, however, have been brought up here who have acquired information very quickly, and can read and write. I saw one at N——, a remarkably intelligent fellow; but even after all his education he still prefers the bush to the civilized roof, and retains the distinguishing features of his race in mind and character. It is said that cases have occurred of persons who when young had been educated at the mission, murdering their children in after years!—and that though some instruction has been conveyed to these people, their tendencies and opinions are so interwoven with their nature, that the attempt to christianize and civilize them has not realized the expectation of the praiseworthy missionary, or of the Society.

I have had several rides in the neighbourhood, once or twice with Mr. C., after strayed horses, in which branch of business he is very active for his years, which amount to as many as my own. We examined his herds of cattle on our way. The breed I have seen in New South Wales has been, generally speaking, nondescript: they are large-framed, long-horned animals, but they feed to a great weight in the woods, and I have seen *some* of as large size, and as *well* formed, as any at home.

It is almost impossible in a mixed herd—which means, cows, bulls, heifers, and steers, and calves of both sexes, all in one herd—to know what breed they are of; and the want of inclosures, and the absence indeed of any system

of management in the bush, nearly preclude the possibility of a pure breed. The working bullocks grow to an immense weight, and are considered to make the best beef.

20th.—I to-day accompanied the whole party across the river's channel to the station of Mr. R., a very kind and most hospitable person, whom I had met at Wellington Court. He seemed to have a number of youths around him, to enliven the monotony of his life. Here, for the first time, I tasted the wine of the colony: it was good, and had a strong Frontiniac flavour. His father has considerable vineyards, and is considered to have some of the best samples of wine in the colony.

Dr. R—— and I had a ride this forenoon a good way down the empty river-course, to one of his patients, at a station of theirs. As he had to stay and perform an operation, I left him, and returned by myself—my first solitary ride in Australia. I very soon lost my way; indeed, it is amazing to me how any one can know his road in these trackless woods. I arrived at a shepherd's hut, when suddenly all the dogs ran open-mouthed at my horse. It is the custom to have numbers of these animals about a station for the sake of protection: they are of all breeds, and often fierce and dangerous. I have heard of one place, where a person approaching the house on foot had to ascend a tree, and announce his arrival at the top of his voice, that the guards might be withdrawn. The shepherd, having beaten the dogs off, kindly put me on my right path again, and I at length reached home in safety.

The Bell River joins the Macquarie at a point two or three miles below this place: the scenery is rather fine at the junction, from the variety of shade produced by the swamp oak on the banks of both streams; and a new town-

ship, called "Montefiore Town," is laid out close by the confluence. Sundry streets have their names painted on whitened pins; but, with the exception of five or six tolerably neat cottages, town and inhabitants are both only to be seen in the vista of the future. And now that the fruits of the earth have ceased to grow, the heavens to drop rain, and the rivers to run, I suspect that this, like many other Australian El Dorados, will end in nothing.

This house is an excellent one, with a most beautiful view. It is situated on a mountain side, and surrounded with an amphitheatre of ranges. When the river flowed, it must have been a delightful residence; and, even now, there is a reach of the river above the station and one below, that refresh the eye exceedingly; and from the top of the hill the view is the most beautiful and most extensive I have seen in Australia, and embraces, I believe, within its circle the place where poor Cunningham was lost.

Great regularity exists here in every department; and every endeavour is made, and I have no doubt successfully, to combat these evil days; but all the domestic arrangements are in a gentlemanlike and ample style, and give a most favourable idea of life in the bush.

Till this evening I had never seen a storm of thunder and lightning in perfection. I have known thunderstorms by sea and land awfully grand, but never so terrible or so magnificent as this. The whole horizon, as we sat under the verandah, was one brilliant, continued blaze of fire; then, for a moment, all was dark as a dungeon, and anon a lurid bluish sheet of dazzling forked light blazed around. The thunder cracked quick and sharp, and then rolled among the ranges peel upon peel. It is Burke, I believe, who says the sublime cannot exist without danger; but little alarm

seems to be caused by these storms, though trees are rent, and persons are not unfrequently killed. I confess the situation we occupied was, to the uninitiated, somewhat unpleasant; but the storm passed away without any fatal consequences that we heard of.

22nd.—It has been my fate to witness many storms, both by land and sea, since I left the shores of Britain: but within this last half-hour I have witnessed such a commotion of nature as far exceeded them all. I had just come in from my ride, when I suddenly found the light fail me, and felt the room filling with red dust. On looking out at the window, I saw that the whole air was of a red, murky dun-like colour, while the dust drove past with immense rapidity—it was a hurricane brickfielder. It became ultimately quite dark. I got the window-shutters closed, and going outside the door, which I shut behind me to exclude this intrusive dust, I looked abroad as far as my eye could reach, and in my life I never saw such a scene. The wind raged as if it would blow the house down—it was a roaring tempest. The trees were rending and falling in the forest. The whole atmosphere was filled with a dense flying mass of dun-red earth, carrying everything before it: the fence was levelled before the door; the shingles and panes were driven from the roof; the thunder roared; the lightning flashed; and it really seemed as if the Last Day had come upon the world.

Mr. C——, Mr. T——, junior, and my son, were out walking, and Dr. R—— was returning on horseback from his patient. Had not danger to all been imminent, the scene, I am told, would have been almost ludicrous. All saw the gradual advance of the storm, and tried to get home; but finding it would not do, and that the crashing and falling of the trees was terrific, and threatened instant

destruction, each tried to gain some open space; but from the fury and power of the wind, they could not keep the spots they had selected. Dr. R—— got betwixt his horse's head and the storm, thus screening it and supporting himself. Mr. T—— and my son kept as well as they could from the roaring tumbling trees; and Mr. C—— laid hold of a stump, and clung to it for his life, looking round ever and anon at the coming gust, expecting to be whirled clean away. The doctor's horse took fright at the destruction around it, and placed him several times in extreme danger from the falling trees around them. The four were only a few yards asunder, and yet such was the darkness, that they could not see each other. For violence and murky desolation, I have never witnessed anything to equal this alarming storm. Mr. C—— says a very severe Demerara hurricane is the only thing he ever saw to equal it; but all agree that nothing they ever before experienced in Australia could compare with it. I consider myself fortunate in having seen it, for it was horribly grand; but I cannot look upon it as another recommendation to the land of Australia.

23rd.—Mr. C—— and I saw a native grave to-day in our forenoon's ride in the forest. It was heaped up with earth over a deep pit, was of a circular form, and covered with trees; a hollow space was scooped out round it, from whence the soil has been taken; and to the south were two semicircles trodden hard in the earth, which, with the figures cut on two adjoining trees, are supposed by these poor people to keep off the debbil debbil, or evil spirit. I understand they will not pass a grave at night, and never mention the name of a person after his decease.

The native names of places are of pleasing sound, and it is surely bad taste to change them: Nunima, Nurya

Emigylia, Connobolas, Woolloomooloo, Boree, Bourolong, Wurriguderigong, Wollongong, Illawarra. In some parts of the country the natives have two names. Marateen Paneen and Quaneen Paneen, for instance, are the names of two members of one family who are in the service of a friend of mine in New England.

I saw on the banks of the Macquarie to-day a bird which is very rare, and was once greatly prized in England—the black cockatoo. It is peculiar to this country. Except under the tail, and a white feather on either side of his neck, he is entirely raven black, with a fine feathery head and crest. He allowed me to come very near him, and only flew away when I called to him; his note is loud, and is a scream harsh and wild, very much resembling the first note of the curlew. Black swans were very common on this river formerly; but they are now, from its drying up, again "*raræ aves in terris.*"

24th.—With regret, and with every feeling of regard for my hospitable and most agreeable hosts, I left N—— this morning, in order that we might spend Christmas-day with my younger son in our own cottage. We had a very tedious and tiresome journey. My gig-horse, from not being accustomed to bush life, but to the warm stables of Sydney, had been gradually falling off, and, on our journey to-day, fairly gave in and came to a stand-still in the bed of the Bell River; but, by Mr. Sheridan's assistance, who accompanied us home, we got him unloosed, and with difficulty dragged the carriage out of the mud; but the horse was so exhausted, that we had to walk most of the weary way. The only novelty that crossed our path was a large guāna, which ran up a tree like a squirrel. It is just like a crocodile in miniature; it is not venomous, and is used as food by the natives. Snakes, also, are eaten by

them, provided they kill them in their own way, by placing a forked stick behind their head and pinning them to the earth, so that they cannot bite themselves and poison their own flesh, which would probably happen if they were killed in the way a "whitefellow" would go to work. We arrived at Mulong Inn in the evening, as before, and were unwillingly compelled to stay there during the night, and it being Christmas-eve, matters were even worse than on our former visit.

25th, Christmas-day.—On passing Boree Nyrang, I called at the door to ask for our friends. We were urged to eat our Christmas dinner with this hospitable family, and, on my declining, my kind host brought me the most delightful draught I ever drank under a broiling sun—a large tumblerful of claret; and heartily do I wish that, some day or other, I may see him at Stoneridge, that I, in my turn, might try my hand at hospitality. We got home at last, much fatigued, both men and horses, with the great heat and our long and tedious drive. The country around this pretty place is *greener*, and the water *purer* and *colder*, than any I have seen during our excursion. The whole country where I have been, except a *shade of green* on the plain of Nurya, has been, even in the best districts, Nunima, Wellington, Boree, and all between them, one universal waste. Though delighted with my visit, I was, as I have always been through life, glad to feel myself again at home with my own children; and we enjoyed our Christmas dinner together extremely. Our thoughts reached far beyond the ranges of the Connobolas, and were with our friends beyond the seas.

I was much annoyed that my younger son could not accompany us on our visit to Wellington; but one of the unavoidable evils of this country rendered his going impos-

sible. Two months ago he left Sydney for this place, and our baggage was to be forwarded by the next week's drays from thence; but these months have passed away, and no baggage has arrived, so that his wardrobe is reduced to the lowest ebb, having brought with him only what he expected to require till the rest reached Connobolas. No dependence is to be placed on carriers in Australia: things are forgotten through the negligence of a clerk in Sydney; or the drayman has got his dray robbed when he was drunk; or his bullocks ran away, and he himself is detained for weeks on the road seeking them (as happened to the carriers who took my son's wool down to Sydney); or the packages are left at an inn on the road, twenty miles off, and you hear of it a month afterwards! In a word, if you once lose sight of your property of any description—be it a sovereign, a pair of stockings, or a bale of wool—the chances are you never see it more.

My deeds in field-sports have been very trifling. To-day, however, I managed to bag a bronze-wing pigeon and a couple of mutton birds. However humble in number, they formed the best day's sport I have had for six years, and afforded us a capital pie. We saw that curious animal, the kangaroo rat, during our expedition. It is about the size of a rabbit, with fur and teeth like that animal, but a tail like a rat. Its fore paws are short, and its hind legs long, like the kangaroo; its motions are similar, and it burrows in the earth. It is said to be very good to eat.

The first scorpion I ever saw in my life started from below a slab of wood which I was lifting to-day. It was about two inches and a half long. The bite gives great pain, and is often attended with extensive inflammation.

26th December.—I have now seen enough of the state of affairs in this colony, and have heard sufficient of the

situation and prospects of established settlers of all classes, to be persuaded of the very great difficulties which a young man commencing the life of a bushman will have to encounter. The undertaking is a most serious one in every way; and "the pastoral people," as the Quarterly Review is pleased to designate the *gentlemen* of the colony, require to be *wide awake* to overcome the snares and obstacles, moral as well as physical, which beset their path. The people are really too clever for ordinary folks. It requires an able man to be an accomplished rogue. It is like a game at chess. The dishonest bail you up till they take from you every pawn you possess; and the honest (!) have always a *move in reserve* wherewith to overreach you if they can. The *amor patriæ* is strong among the "old hands," as the fathers of the colony are called; but then it shows itself merely in the wish to *sell* their share of it at an enormous price! Independent of the visible rocks in their way, and the grasping character of many with whom the new settlers have to come in contact in their first establishing themselves, they have likewise to contend with a total ignorance of the native customs, of the peculiarity of the climate, and of the nature of the country, as well as with the impossibility of obtaining stock, &c. at fair prices, from the want of public markets; in short, it almost seems as if "every man's hand were against them," and they had reason to apprehend that "every one that finds them" will sacrifice them. There is at present a feeling among many holders of stock which makes them rather cold and unfriendly to new settlers, as if they were rivals that would destroy them; and assuredly the times *are* favourable in some respects for those now arriving with capital.

All property has fallen dreadfully in value. Sheep

that sold at 16*s.* and 20*s.*, may be had for 8*s.* and 10*s.*, and cattle have fallen from £5 to 35*s.*; while at sales in Sydney the former fetch 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the latter 30*s.*,—still there are many circumstances connected with these low prices that a youth has to consider before he invests his capital: such a step requires the greatest caution and circumspection. He will not find it here as at home, where, by attending public places and markets, he may inform himself of everything he desires to know connected with the object he has in view; and he will be fortunate indeed if he can discover any one that will give him an *unbiassed* opinion, either as to a proper country in which to settle, or as to the advisability of any purchase of stock. It is the policy and practice of almost all to extol their own district, and to induce "new churns," as such fresh arrivals are called, to alight in their vicinity, or it may be in their own dove-cotes, that they may be caught and plucked advantageously and quietly by themselves. There is no union or spirit of co-operation amongst the settlers, any more than there is among the storekeepers—not so much even as would induce them to establish, what is evidently for their common interest, a public market, for the purpose of keeping themselves out of the power of the Sydney butchers, who at present dictate both as to time and price in all the sales of fat stock—or to establish an agricultural society for more general purposes. The young settler will find himself flung entirely upon his own energies and prudence; and instead of rushing headlong into investments suggested to him, it may possibly be by some *very disinterested friends*, and fixing instantly upon some station of which he knows nothing except through the same kind advisers, he will act more wisely if he places his cash in some safe custody,—the bank in pre-

ference to every other place,—mounts his horse, and *buys experience* and knowledge of both country and stock by the wanderings of some months, without being seduced by the gilded colouring of either sanguine or interested men, or tempted to buy at cheap prices what he may find too late to be, in consequence of scab or catarrh, not worth his acceptance as a gift.

It will scarcely be believed in England, that the estimated number of sheep which have died within the last twelve months in the colony, from catarrh and drought, is seventy thousand!!—that colonists are compelled, in order to save the dam from starvation, to cut the throat of her lamb—that no means are adopted for securing a stock of lambs for next year—or that a stockholder would offer 8,000 sheep to any one that would remove them from his runs, and finding that no one could be prevailed upon to taint his own flocks by accepting so dangerous a present, had recourse to consuming them by fire! and had actually killed and burnt two thousand.

Such things are nevertheless perfectly true. I myself know the parties; and it all goes to prove that everything depends upon the healthiness and character for feed and water of the country in which a stockholder locates, and the freeness from disease of his stock, and not so much upon his commencing with what is called a *great bargain*. The first object on the arrival of every settler, should be to procure a good country for his flocks, and this, I have elsewhere said, is his grand difficulty. Let him be wary upon this point. Almost every desirable or habitable spot in *the old countries*—as the early settled districts are called—is already occupied, but there is ample space in the south and north, and will be, I believe, for years to come, though enterprise is fast penetrating into these

regions also. I have recommended a box and apple-tree district as the best; but in these he may find that there is no water, or that in times of drought it has been known to fail—or, again, where water is always abundant, the forests may be of stringy bark, which always denote a district of inferior value, or even not worth possessing at all. He will be told that artesian wells may be sunk, by which water may always be obtained; but though too much cannot be said in favour of artesian wells, they are *not* calculated for the purposes of *washing* sheep. Troughs filled by these wells *may* supply sheep with *drink*; but the grand object in the possession of flocks is their *wool*, and means of duly preparing *that* must always be kept in view. A dry climate is essential to the merino, and one not too cold in winter; and therefore too great an elevation above the sea is objectionable—a short distance *from* some water-carriage is equally indispensable.

There are two descriptions of persons who are likely to do well in this country—men with considerable funds, and those with just enough to support them until they can procure a desirable situation as overseer of some absentee's concerns. I do not speak of labourers, mechanics, or such as Lauchlan Mackay: *they* will do well anywhere in Australia; but I allude to young men in the higher grades of life. Those who arrive here with £500 to £1,000 ought never to buy sheep: their capital is swallowed up at once by the expenses of a new station, and they never recover the outlay. The following Table, which I shall proceed to give, will show how short a way such a sum would go in procuring even mere necessaries, and how inadequate it is to meet the extra expenses to which a beginner is liable on his first introduction to the bush.

It is not the first outlay only of an establishment that

is to be considered, but the expenses of the following year. Wages—which, by the way, have not fallen as they ought to have done in these times—and casualties are annual; and the wool will not pay these and other demands the first or even the second year; and the luckless settler who has laid out all his capital at first, finds himself, before he is fairly started, involved in debt, and generally irretrievably so. I only know one case more hopeless; and that is, where the newly-arrived settler, wishing to become at once a large holder of stock, borrows beyond his capital, to accomplish this, at ten per cent. interest. This is ruin and misery on a greater scale, but not more certain.

The following Table has been prepared, after very careful inquiry:—

1,000 sheep may at present be got at 5*s.* each, ewes	£250
1 shepherd's wages	25
1 hutkeeper's wages	20
1 bullock-driver's wages	30
Rations (provisions) for four persons, at £20	80
A dray and team of bullocks	90
Two huts, and hurdles for sheep	50
Plough, seeds, tools, mill, tarpauling, &c.	30
A horse, saddle and bridle	45
Travelling in search of a station, and removing to it	60
Wear and tear	20
Casualties from death of sheep and loss of bullocks	10
Stockholder's own extra expenses, beyond rations	30
License and tax	15
Washing, shearing, and delivering wool first year, where the station is 200 miles from Sydney	35
Cow	10
Paddock for horse and bullocks	60
Surplus for sundries—a heavy item here	140
	£1,000

With the most economical management, these are all required within the first twelve months of a settler's residence; and I have omitted to particularise many minor

expenses, which he will find will soon make up the £140 allowed for sundries; nor have I supposed him to pay for his runs, nor stated his loss of interest. It must also be borne in mind that the same wages are to be paid the second year, with the unavoidable addition of those of a second shepherd: and all he has wherewith to pay these wages and to meet the storekeeper's bill and other demands, is the value of the wool of his one thousand sheep. Matters will probably stand thus:—

		£.	s.	d.
1000 Fleeces of 2½ lbs., at 20*d.* per lb., in England; 1*s.* 4*d.* in Sydney		166	13	4
Wages of two shepherds	£50			
Hutkeeper	20			
Bullock-driver	30			
Rations for five	100			
Shearing and delivering wool	35			
License and tax	15			
	£250			
Deficit		£83	6	8

In the foregoing statement, unfavourable as it may appear, I doubt not the settler would accuse me of having underrated his expenses and overstated his receipts; but it is an approximation to the truth. As regards my charging the expenses of the shearing and delivery of wool for two years, while I take credit for only one year's value of wool, I do so because the expenses of the second year are incurred before the price of the wool of that year is received. I am aware that it is even too favourable a balance-sheet in other items—still the error is not great; and I conceive the result proves that the possessor of such a sum would do well to accept bank interest (seven per cent.) for it, and look to some other investment than sheep.

One grand mistake is committed by almost all young men, and by others too; and that is the desire to com-

mence with an immense stock at once—some seven or eight thousand sheep, whether their funds be adequate or no; in short, to buy beyond their capital, in hope of being able, by good fortune and the chapter of accidents, to pay off their debt gradually. The phrase "a respectable commencement," has deluded many; and the ill effects of this delusion are, at this very moment, cruelly proved by the experience of hundreds.

Instead of this, the very opposite course ought to be the one universally adopted. Where there is plenty of capital, to establish at once an extensive station in the bush is very desirable for many reasons; but even then he is a wise man who places some portion of his ready money in safe securities, or in the Sydney banks, and who does not buy up to the full extent of his funds, but one fourth short of them; and keeps the reserved fourth where it shall be always ready to meet unexpected demands, or to take advantage of those opportunities which this country constantly presents to a prudent man who has cash at his command.

One of the great causes of the general distress among the settlers is the credit obtained by them from the very outset of their career from storekeepers, who being themselves pushed for money, not only are obliged to bring their creditor's property into the market at a sacrifice which is ruinous to him, but also decline to make even the usual annual advance of rations.

The wages of shepherds is a subject that has been much canvassed of late, and it is a very important one in such times. They have varied, according to circumstances, from forty pounds and rations, to twenty-five pounds and rations; but few have, till lately, been so fortunate as to be able to hire them at the latter sum. Their life of

solitude and privation; the trouble and responsibility incurred by them; their being cut off almost entirely from all communication with their own class, and from many of the pleasures of life, without wife or family,—are circumstances which, when duly considered, will lead every one to admit that the shepherds are certainly entitled to expect higher wages than other labourers. The constant attention a large flock requires in such a country as this—where the dangers of the glens, ranges, and gulleys, the ferocity of the native dogs, and the wandering disposition of the flocks, ever demand the utmost vigilance—deserves a corresponding degree of remuneration. But such a sum as the first I have named above, is so far beyond what is necessary to the comfort of the individual, and so completely out of the stockholder's power to pay, that it is altogether impossible that it should any longer continue to be paid. With twenty pounds a year and rations, which the stockholder raises upon his own property, the Australian shepherd would be a richer man than the shepherd of any other country; and in those cases where higher wages are given he derives no real benefit from them, as the surplus is spent in yearly or half-yearly carousals, solely for the benefit of the very worst part of the population of New South Wales—the low public-house keepers.

The rations are valued at twenty pounds per annum, but in reality they are worth more: they consist of ten pounds of mutton, ten pounds of flour, four pounds of sugar, quarter of a pound of tea, and half a pound of tobacco, per week.* But on this point the following quotation gives so accurate and so correct a view of the subject, that I give it in preference to any statement of my own:—"As

* These allowances are very ample, and rather more than an average throughout the colony.

wool is the only valuable export from which the settler can realise money, it is clear that unless the wool will meet the expense of his establishment, he must be retrograding, and debt is overwhelming him. If the employer has to pay the employed more than he can realise from his calling, he must either have recourse to the money-lenders (regular *Shylocks* in this colony), or he must pay in kind. Shepherds are the principal class of operatives required; but where there are shepherds there must be watchmen, bullock-drivers, and other farm servants, besides sometimes an extra hand or two," (this is not generally the case however,) "in case of sickness or the fastidious walkings off at short notice; so the settler is bothered with more servants than are actually necessary. There are besides sundry women frequently, and children supported —by whom? not by the husband, whose office it is, but by their employer—a burthen, in many instances, of no mean consideration. It is, then, the duty of every settler, to himself, as well as to his neighbour, to reduce wages, that he can grow, if not at a profit, so that the proceeds of the wool will cover his expenses; and this cannot be done at wages above twenty pounds per annum, without any other ration than that which he raises, or is raised in the colony (meat and flour). No foreign article of consumption should be given as a ration; but if they will have luxuries, the settler should keep a store for his servants' accommodation, charging only a reasonable addition upon Sydney prices, to cover loss by weighings, and weight, and carriage. A shepherd then can easily (after enjoying the comforts of tea, sugar, and tobacco) save yearly the sum of ten pounds, which the following calculation will show; it will be borne in mind that the common ration is sufficient to find a man and his dog. In every establishment

one will find the heads or feet of oxen or sheep, with the offal, thrown to the dogs: no stronger argument need be used to show that there is no necessity for the purchase of extra rations—no such thing is now thought of by the settler. I will allow the shepherd to use, per week, three ounces of tea, three pounds of sugar, and two ounces of tobacco, for which he should pay, at two hundred miles from any sea-port, the following prices:—

	£	s.	d.
9¾ lbs. tea, at 4*s*.	1	19	0
78 lbs. sugar, at 6*d*.	1	19	0
6½ lbs. tobacco, at 4*s*.	1	6	0
1 suit fustian clothes, including striped shirts .	1	0	0
1 suit coloured cloth ditto	1	0	0
Half-value of great coat, which lasts two years	0	10	0
Half-value of blankets, ditto	0	10	0
Two pair bush boots	1	0	0
Extra shirts and trousers, one pair at 7*s*., and three shirts at 3*s*.	0	16	0
	£10	0	0

Now it must be recollected, that, after the settler has carried all these supplies two hundred miles, it is a tax upon him even to give them at this rate, and it is no saving to him out of the shepherd's wages—the twenty pounds is twenty pounds cash; but this arrangement will enable him to know his expenses, and it may enable him, with economy, to keep out of debt. A man, with a wife and child, if about ten years old, could, with industry, save much more, and still be a person of more value to the settler than an unmarried man; for instance, the wife could set the hurdles (as is not uncommon), and consequently receive the wages and rations of a watchman, and the ten years' old child could take a dry flock of sheep (as wedders are called, or maiden ewes), and yet never be half a mile from the father's eye. I know now of a boy of

that age, who tends a flock of sheep and the father another, for which they receive forty pounds and rations; the man is a widower, otherwise he might receive twenty pounds more for his wife, as she could remove the hurdles. At distant establishments the settler will always allow, at every station, the use of a cow or two; so that the shepherd, content with milk, can save himself the expense of tea and sugar."

I shall only add to these details, that single men are generally much preferred in the bush; the family of a married man becomes a serious burden and inconvenience, except in such a case as the above, where it consists of only one or two, who may be useful. But the numbers of poor fellows, generally Irish, who land here with large families, soon find that they are not the description of persons wanted: so much at present of "new chums" and "shepherds." And, although my views of the wages that are *sufficient*, and that can *be afforded* by the master, are, I dare say, greatly below what that useful class of men think themselves entitled to, still I am satisfied that young men acquainted with that business at home, would find themselves richer, even at these wages, than they will ever be in Britain; and, if they do not split upon the rock so fatal to the colonist—the passion for spirituous liquors—will be enabled, by economy and prudence, to return to their own land with a moderate independence at no very distant day.

1*st January*, 1842.—The year eighteen hundred and forty-one is gone—a record against us for weal or woe. To me this is a melancholy and lonely New Year's-day; for both my sons are absent. Having heard of stock and stations, which are very desirable, to be disposed of in the Buckingbar country, down on the river Lauchlan, about a

hundred miles off, they set out last night to inspect them, and I sadly miss their society on this, which ought to be the gayest day of the whole year. The sultry heat of this midsummer is a disagreeable contradiction to all our impressions of that happy season of frosts and snows, and fire-side comforts.

2nd January.—To-day my son's man, John Luke, when looking at the moon, replied, to the assertion of James, that it was at the full. "No, man, ye never see the *full* mune and the sun in the lift thegither; the sun is aye doon, or ye ever see the full mune." John's astronomical knowledge is somewhat limited, but there appeared to me to be a shrewdness of observation in the remark, which fixed it in my memory.

We have had another great storm of thunder and lightning; indeed, they seldom cease here among the mountains, where the echo makes the peals more terrible than I ever before heard them. The hailstones were large, and most refreshing to the mouth in this terrible heat. One can get nothing cold enough in this climate, except ice, which is only known here when it comes in this shape from the skies. These frozen *comfits* were absolute luxuries. The hailstones were elongated, and transparent at one end, while the broad end was opaque. I never before saw such a fall of mingled ice, and hail, and rain. It has cooled the air a little, which is an unspeakable comfort.

The travellers returned this evening from their journey to the river Lauchlan. The account they give of the country is extremely bad. They proceeded about forty miles down the river, and found the plains in the neighbourhood of it as level as if a roller had passed over them. But, as far as the eye could reach, there was no verdure; all was arid red earth and sand, and interminable wooded

flats. The heat was so intense, they could scarcely breathe. The very birds sat open-mouthed panting on the trees; and the atmosphere was such, that A—— says it seemed as if the sky was "*raining down a fiery heat!*" To add to their other misfortunes, they lost themselves soon after sunset. They knew there were no huts, and that the river was dry. They had wandered from its margin; and, even if there had been water in it, it could be of no service to them. It was getting dark, and their horses were actually trembling for want of water, as well as themselves. To go forward they dared not—to return they knew not how. Their last chance was to give their horses the rein, and allow them to take their own way; and most providentially, my old chesnut had more observation than they had. He immediately turned sharp round, cut off all the angles and perplexing turns of the bush, that had confused them, and made a straight line to a shepherd's hut, which they had left ten or fourteen miles in an opposite direction. His instinct preserved them from a horrid death.

The Australian is a capital bushman, and in general too fearless; but, on this occasion, he was alarmed, and he declares it to be the worst country for a stranger that he has seen in the colony, but that it might prove a good one for cattle, were there water, despite its present sterility. Two poor fellows lately went out into it as stockmen, and have never been heard of since.

The loss of life in these perilous journeys is indeed frequent, though not much heard of. A Mr. W——, principal manager of Captain R——'s cattle stations on the Darling, far to the westward, returned lately from a most unparalleled journey there; after incredible sufferings from thirst and fatigue, he reached his station with the loss of

only one or two calves out of six hundred head of cattle. But what he and his men and cattle underwent would scarcely be credited. One of the men lay down and begged him not to disturb him; that he would rather die than linger out longer. He was left to his fate; but, most fortunately, Mr. W—— shortly after came to a water hole, whence he sent back some water to the wretched man, and saved his life. When Mitchel first discovered this river, the grass was luxuriant, and the river full of water. Now it is a chain of distant ponds; although, in some parts above, it is still in a continuous stream. The blacks and cattle are fighting for the stagnant pools of the Lauchlan, Macquarie, and Darling, in the western districts. But the scarcity is greater on the two former rivers than on the last, which is the recipient of all these western waters; and ultimately becomes, after the junction with the Murrimbidgee, the great River Murray, which runs southward into Lake Alexandrina. The cattle render the water putrid; and the blacks, irritated to madness, murder the shepherds and slaughter the cattle, or drive them into the interior. On Liverpool Plains the carcasses are lying in heaps; and the plains are impassable for the white man, there being no water for a hundred and sixty miles. On the River Hunter the very air is tainted and rendered unwholesome by the stench from the dead animals that have perished on its banks from drought and catarrh. The emus have come down to the low country in great numbers, in search of water; and in New England the natives have become exceedingly violent, and set the police at defiance, killing the shepherds, and driving off large flocks of sheep. This is a dreadful season, and will be long remembered in the colony. I am inclined to believe, however, that these excesses do not result so much

from want of water in the New England country, as from other causes, often originating in the conduct of the whites. My sons are fortunate in being in this district, where, at least, none of these evils assail them. Had they wished to proceed to Moreton, it would now have been quite impossible to have done so. No one can pass over the Liverpool Plains at present, nor for six months past has the transit been practicable.

I do not think that that invaluable animal, the camel, could anywhere be used with greater advantage than in Australia. It is capable of bearing heavy loads of bulky commodities, such as wool; it is sure, though slow in its motions; the peculiar formation of its foot adapts it to sandy roads and plains; it can exist without food or water longer than any other animal; and when turned loose at night, would not stray, as the bullock or horse does. In sharp roads it would not answer; but, for many parts of the colony, it would be extremely useful. The bullock has the advantage of being cheaper at first, and, when no longer fit for work, it is still worth something; whereas, the camel would be very expensive in the purchase, and when its work is done, all its value is gone. But it is a question whether or no it would not altogether pay much better than the bullock; and, were it for nothing else but the power of long endurance of thirst, the camel would be invaluable here.

In the bush, the most common things are often the most difficult of acquisition. Thus, the great event of to-day is the arrival of four hens! They have long been much coveted by me, and I cannot but mark their appearance as an epoch in my life at Connobolas. One white cock has strutted about in solitary importance ever since I have been here; and truly I have obtained these ladies nearly

as much for *his* domestic happiness, as for the prospect of fresh eggs. Anything of far less consequence would be a matter of interest here, for such complete seclusion I have never before known. On three sides access to us is impossible; on the fourth only can any one approach; but, unfortunately, there is no one to approach by it. Had I a good supply of books I should never feel dull; but, even then, so total a separation from nearly all that interests me in this world, embitters many hours that would otherwise pass tranquilly away.

This seclusion from society has, moreover, many disadvantages as regards the objects of my visit to this country. It is so complete, that we cannot even learn what is going on in the world around us—a very desirable state of things on some occasions, perhaps, but altogether incompatible with my objects and wishes; and I resolved last night, after serious consideration, to bend my steps again to Sydney, where alone correct information can be obtained regarding the present state and future prospects of Australia.

Although I have encountered much disappointment, I rejoice that I made this voyage. In many ways it will be a source of pleasure to me through the remaining years of my life. I am now cognizant of much that I was anxious to know; and I feel satisfied in having performed what I considered to be a duty.

7th.—This day has indeed been one of the truest pleasure to me, and the happiest I have known for a long time. Letters from home just received, assure me that all there are well, and going on as I could desire. How exquisite is the happiness derived by a wanderer on such an occasion! I have read these letters over and over again, and each time I fancy I shall discover something overlooked before.

It is one of the few—very few—real pleasures absence affords or admits of.

10*th*.—I called to-day at Boree, to take farewell of my kind friends. Mrs. B—— is one of the most accomplished and agreeable persons I ever met. One almost feels that for her to reside so far in the wild, is "wasting her sweetness on the desert air;" but, with her lord by her side, she does not feel it to be so. May grass grow and water run speedily at Boree; and may my excellent hospitable acquaintance long live to show kindness to the stranger, and to enjoy the greatest blessing this world can offer to man—domestic happiness!

For the last week there has been a succession of excessively violent winds at night. About seven in the evening it begins to blow furiously from the south, drying and withering up everything, and the forenoons are sultry and hot. Should this continue, the drought will indeed become most serious everywhere. Even here, the creek occasionally ceases to flow—which it was never known to do, even in 1837, 8, and 9, when no rain of any consequence fell—and the grass is becoming dry and bleached; in a word, things appear to foretel a return of one of the long and dreadful droughts to which this land of changes is subject.

I yesterday engaged Sir Thomas Mitchell's fellow explorer of the Bogan, "Tommy Come-last," to accompany me to Scotland. This singular name was given him by Mitchell, as being the second man named Thomas who joined him. I am anxious to obtain one of the tribe, as they are desirable in many ways as servants, when removed from their brethren, being faithful,—without any motive to leave your service, and causing very little expense. He was to have come to-day, but has not appeared, and I

begin to suspect he is like all his caste—a man of words, and not of deeds. The fellow has some interest attached to him, as a great traveller, and his countenance is extremely prepossessing and intelligent.

The dexterity of these people in the use of their weapons is very extraordinary. That called the boomerang, a sharp-edged curved piece of wood, they will throw to a vast distance with great precision, causing it to revolve in the air and return to the place where they stand. "They will throw it," says a clever writer on Australia, "forty or fifty yards horizontally skimming along the ground, when it will suddenly rise into the air fifty or sixty yards, describing a considerable curve, and it will finally fall at the thrower's feet. It keeps turning with great rapidity, with a whizzing noise, like a piece of wood revolving on a pivot. It is observed, that it is not easily comprehended by what law of projection the boomerang is made to take the singular direction it does. In the hands of a European it is dangerous, as it may return and strike himself; but the aborigine can inflict a most deadly wound on others." I saw this said "Tommy Come-last" perform this extraordinary feat, and it did certainly appear very incomprehensible.

I have mentioned my visit to the Messrs. B——, on my way to N——, and the very favourable impression these gentlemen made upon me. I have just heard of an occurrence that has taken place in that family, almost too dreadful to be believed; but I had the facts from the elder Mr. B——, and their truth may, therefore, be implicitly relied upon. Messrs. B—— had sent off a flock of sheep under the charge of an assigned servant, to the creek called the Billy Bong, at a distance of about sixty miles from their station: though the shepherd was an old resi-

dent something rendered them anxious about his taking the right route, and the younger of the two went after him. On overtaking him the second day, he found that he had discovered no water either for himself or the sheep; they encamped for the forenoon, both much exhausted, and unfortunately remained there too long. The afternoon was far gone before they resumed their weary journey; they lost their way and got bewildered; Mr. B—— left the choice of road entirely to the shepherd, who he thought was more likely to be correct than himself. The third day came and went; the sun was fiercely hot, the nights excessively cold; no food, no water, no herb or shelter was to be found; their strength and resolution were giving way, and their situation was every hour becoming more hopeless. The fourth day dawned. Mr. B—— was a little behind, and called out something to the shepherd; there was no reply; he went up to him; when, to his horror, he saw the blood flowing from a gash in his neck; he could just articulate, "I could stand it no longer, Sir; I have done it, but not effectually I fear—but I must die —drink some of the blood, Sir—it may save you." Mr. B——, himself nearly desperate with the agonies of thirst, was instantly rendered helpless as a child at this dreadful sight: he became sick and giddy. The wretched man gave a convulsive leap on his knees, when the blood began to flow more violently from the wound he had inflicted, and from his mouth: he was raving mad, and his last words were appalling—"I am in hell," he cried, and shortly afterwards expired.

From this moment Mr. B—— became stupified, and lay motionless on the ground. Towards night, as he lay in this state with his face downwards, he thought he heard some one near him, for his senses were still preserved to him; he raised himself on one arm, and looking around

saw, to his terror, a native dog close by him, ready to tear him to pieces. This roused his last energies; he began to crawl onwards, when at last he providentially found himself upon a road; it was that leading to Boree, and was very little travelled; but there was now hope. Completely overcome by what had happened, weakened by want of food, and maddened by the want of water, he again fell down, just as he got a glimpse of the fires of a dray encampment at a distance in the forest; he could not make his way to them; he had no means of attracting their attention. After he had lain there sometime, however, the dogs belonging to the encampment smelt him out, and, in consequence of their violent barking, the draymen were led to follow them to the spot. The first thing Mr. B—— remembers was some one offering him cold water; his tongue hung black from his mouth—he could not walk—he had scarcely any signs of life—yet, utterly exhausted as he was, his presence of mind did not desert him, and he had resolution to forbear drinking it cold; in a whisper he told them to warm it. It was done; he got some tea, the constant companion of all travellers in the bush; they carried him to the nearest shepherd's hut, some miles off, where he was most carefully tended, and, in some days, he was able to return home. It was characteristic of this excellent person, that as soon as ever returning strength permitted, he endeavoured to discover the body of his unfortunate companion, but unsuccessfully. What must have been the state of that wretched man's mind, whose last words were the dreadful ones I have quoted? He had been a convict: doubtless some crime of former days lay on his conscience, which can never now be known. From my knowledge of the parties, this terrible event has left an impression upon my mind that can never be erased.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUSTRALIA.—SYDNEY.

Departure from Connobolas—Early beginning of troubles—Hasty adieus—Solitary ride to Bathurst—Mr. W——Intentions of Government as regards the settlers—The bush on fire—Wardrobe for a bushman—Joined by my son—The Sydney mail—The preacher—Scenery on the Paramatta River—Sydney—Meeting with a messmate—Ships for England—Homeward routes—Interview with the Governor, Sir George Gipps—His policy—Sir Thomas M. Brisbane—The assignment system—Anniversary of the founding of the colony—Fatal accident—Sydney newspapers—A Scotch party—The route to Britain by India—St. James's Church—Fire at Connobolas—Arrival of despatches from the English Government—Concessions to the colony—Land funds—The right of pre-emption—Assessment of stock in 1840—The wool trade—Visit to Windsor—The River Hawkesbury—Richmond—A rural cottage—Visit to Mr. ——— of C——Roads—Campbeltown—Drunkenness—Irish colonists—The house and domain at C———Australian wines—The cow pastures—The Messrs. Mc ———Foundation of the wool trade in New South Wales—Grants of land to the Mc —— family—Probable value of their estates—Return to Sydney—Intense heat.

13th January.—THE time had at length arrived for my departure from the mountains of Connobolas. It is always painful to part with those we love, even for a short period; it may well be imagined, therefore, that it was with no blithe heart that I prepared for a journey that was to separate me for so long a time from my sons.

I left this beautiful retreat yesterday, accompanied by both of them. My eldest son was to proceed with me to

Sydney; James and one of the shepherds attended us to help in pushing the heavily-laden gig over the trackless hills, until we reached the main path, by which plan we should save several miles. We had gone but a short way when the horse, which was in bad condition, and chafed in withers and neck, showed symptoms of restiveness, and soon very decidedly renounced all intention of proceeding, backing instead of pulling—a very general trick among the horses of Australia. This gibbing continued for the first seven miles, during which we had perpetually to push at the wheels and to *hang him twice*—as tightening a cord round his neck until he gives in, is termed. At last, when every means of *persuasion* failed, I resolved to walk the next seven miles to Peisley's. Here I arrived after great fatigue, from the broiling heat and sandy roads, and fortunately induced Mr. P—— to take a horse and assist my youths in their dilemma. They did not arrive until one o'clock, after having been seven hours accomplishing fourteen miles; and it was too late for us to proceed. We found my young friend, the brother of Mrs. B——, of Boree, waiting here for us, as I had offered him a seat in my gig to Sydney. We staid all night at this excellent inn. Last evening A—— left us here and rode home to forward horses, that we might not be detained in the morning. This was indeed a most ill-omened commencement of my journey homeward.

This morning I left Peisley's at nine, and reached Bathurst at six. I left the Australian and Master D—— to try the gig once more. They have not yet arrived, so that I fear they have again had to contend with the temper of my once powerful and willing "Whiteface." In pursuing my solitary way, I was glad occasionally to see one of the large wool drays, with eight bullocks, moving along, and giving

life to the otherwise lifeless woods. On the road I got into conversation with a gentleman, whom I found to be the Mr. W—— who had such a wonderful escape of his life on the Darling. He is a very fearless, resolute man, and seems to make extremely light of perils and privations that would have destroyed most persons. He was three days without water. His men rebelled, threatened, and at last lay down to die. But his moral resolution and courage saved them and himself. He describes the sensation of thirst as dreadful: at first, parchedness, so that you can scarce move the tongue; then a raking sensation in the stomach; dizziness; and lastly, dead sickness; while the tongue hangs out, black and convulsed. Mr. W—— is an intelligent man: he is one of those who are not very sanguine about the resuscitation of the colony; and assuredly, if what is reported be true, the authorities seem resolved, if they can, to prevent it. By the present assessment, the settler pays upon each sheep three-halfpence: some say that this year the assessment will be doubled; others that it will be as much as ninepence a sheep. One thousand cattle require in Australia as much country as six thousand sheep, and yet the assessment for a bullock is only threepence. If the assessment be raised, the wool would hardly pay for this impost, in addition to the licences and expenses, even in good times; but at present it would be impossible. The minds of almost all in this country are filled with fear and evil foreboding; and I am persuaded government will never act so unadvisedly as to aim such a deadly blow at its welfare as this.

For a great part of my way to-day betwixt Peisley's and Guyon, the bush was on fire on both sides of the dray track. Under the best circumstances, it is but a disagreeable place for a stranger to travel in, and dismally

lonely; but when on fire, it is indeed horrible. The heat of the sun, and the glare of the glowing trees and grass, are scorching; and the fear that the wind may alter and send the flames raging around you, is anything but pleasant. Orders were sent from Downing-street, not long ago, to inflict a heavy punishment upon those that kindled the bush. Those who gave these orders were probably *not* aware that in most cases the bush takes fire spontaneously; and that here, as in other countries, the conflagration is followed by the production of a sweeter and more nutritive herbage.

Some idea of the inconveniences resulting from the difficulty and uncertainty of communication here, may be formed from the fact that my heavy baggage, after *two* months, has not yet arrived from Sydney: but I suppose it is *en route*, and may meet me on my way thither, or may *pass me* on some of the drays for this place! The packages I had with me, my desk, &c., are in the gig, thirty-six miles *behind me*, with every probability of *their* being left there; and with me I have nothing!—a more destitute wight, I fancy, could not well be found.*

* I mentioned that I would give a list of the equipment necessary for a voyage to this country, and for a residence in the bush. I consider the following list ample. That a youth may not have to break into his capital on his arrival, it is perhaps as well that the whole should be got in Britain: but there are some articles just as cheap in Sydney:—

50 shirts—30 of cotton check, and 20 of white cotton, for dress.—The whole ought to be *cotton*. 10 cotton night-shirts, and caps. 32 pairs cotton socks. 5 flannel jackets—2 of them with sleeves, in case of rheumatism. 4 pairs strong boots; 4 do. do. shoes. 1 pair slippers, for ship-board. 10 pairs trousers—5 striped duck, 5 white duck. 1 coat, vest, and pair trousers of warm woollen check, for high latitudes. 1 dress suit—coat, vest, and trousers, for Sydney—and 5 cotton jackets. 2 black silk neckerchiefs. 2 broad black ribbons for the neck, which are generally worn. 6 vests—3 white, 3 coloured. 10 pocket handkerchiefs—8 coloured, 2 white silk. 3 pair leather gaiters, ankle-high. 1 hair mattress, and 2 hair pillows. 1 hammock, or

I passed this day with Capt. R——, whom I had known at Boree. He has a very pretty homestead and property, three or four miles from Bathurst, with a very fine garden, where grapes and all sorts of luxuries grow.

The Australian and his young companion joined me this morning, having, as I expected, been obliged to leave the gig with my goods and chattels at Peisley's. *Whiteface* had again fairly declined business in that line, so young D—— mounted him, and, with my son on his own horse, rode over to me. After spending a very agreeable day, Captain R—— drove me here in time for the mail, to which, in default of my own conveyance, I am obliged to have recourse to carry me to Sydney. I was much concerned at the hurried farewell I had taken of A—— on the public road, in the midst of our calamities at Peisley's; but such flogging, and hanging, and disagreeable work as we had gone through, put us all beside ourselves. Back again I was resolved not to go: forward I could not get; and, in the annoyances encircling us, I had to say adieu. But it is not in the power of place or circumstances to diminish the affection of parent and child, where justly and deeply rooted: and after all, perhaps, abrupt separations are the best.

15*th*.—I and young D—— left Bathurst in that most villanous of machines, the Sydney mail; and, after a terrible shaking, we at last reached his destination, B——, where we put him down. At the inn at the Water of Lett, a singular looking person joined us in the mail, and

wicker sofa.—For those who are sickly, the sofa is preferable. 8 sheets—narrow. 8 pair slips. 30 towels. 3 blankets, and a small *white cotton* quilt. 1 schoolboy's Scotch bonnet.

No plate of any kind should ever be taken to the bush; but a small canteen of Berlin metal, containing knife, fork, spoon, cups, plates, tea, sugar, and cream-pot, is useful and portable.

placed himself opposite to me. I thought I had seen him somewhere in Scotland; his appearance was completely Jewish. I got into conversation with him, and gave him great pleasure by telling him that I was from Scotland, whence, as I had guessed from his accent, he also came. He told me his name was Robinson, or Robertson, I forget which; that he came from Aberdeenshire, and was preaching the gospel *to the brethren* throughout the world. He seemed at least seventy years old, but was hale, and had a fine full keen grey eye, and a very reverend aspect. He was in Edinburgh, he said, a few years ago, and I have no doubt it was there I had seen him. His beard reached to his girdle. He said something about the *lost tribes*, but I could not discover his particular tenets. The brethren were few, he said, in Australia, but he had been refreshing them in Bathurst. He was a person of humble sphere of life, and left us at an ale-house, whose landlord, half-seas over, received him familiarly as an old acquaintance, yet as a person whom he was proud to have within his gates. He was not a Jew, nor a Calvinist, nor an Episcopalian: but as to what he *was*, he left me in utter ignorance. The poor old man seemed to look upon me as the last link with his country, and seemed unwilling to leave me, returning twice from the house to speak another word and have another shake of my hand; at last he said, feelingly, "If you should ever happen to see any one that asks you if you saw me, say the old man is alive, and is still preaching the truth to the brethren."

The roads again struck me as execrable, and the state of the bridges as disgraceful: eleven of them were broken down when I had passed them two months ago, and not one had been repaired; but the wild woods were teeming with loveliness, and every flower in beautiful bloom! The

fragrance of the bush in the morning, chiefly from the acacia's yellow blossom—for the *Australian native flowers have no scent*—was most delightful. The heat of the summer's sun caused the locusts to cease their detestable chirping, and everything looked gay and cheerful. From Penrith we crossed the country to Paramatta in time for the Sydney steam-boat; I had not seen this beautiful scenery before. The banks of the Paramatta salt water river are certainly extremely pretty: gentlemen's houses stud them all the way down throughout the eighteen miles; and every turn and bend of this arm of the sea presents a new and interesting landscape, with the water in front, and for a back ground the eternal forest. I do not know a finer piece of scenery of the kind than that of the river banks from the town of Paramatta to Sydney.

I know not how it was, but, thankful as I felt to escape from the ocean on first setting foot in this country, I was rejoiced to see the blue sea again; and the situation of Sydney in this new view of it from the west, confirmed my opinion of its being one of the finest, if not the finest, I have ever seen.

23rd.—Here I am once more in this capital of the colony. The heat is now most oppressive; it has given me an inflammation of the eye, and has rendered me half blind. This sort of attack is common amongst the colonists, and is the only ailment I have experienced since I reached these shores.

I am glad to find my baggage still here!—as it happens this is fortunate; but it is not the less illustrative of the torments and delays of this country. My Australian has also arrived with the rest of my goods, so that, in this respect, I am again ready for sea.

In going into my old quarters at Petty's, whom should

I meet but my energetic useful messmate in the Lady Kennaway. Like me, he has been wandering over the colony in search of runs and stock, and has settled in Manero. He deserves to prosper; and I shall ever recollect the debt we all owed him on that critical night of the storm, when, but for his energy, we might all have been lost.

I have to-day been inspecting the different vessels bound for England. The Henry Porcher is one of the finest and largest, and sails in February, and her passengers are some of them my own friends—my kind hospitable host at N——, Mr. D., and Mr. B. She goes round Cape Horn, a cold and uninteresting track, and touches nowhere on the *western* coast of America; but probably at Bahia, on the *eastern*. The charge for a cabin in this ship is high—£130. Another fine vessel, the William Jardine, commanded by my acquaintance Captain Crosby, sails in April: but this is too distant a date, and her cabins cost £150. There are cabins in both these vessels at £100; but they are very small and dark, which does not suit me: they are, however, both very desirable ships, and well commanded—the very first thing to be looked to in such a voyage. I cannot yet fix on which ship to go by, nor have I indeed finally determined against my originally intended route by Bombay, the Arabian Sea, the Red Sea, Egypt, the Mediterranean, and France. A very fine vessel bound to Bombay—the Marchioness of Bute—is in harbour; and my excellent medical friend, of the Lady Kennaway, is engaged to go as her surgeon. But future circumstances must determine me; and I must confess that either route has sufficient annoyances and privations attending it. I have now no son to be always by my side; but home is at the end of either route, and that thought gilds the darkness of the prospect.

By the Australian's advice I to-day took up my abode at a boarding-house in Castlereagh-street, kept by a Mrs. T., (and curiously enough I found this lady to be the widow of an old schoolfellow in Yorkshire,) leaving my very civil landlord, Mr. Petty, whose agreeable manners and obliging disposition, (even extending to his lending me his noble Arab, one of the finest horses in Sydney,) go far to make one forget his heavy bills.

Having learned that the governor was now in Sydney, I went to-day and paid my respects to his excellency. From what I had heard of Sir George Gipps, I expected to have found him a man not accustomed to use anything but the imperative mood, and that not in its mildest terms. I was mistaken, and very agreeably so. The present viceroy is evidently a *firm* man, but he is at the same time most polite, and can mould both his manner and his expression into the most agreeable guise. Nature has placed the stamp of intellect on his brow: his overhanging eyebrows are well marked, and he is of a good manly figure, which he skilfully aids by his dress, his blue stiff-necked frock becoming him extremely. His conversation was open and easy, and he seemed most anxious to oblige. He was sitting at his writing-table in his business room, employed possibly writing a reply to my Lord John Russell's and Sir Robert Peel's disapproval of his government, and a remonstrance against the injustice of their rebuke in the Commons of his wise and beneficial introduction of bounty labour into the colony on so large a scale.

There is, as I have said, one good room in this mansion; but Sir George does not seek to add to his personal importance by making it his hall of audience. He seems free from any affectation of the sort, and shook hands with me at parting in good old British fashion. Conversation much to my

amusement was carried on in the ante-room in *whispers*, as in higher places. The sec., sec.'s sec., and sec.'s sec.'s sec., all flitted noiselessly about, and talked in subdued voices, as if near the lion's den. Great politeness, however, is the characteristic of one and all in this establishment; and, though the governor's style of living is somewhat contracted, and hospitality is not his forte, I left the palace of Australia well satisfied with the courtesy of its inmates.

Sir George Gipps is a soldier of fortune, and has risen gradually to his present rank. He was a captain in the artillery or engineers, afterwards secretary to Lord Gosford in Canada, and three years ago was sent out here by the Whigs. He is respected by bond and free, unblemished and emancipist. He has no party, and studies to favour no party. Neither faction seem to consider him their friend; and perhaps this is the highest testimony to his unbiassed fairness in the exercise of the power delegated to him. He, however, I am sorry to say, is supposed to be inimical to the stockholder, and has some unfavourable notions regarding those who, by the energy of their character and their daring, have extended the civilised portion of the colony, and penetrated into hitherto unoccupied regions to the north and west. In this country such a spirit ought to be fostered, and every protection should be extended to those who thus directly and indirectly benefit the colony. His ideas, also, respecting the sale (upset) price of government lands are, I humbly conceive, erroneous; but, from Sir George's character, it is to be inferred that his dictum will be something of the description of the law of the Medes and Persians, which "altereth not." In one way, however, he has beyond all doubt been the greatest benefactor to the colony in general, and to the stockholders more particularly, that ever held the reins

of government, (Sir Thomas M. Brisbane not excepted, whose name is still justly reverenced in Australia;) and that is, by the introduction of emigrants by bounty, on a very extended scale: and although the amount of colonial liabilities in consequence is large, and temporarily embarrassing, in the sequel it will be found to have been a most statesmanlike and wholesome measure. Indeed, now that the colony has ceased to be a penal settlement, and that the assignment system is done away, unless that system be again resumed under improved rules, and unless labour is introduced either by that or some other channel, I am confident that the sun of Australia's prosperity has gone down. Australia is prohibited from importing from India such labour as could be procured thence, (Coolie labour,) which it is considered would be well suited to this country. With a population of only 130,000, it is impossible that she can furnish an adequate number of hands, even for her public works, roads, &c., much less for the daily increasing demand throughout every part of the colony for shepherds, mechanics, and labourers of every kind. In this point the colony is greatly indebted to the present governor; and scarcely less so for his having opposed, and even acted contrary to, the imperative order from Lord John Russell, as to the dismemberment of the colony.

It is supposed that Sir George Gipps's reign is nearly over, and that he will either be recalled, or will voluntarily vacate his office. I do not believe him a likely person, conceiving his measures to be right, to do the latter: the former may happen from the change of ministry; but one better suited for the government of this anomalous country will not easily be found; and whenever he does retire, his departure from these shores, unless I very greatly mistake the feeling of the public mind with regard to his abilities and intentions, will be a source of general regret.

25th.—This is the fifty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the colony of New South Wales. It is kept as a holiday; the shops are shut, and all Sydney is agog. A regatta, feasting, firing of guns, and other noisy symptoms of rejoicing, mark this national festival. The boat-races were good: thousands of people in their best attire crowded every part of the shores, the gardens, and rocks around; most romantic-looking parties were dining *al fresco* in the recesses of the rocks, in alcoves, and amidst the bushes; and several of the Sydney tribe of natives were mingled with the crowd, full of wonder at the strange doings. They are decidedly the ugliest blacks I have yet seen. The waters were covered with hundreds of boats of all descriptions, and filled with people of every class; and steamers, covered with gay flags, dashed up and down the beautiful Paramatta River. The sun shone brightly; the day was every way propitious; and it was altogether a truly gay and pleasing scene. The governor, with some of the officials, were at Daw's Battery, under an awning. He looked extremely well, and governor-like, and a salute of twenty-one guns announced his arrival.

But, alas! these regattas and boat-races too often end in loss of life, and suddenly change rejoicings into mourning. I was walking among the mass, a stranger among strangers, when I heard a cry that a boat was upset, and my eye just caught the spot in the Cove where a boat with all its sails set was going down. I then saw eight heads floating above the water. I thought (as did all near me) that five disappeared before any assistance reached them; and when a boat did approach the spot, there was a wild screech—one of the survivors was run down. I saw only two picked up. The boats which had crowded to the spot quickly returned to the shore, and the placid surface of the water bore no trace of the dreadful accident. I had

not gone many yards, when I heard a fresh cry of horror from the other battery at the point of the domain, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the opposite side of the Gardens Bay. One of the racing-boats had capsized, and it was said all went down; but, of the truth of this I cannot speak with certainty: the other fatal accident I saw. I was anxious to learn next morning from the newspapers the real state of the matter; when, to my amazement, they merely announced the catastrophe in the following words:—"We had almost forgot to mention a circumstance that occurred in the Cove: a vessel with a sail was suddenly caught by a gust of wind, when several persons were thrown into the water, but all escaped with a ducking." I was very much surprised at this statement, but I understand that such untoward accidents are systematically concealed here.

26th.—I had the pleasure of dining yesterday at a Mr. C——'s, son of a judge in I——, and nephew of one of the Scotch judges, who in my early days was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the bar, and one of the first founders of the "Edinburgh Review." With the exception of one New Zealander, we were a party of Scotchmen: Mr. C——, who originated the mail betwixt Damascus and Aleppo; Mr. T——, son of one well known and highly respected in the Scottish capital; and Mr. B——, nephew of the cleverest peer in England. In short, to use a phrase of former days, we were all from the *right* side of the Tweed, and, for a few fleeting hours, felt as if we were once more in the "Land o' Cakes."

The decision as to the line of return home from this far country, is a serious consideration,—whether it be best to encounter the rigid cold of Cape Horn, or the fires of an Indian sun,—the plague in Egypt, and quarantine at

Malta. My newly-arrived Edinburgh friend, Mr. R——, gave me a book written by his relative, Dr. Cummings, regarding the Indian and Egyptian route. The many discomforts which he enumerates do not invite one very strongly to adopt that line; not the least of these is one's being liable to a repetition of one of the seven plagues in a disgusting form. But this, I believe, will be, after all, mine: it has, certainly, more drawbacks, but also more inducements to me than the other. My hospitable friend from N—— presses me to go by the Porcher with him; my medical friend is as urgent that I should go with him in the Lady Bute; but I fear business will detain me here too long for either the one or the other.

I went to-day to the Episcopal church of St. James, in expectation of hearing the bishop preach; but I was disappointed. The congregation was large; but the part of it most striking to a stranger was the gallery for the convicts, who occupy one entire side of it. Some of them were very attentive; but many, as might be expected, seemed as if they "cared for none of these things." They were dressed in serkin frocks, and had a sad appearance. The body of the church was filled with the knights and officials, the judges, and other magnates of New South Wales. The monuments are not numerous, but some of them are very neat: one to the celebrated Dr. Wardell, formerly a leading barrister here, is in good taste; its Latin inscription relates his unhappy end. He was the uncle of one of the best men living, and I felt an interest in his tomb and his story. There is still an immense deal of genuflexion and bodily adoration in the English service in Australia—more, I think, than there is at home. The organ has its charms, however, and I was delighted to hear "the Martyrs," that song of the Covenant, although

its pealing accompaniment would have horrified those rigid purifiers of the temple.

By letters to-day from my son at Connobolas, I learn that the evils of the bush are displaying themselves there in a new and alarming shape. The country around him has been enveloped in fire for miles on all sides, and at one time threatened his paddocks, stockyards, and house with destruction. The whole mountains are scorched and red, and the grass much injured. My kind friend at Boree came up to see if he could be of assistance to them; but I am thankful to say that the danger had been warded off from the house by clearing a space in advance of the flames, setting it on fire, and after it had blazed for a time, brushing it out with stable brooms. When James found that he and the men could do no more, he turned to his master and said, "'Deed, sir, this is waur than the rough sea at the warst o't: oo maun just lippin to Providence." In short, every corner of this country seems to have its visitation. It is a trying commencement for my young bushman; but he writes to me like a man that is resolved to bear up against all difficulties.

31*st January*.—I this day read in Sydney the London newspaper, the Sun, of the 24th October,—this is an amazingly quick transit,—and by the same vessel a mail and despatches of the greatest interest and consequence to this colony have been brought. One of the chief obstacles to Moreton Bay, Portland Bay, and other desirable localities being thrown open to the public for purchase, has been the order of the home government, that they shall all be exposed at the fixed price, per acre, of twenty shillings; whereas the colonial government considered that, at such a price, great loss would be sustained to the treasury, as the lands were not all of equal value, nor equally

desirable, and that by public sale and open competition the real value of the land would be ascertained, and a much larger revenue derived. In the Sydney district, the upset price was raised from five to twelve shillings; but then it was open to any one, as at a common auction, to give more, and get the allotment they might wish; but still twelve shillings is much too high as an upset price, and frightens purchasers away; and the result has been, that ever since that rule was acted upon, the land revenue has wofully decreased: still there is comparative fairness in the mode.

These recent despatches have proved that a change has taken place in the views of the colonial commissioners at home, and that Sir G. Gipps acted with wisdom in not obeying the former directions. Moreton Bay and the northern districts are to form part of the colony of New South Wales, and are no longer to be penal settlements. Land there is to be sold by public competition, and not at the uniform price of twenty shillings per acre; and the upset price is to be left to the discretion of the executive.*

* Since the foregoing was written, the *minimum* price of land has been raised from twelve to twenty shillings per acre. It is quite possible that, looking with a statesman's eye to the *distant* interests of the colony, a high rate of purchase money, per acre, may be advantageous; but, in the present state of affairs, I very much fear that few or no sales can be expected at that rate; and seeing that the great wants of the country—revenue and emigration—are most urgent and immediate, the present generation naturally view matters with reference to their own actual existence, and consider it more for the interest also of those who are to succeed them, that legislation should be for the *present* rather than the *future*. Should I be correct in my anticipation (and I shall be thankful to be in error), the land fund can no longer be calculated upon as a source of revenue, at least for a time. Emigration, consequently, must be stopt; and, unless a loan is had recourse to, wherewith to introduce sufficient labour (Coolié or any other), the colony must be seriously affected. A loan is not only advisable, but it is just. It will remedy present evils, and part of its burthen will be thrown upon future years, when the children of those it will now introduce into

The separation of Port Philip from Australia Proper is suspended. The Port Philip land fund is to be kept separate, and the proceeds to be applied for the benefit of that district. Land bought in at the upset price is to be open to selection at that price, until again offered or advertised for sale. The governor and executive council are to have the power of altering and modifying the land regulations, including even the reduction of the minimum or upset price, if considered necessary; but their alterations are not to be considered final until approved by the government at home.

The right of pre-emption to squatters, which is of the very greatest importance to the interests of the colony, had been under the consideration of the commissioners, but nothing definite has been determined upon; it is expected that this will be left to the executive council. The last point, which is, perhaps, the only part of the change of which the advantage can be questioned, is, that the funds from the sales of land at Moreton Bay and the north are to go to the general purposes of the government, and not exclusively to the amelioration or the advancement of its own district: if the principle upon which the Port Philip land fund is reserved for the benefit of that district be a sound one, it should always be acted upon. Melbourne, it may be said, is a large town, and Port Philip a settled district, and that, therefore, the cases are not analogous. But Melbourne is a town of only six or seven years' standing, and Brisbane Town, or one nearer the sea, may, and in all probability will, have the same career; and it is difficult to see why two places, which are nearly

the country will repay the then colonists for *their* share of the debt, by *their* labour. Of Coolie labour, and labour generally, I shall say more hereafter.

equidistant from Sydney, should not be similarly cherished and treated.

This right of pre-emption, which is "*not decided upon,*" is one of the most important points the commissioners had to consider, both as regards the revenue and the justice due to the settler. It involves the subject of an equivalent being received by a settler for his improvements, or "meliorations," as we say in Scotland; and the system may and will work, in a most important degree, for the advantage or disadvantage of that class. I know of several stations where large sums have been expended in enclosing paddocks, and in buildings, in districts beyond the boundaries, where the possibility of the stations being bought or sold was never even mooted, and never entered into the thoughts of the enterprising settler; and even lately, on a simple annual licence to depasture, individuals have laid out considerable funds in all parts of the colony, under the conviction that Government would never avail itself of the capital of the industrious subject, in so underhand a manner; having tacitly allowed him to expend his funds on the improvement of a station, which it intended afterwards to seize and sell, without *either giving him some equivalent,* or allowing him the *privilege of pre-emption.*

It has hitherto been unknown that any settler establishing himself under Government licence, has ever been removed or disturbed in the station and runs selected by him, except in cases of public delinquency. It was looked upon, in fact, as a renewable lease, so long as the licence was paid for. The rapid prosperity and advancement of the colony are beyond all question to be traced to its production of wool; and it would, therefore, be a political as well as social injustice, were the stockholders to suffer

for the good their capital and exertions have effected. They, however, pretend to no right of *property*—no right even of preference, except upon the ground of their having expended money upon the land.

The circumstances of the colony are altering every day, and what might be deemed expedient in its infant state, may, in its more advanced condition, be altogether unnecessary and improper. But, in the present circumstances of New South Wales, it would be a dangerous experiment indeed to tamper with the general feeling of confidence in the Government; and, without giving them any warning, to have induced emigrants or settlers to expend their funds, and then appropriate their improvements for the *behoof of the treasury*. The stockholder is compelled to erect buildings: without them he cannot produce the staple of the country. Every means has been and is still employed to tempt the youths of Britain to these shores; and the Government, since the days of Sir Thomas Brisbane, has wisely seconded such means—first, by grants to small settlers—next, by the sale of land at an upset price of five shillings per acre—and latterly, by the permission to settle in eligible situations *beyond the boundaries*. The very words "beyond the boundaries" show the cruelty and injustice of anything short of the right of pre-emption, under suitable regulations of course—or repayment at the valuation of a third party for improvements of a permanent nature, made under the apparent sanction of the colonial government. If this right is denied, the result is easily foretold. No settler can or will erect a single slab, and the amount of the export of the colony must decrease, the tide of emigration must cease, and capital will be turned away from Australia. But, on the other hand, if settlers are assured that they will either have the full

value of what *they create in the wilderness*, (indirectly for the good of the community, as well as directly for their own,) by a fair valuation, or be able to purchase the land, one cannot imagine any greater inducement to the full development of the resources of the country, or one so well calculated to promote further emigration, and a steady flow of capital to the colony. As a matter, therefore, of *colonial interest*, as well as justice, one or both of these boons ought to be conceded, and that without delay. The individual justice and interest of the case, as far as individuals are concerned, admit of no question.*

The assessment of 1840 for cattle and sheep throughout the colony, was levied upon 371,699 head of cattle, and

* The system of a £10 licence is in many respects capable of improvement; it is extremely troublesome to the stockholder, and it lacks security. Were the affairs of the colony in a more prosperous state, and the settler to obtain a remunerating price for his wool, so as to be able to pay a moderate rent, a lease on fair terms would be better both for Government and the stockholder than the annual licence, as it would give a certainty of possession, say for 15 or 20 years, whereby he would be induced to build, improve, and reside; and if to this were added the right of pre-emption at the expiration of the lease, I think it would create a new era in Australia. The stockholder would look to it more as a home; population, improvements, and order would spring up in the bush, and I am persuaded a greater revenue would accrue to the Government. At present, however, I doubt exceedingly if one in ten of the bushmen could afford anything in the shape of rent beyond the licence. There was a whisper in the colony of some intention on the part of the Government to propose some farther taxes upon the already struggling stockholder. There are few in New South Wales that would not lament such a step. Directly or indirectly, almost every one in the colony is linked with the wool-grower. His produce—the staple of the country—scarcely enables him to keep his head above water: and, were additional taxes extorted, I do not hesitate to say that the colony must suffer through all its classes, and ruin be brought upon many. The system of licence, however, must exist till better times; and, when once granted, it ought not to be withdrawn by Government, except for default of payment of the annual £10, or public misconduct *proved before a jury*. Should something of this kind not be conceded, and a legislative assembly ever be established, it will be a curious anomaly to see among its members, tenants in crown lands *removeable at will!*

1,334,593 sheep; the number of horses assessed was 7,088. Surely such an amount of capital is deserving of consideration. The export of wool from Australia for that year was 7,668,960 lbs. Is such an immense item in the commerce of Britain, not to mention the employment afforded to her shipping, to be rashly endangered by any temporary colonial embarrassment? I say *endangered*, because the mere uncertainty of what course Government will pursue is extremely dangerous and injurious to the colony, retarding emigration and preventing investment.

Four hundred thousand tons of shipping yearly load at its wharfs, employing twenty thousand seamen. Let the fostering hand of encouragement be withdrawn from the *woolgrowers*, and one thousand tons of shipping will suffice for Australian exports.

February 2nd.—As I find I shall be detained longer in this country than I expected, I have resolved to visit some of the districts which I hear spoken of as best worth the notice of the stranger, and also to accept an invitation from a Mr. B., with whom I became acquainted at Petty's, to visit him at his residence, which I learn stands in one of the most fertile and best cultivated parts of the colony. I wished also to see a young friend whose abode I had long sought, and had only lately discovered to be in his neighbourhood—at Windsor, on the river Hawkesbury. I accordingly left Sydney this morning for Paramatta, by steam-boat. We passed the island on which the convicts are kept, at least a part of them—Cockattoo Island, where the Government siloes are—the salt works of a Mr. Blaxland—and, near to the town of Paramatta, the hospital, and workhouse for female convicts; and I am now once more staying at my former inn, the Brown Cow, in this pretty straggling village town.

When last I was here, one interesting scene escaped my notice—its burial ground; it is the only thing of the kind I have seen, except at Liverpool and Glasgow, where similar very admirable cemeteries have been made, and are kept with extreme neatness; but there is a wildness and suitable loneliness about this, that neither of these possess. It is out of the town, and altogether in the bush, about half a mile from the church. It is in fact a space cut out of the forest, and enclosed by paling. Pathways are cut in serpentine lines through the low bushes and trees, among which, scattered here and there, are the graves with their white wooden enclosures. The tomb is here deprived of half its ordinary gloom, and one *can* scarcely imagine a more peaceful resting-place.

A short way from this place I saw an aloe in splendid bloom, the stem of which was twelve or thirteen feet high: it was covered with about forty flowers of a yellow colour, and in shape like a dish; it is not the kind of aloe which is said to flower only once in a century, but a species that blooms every seventh year. At seven I left Paramatta by coach for Windsor, which place I reached by eleven at night. These coaches are well managed: no fees are expected by guards or drivers; all charges are, as they always ought to be, included in the fare, so that one has no further trouble, nor is there the risk of losing cash in the dark! Though the roads are certainly very bad, we whirled along at a wonderfully rapid pace; this was the first close coach I have been in since I came to Australia. Windsor is situated in the county of Cumberland: it is a comfortable town, and antique-looking for its years; and though it does not possess the noble site of its royal namesake on the placid waters of the Thames, it stands very beautifully upon a rise above the Hawkesbury

—a broader and nobler river far than the Thames, anywhere above Westminster-bridge. The Hawkesbury here, at the distance of forty miles from the ocean, is navigable for vessels of above one hundred tons burden; two of that tonnage lay below the town this morning. The water of this river is considered by the inhabitants as peculiarly wholesome; and they say that, unlike any other water, it may be drank with impunity when the frame is heated. The village of Richmond, a few miles further on, is equally worthy its name; and certainly this district altogether is the best I have yet seen in New South Wales, and only needs a few hedges and the removal of the dead trees scattered through the fields to make it resemble closely the country around England's imperial seat.

The churches in both these places are excellent; those of the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians vie in neatness with the more aspiring structure of the Episcopalians. I happened unfortunately to set out for the house of Mr. B., of B., on a pony belonging to my Scotch friend in Windsor, and on reaching the ferry, I found the punt in ruins. As venturing across would have been a decided case of swimming for my life, I was compelled, to my great disappointment, to retrace my steps, and was deprived not only of the pleasure I had promised myself, of seeing this prettily situated place and its fine gardens, but, what I regretted much more, of improving my acquaintance with its agreeable owner. I saw the house on the brow of the hill, standing proudly above the Hawkesbury; behind it lay the district of the Curragong, one of the most fertile tracts in Australia, bounded in the distance by the Blue mountains and the gorge, through which the river Grose winds its way, amid the most romantic and beautiful scenery, to the river Hawkesbury.

There was one cottage in Windsor for which I broke the decalogue; it was the very *beau idéal* of a cottage. Its extreme neatness; its shape and size; the creepers on its walls; its pomegranates, rich in flower and fruit; its figs; its cages full of birds; the scent of its roses; the perfect loveliness of its retired situation; left nothing for the imagination to wish. In the levels around Richmond, I saw the first real agriculture I have met with in the colony. Ploughs with two horses, instead of half a score of bullocks, and ridges manured for wheat as in Old England; the rich, deep black soil(the result, I doubt not, of the inundations of the Hawkesbury which encircles the greater part of it) reminded me of the best land to be seen at home.

Mr. and Mrs. M——, of C——, had shown great kindness to my eldest son on his first landing in this country. I had always intended acknowledging my obligation to them in this respect; and as I was now, perhaps for the last time, fairly on the highways of Australia, I resolved to extend my journey to C——, before returning to Sydney. On inquiry I found, however, that I must return again to Paramatta, and thence take the coach to Campbeltown, in the county of Camden, and within a short distance of C——, but lying in an opposite direction to this place, although within a few miles of the same river Hawkesbury, which in its long course winds through an immense extent of country, and at C—— assumes the name of the Cow-pasture River.

The road to C——— crosses Cook's River by a very handsome stone bridge. I rejoiced to see this indication of improvement in the great thoroughfares of the country. Alas! how mistaken was I; for from that very moment the roads became intolerable,—the worst I had seen, that to Bathurst always excepted. The country on either side

was quite bush, as usual, till we came near the town of Liverpool, where there is cleared ground. The town, though small and mean, is adorned by a very handsome hospital erected by Government. There are several inns here; the one at which we changed horses seemed of the very lowest order; and the language that issued from an old beldame in the tap was quite in keeping with the *character* of the establishment. Betwixt this place and Campbeltown, the country improves very much; and at the latter town, and all around it, becomes quite *British*, containing farms of large extent, and fine cleared fields, good farm-buildings, and rich lands; while the town itself, lying in a bottom, looks extremely well in the distance. As usual, however, the "distance lends enchantment to the view;" for, on our nearer approach, it proved to be but an insignificant place; and, were it not for its numerous grog-shops, would be scarcely a town at all. They are "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," pouring vice and iniquity over the country around and the poor corrupted hamlet. One really wonders how the population can be sufficient to support these wretched dens of evil, and yet their doors are crowded day and night. The want of the usual attractions of a home, a wife and family, and the absence of everything like English domestic fire-side comforts, I have no doubt drive many to the gin-shop. Unfortunately, public opinion is here in favour of drink, and has been ever since the foundation of the colony; and the largest fortunes in it have been founded upon a rum-cask. But one would expect that among the wealthier classes there would be sufficient good sense and interest in the welfare of their successors, to induce them to endeavour to change the character of the population. And why those lately arrived in this country, who have settled in the

more populous districts, and have been put in the commission of the peace, tolerate such an incubus and nuisance, is to me altogether incomprehensible.

From a conspicuous altitude, on an adjoining hill, the Roman Catholic Church frowns over this devoted little place. The population is mostly of that faith. Indeed, throughout my wanderings in New South Wales, I have observed that the lower classes are chiefly Irish; and at times the traveller would imagine that he was passing through Tipperary, or bonny Kilkenny, so rich and so universal is the brogue. This preponderance of Irish has, I believe, arisen not only from the Irish convicts being generally sent to this colony, while most of the English and Scotch were banished to Van Diemen's Land, but also from the system that has lately been pursued as to immigration; whereby the poorest, most useless, and most dissolute part of the population from the southern counties of the Emerald Isle, have been exported hither, more as articles of commerce than with a view to the benefit of this country: and though the Protestant population still greatly predominates, much discord and strife are, I fear, already sown in this colony for future years, the fruits of which will be reaped abundantly, should a representative government ever be adopted.

6th.—I have passed a most delightful day at C——; a more agreeable English-looking place I have not seen. The house, the park, the water, the gardens, the style of everything and of every person, master and servants, resembled so much what one meets with in the old country, that I could scarcely believe myself sixteen thousand miles from it. Mr. M—— is well informed, and gentlemanlike, and I have never before found myself so completely at home on so short an acquaintance. His obliging kindness and

attention in showing me his domain, his vineyards, wine-house, the view of the place, and surrounding scenery, the church, his horses, and cellars, I shall not soon forget; nor the regret with which I parted from him. The house is handsome; the drawing-room is a particularly fine room, and furnished quite in English fashion; and books of all descriptions, reviews foreign and colonial, prints, &c., cover its tables. The lady of the house was kindness and politeness itself. Everything here is carried on in a scale suitable to the large possessions of the family. There are 25,000 acres attached to the place in the celebrated Cow pastures; which, by the bye, are not the extended plains I had expected to find, but they are rich and well cultivated.

Ten acres of the most beautiful vineyard imaginable, containing many different varieties of grapes, lay at a short distance from the house, and are managed by a colony of vinedressers from the Rhine. This year ten thousand gallons of wine are expected from it, and next year a much larger quantity, which, at four shillings per gallon, would form a handsome item in the income of this wealthy colonist. The expense, however, is great, and a considerable outlay is incurred before there is any return. The wine-house itself costs twelve hundred pounds, and is a most perfect construction. Altogether the expenditure is such, that much competition on an equally extended scale, is not to be apprehended. No one in New South Wales has studied the subject more minutely than Mr. M——. In his early years he accompanied his father to Europe, and travelled through the vineyards of France and Germany, for the purpose of acquiring information as to the best varieties of wine grapes, the mode of treatment, and suitable soils. I have little doubt but that Australia will one day owe to this gentleman the development of its

as yet comparatively untried capabilities and resources, in the production and exportation of Australian wine. Grapes grow well in all the parts of this colony that I have seen, and are common at the cottage-door, as peaches also are by the roadside. I must, however, confess in passing, that except at C——, I have nowhere in this country tasted a peach equal in flavour to those of England, nor such as I should consider thoroughly ripe, the generality of them being of a sort that even when apparently ripe, still adheres to the stone. With grapes, however, it is different; they are as fine as in any country in the world; and the wine I tasted here, which was two years old, and made from the Madeira grape, was equal, except perhaps in strength, to any Madeira I have ever drank in England. There are other gentlemen in the colony who are vine-growers to a considerable extent. I allude to Mr. R——, Mr. P——, and Sir J. J——; but not on the same large scale as Mr. M——. His father was the first person who introduced the merino into Australia, and is therefore entitled to be considered the father of the colony; and I have no doubt the son will ere long be acknowledged as the author of another source of its wealth.

I am satisfied, from many reasons, that this continent was not designed ever to be a great agricultural country, being essentially a pastoral land; and the same circumstances fit it, I conceive, for a wine country. Drought and dry seasons are beneficial to the grape, and the best vintages in Europe have always been in dry years. An irregular supply of moisture unfits it for an agricultural, but not for a wine country. The climate is everything that could be desired for the proper growth of the vine; and I entertain no doubt that ere many years are over, it will be a source of great revenue to the colony.

Mr. M——is a benefactor to this district in other respects. He is a principal contributor to the erection of a remarkably handsome church at the little village of C——, within a mile or two of his house. He gave the ground, and has in other ways contributed largely towards this desirable object. A finer site for such a building could not have been selected. Standing as it does on the summit of a considerable knoll, its very fine spire is seen from a great distance. The interior, also, is extremely handsome. The groined wooden arches in the roof remind the beholder of Westminster Hall or the Parliament House in Edinburgh. An inn, a court-room, a post-office, and a few scattered wooden houses, form the nucleus of some future town, and the evidences of wealth are to be found everywhere. At a short distance from this place, a bridge crosses the Cow-pasture River—so called from the district of the cow pastures, which derived its name from large herds of cattle having been found there, that had sprung from three runaway cattle, which escaped shortly after the colony was founded. The bridge is of wood, and very substantial and neat, and so strongly and compactly built, that the floods, although often rising many feet above it, have not in any degree displaced or shaken it. The Nepean, Hawkesbury, or Cowpasture River—for by these names is it known at different points of its course—is here a goodly stream still, and runs in a romantic glen; on its banks we saw seven or eight wool-drays, with their fine teams of bullocks,—on their way to Sydney. I had no idea that there was so *fine* or *extensive a place* in New South Wales until I saw C——. I had often heard of it, but what is not usually the case, it greatly surpassed my expectations. Its roads, however, even within the park, are Australian; and the universal tree is the Eucalyptus.

When seen at a distance from another path which leads by a ford to Campbeltown, and which I took on my return, the great length of the buildings which constitute the mansion causes it to look like a little town. The hall, the coach-houses, kitchens, stables, and other appendages, are all in a line, and form a wing to the house—*a lane with a tank beneath* running betwixt them like a street. The water is collected on the roof, and is conveyed down to this tank, whence it is pumped up, pure, cool, and sweet. The front is not highly adorned, but is massive-looking and handsome, with a broad projecting roof, which is shingled. Mr. M—— had a valuable Gohanna mare sent to him from the banks of the Tweed. It would have been a welcome sight to me, but he told me it was not on the premises. I, however, saw her son, called Priam, a rich bay with black points—an honour to the old borders. The stackyard, half a mile from the house, and on the spot where the old house stood, is the largest I have seen *out* of Scotland; it is quite Scotch in all its details, with a neat thatch of grass and large stacks on pillars. Such mountains of hay I do not remember ever to have seen before; they were of oats and of lucerne and oats mixed. Thousands of stones, at ten pound per ton. The whole agricultural department is under the surveillance of a Mr. Bogue, from Northumberland, and does him great credit.

As the possessions of this family have been often alluded to in Parliament, and are amongst the largest, if they are not the very largest, in the colony, I shall give a short account of the Messrs. M. and their extensive acquisitions. Mr. M.'s father, Mr. J. M., was originally from Argyleshire, but Mr. M. jun. was born, I believe, in Paramatta. When the New South Wales corps (afterwards the 102d regiment) was raised for colonial service, Mr. J. M.

held a commission in the regiment, and came to this colony with it in 1791. He was successively Captain and Paymaster of the regiment; but in 1806 left the service, and became a storekeeper in Sydney, in the governorship of Captain, afterwards Admiral Bligh. This gentleman's history is much mixed up with public acts, and the different parties view his conduct according to their particular opinions. I shall not enter into that subject: but shall merely state, that after prosecutions and trials, and many extraordinary scenes, Mr. M. was appointed Colonial Secretary, under the assumed government of Major J., of this same New South Wales regiment, who was soon afterwards tried and cashiered.

The officers of this corps did not confine themselves to military affairs, but were permitted to deal in various articles, the principal of which was rum; they also became breeders of stock. Mr. M., in 1803, returned to England, and presented an address to the then Secretary for the colonies, Lord Hobart, representing the peculiar fitness of New South Wales for the growth of wool. He took with him some samples of wool from sheep in the colony, originally sent from Holland to the Cape, and taken thence to Port Jackson; these sheep were of the Spanish breed, and the fleece was considered excellent. In 1797 Mr. M. procured three rams from the flocks of George III., at Windsor, and from these and thirty ewes previously purchased in 1793 out of a ship from India, and eight or ten Spanish and Irish sheep, have arisen the million and upwards of sheep that now cover the hills and plains of Australia. This is the part of Mr. M.'s career that is of most interest to the public; by this step he became a benefactor to his country and the colony, to an extent that *may* be incalculable. In 1791 Mr. J. M. got his first

grant of land, 100 acres; his next was also 100; next, from Lord Camden, 5,000; next was 700 acres to his excellent wife, from Governor Macquarie. From Earl Bathurst the sons got 5,000 acres: and from Governor Macquarie 2,300 acres,—in all, their grants have amounted to 18,000 acres; and they have acquired by purchase 32,000 acres more, at an average cost of 7*s.* 6*d.*, the highest price paid being 18*s.* In all, the landed property obtained by grant and purchase by Mr. J. M. and his sons, now of C——, amounts to 50,000 acres!! Mr. M. never keeps above 25,000 sheep, in consequence of the great expense and difficulty of managing a larger number. He has 700 acres under the plough. Mr. J. M. purchased, *in* 1800, sixty acres of land in the township of Sydney for £25, which in 1836 were valued, according to the Government land price, at £1,000 an acre!

Everything has now fallen in price, and it is difficult to estimate the present value of this immense property; but in the golden times I have not a doubt most of the land in the Cow-pastures would have averaged above 20*s.* an acre: and I am greatly below the truth when I say that the whole, including town-lands, would have amounted, with 25,000 sheep, to from £150,000 to £200,000. Far-sighted speculation and industry in the father, added to their own great energy and talents, have placed his sons in an enviable position in the country of their adoption, and laid the foundation of the chief source of revenue of this great and important colony.

All the country I saw during this journey was in great want of rain, and the heat by day was excessive: still, in spite of most precipitous roads,—particularly the one up the hill into the Cow-pastures, from Campbeltown,—and whirlwinds of flying dust, I have accomplished my expedi-

tion most comfortably; and after going over about one hundred and twenty miles of certainly the best part of the country that I have seen, I found myself once more in Sydney. It is in a great measure this dryness of the air with the consequent great evaporation that causes the failures of crops, and makes the pastures one sees by the roadsides and everywhere so withered up, although they are at the same time so nutritious; and its effect upon the human frame is similar. Notwithstanding the peculiarities of the climate, its scorching heats and its night chills, the people are remarkably healthy, and invalids come from India in search of health in its dry and salubrious atmosphere.

8th.—I thought I had experienced the utmost extremity of Australian heat on the 14th December, but I was mistaken; this is the most insupportably burning day I ever endured. Not only is the sun scorching, but the very air is like the blast of a furnace: when you expose your face, or spread out your hand, it feels exactly as if you were holding it in front of a fierce fire. A miserable white hen stands with wings expanded below my window, endeavouring to catch every breath of air, gasping with its beak wide open, and its throat alternately expanding and collapsing. It is said that in New England a great number of birds have lately dropt from the trees, dead! and that the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade! Hot winds and gales of dust I shall ever recollect as characteristics of Australia; at six this evening the mercury stood at 95° in the shade. At the flag-staff station at the South Head, it was registered in the shade at noon at 101°, and in the sun at 117°. This is by far the greatest degree of heat I have experienced since I landed, and it is most oppressive; yet I have been walking about throughout the day without feeling any ill effects from it.

CHAPTER IX.

AUSTRALIA.

Emigration—Free emigration—Emigration by bounty—Ill success of the lower classes of Irish colonists—Emigrant vessels—Statistics of New South Wales—Scarcity of females—Exhortation to emigrate—Cooley labour—Transportation—Sketch of the rise of the colony—Australia no longer a penal settlement—The assignment system—Its abuses and advantages—System of Captain Macconochie at Norfolk Island—Its success doubtful—The gardens at Sydney—The Australian Club—Fish at Sydney—The William Sharples—Departure of my son for the bush—Sailor's funeral—Rain—The storekeepers—Their sharp practice—The Australian Club—Its advantages—Its disadvantages to young colonists—The barracks—Municipal Government—Present state of the city—Stores for the bush—Corner inlet—Australian varnish—Water in Sydney—Political meeting—Its abrupt adjournment—The Rev. Mr. Cowper—Major "the king of Macquarie"—The Bishop of Australia—Exotics—The botanical show—Heavy rains—Route by India determined upon.

February 9.—EMIGRATION is a subject of such prodigious importance to this country, that I enter upon it with great diffidence. Although it is one not new to the public mind at home, it is, comparatively speaking, one of so little personal consequence to the great mass of the community there, that it is not investigated with that interest which is calculated to produce clear and practical views. Here, on the contrary, it is an all-engrossing subject; and it is quite evident that the future fate of the colony depends on the system adopted to promote and regulate it.

Emigration is of two kinds—free, and by bounty. The first class comprises those who, possessed of capital, or acquainted with some trade, hope to improve their situation, and come here at their own expense; the second, those who, availing themselves of the offer of the Government to be carried out without expense, leave their country without any intention of ever returning to it. The former class embraces persons of various descriptions of rank, funds, professions, and trades; the latter, generally speaking, are of the poorest class, including a small proportion of persons whose economy induces them to assume the position of their poorer brethren, in order to save the expense of the voyage, but who have some little money, and perhaps some slight acquaintance with farming or some mechanical art.

Of the earlier history of emigration it is not my purpose to speak; I shall confine my remarks regarding it to recent times; the present and the future are more material; the past is only useful as throwing light upon what is to follow. The present state of the barracks for immigrants in Sydney is, in some degree, a commentary on the system of immigration pursued of late; there are five hundred and sixteen Irish, one hundred and sixty-four English, and thirty-five Scotch immigrants, living unengaged at this moment in tents at this place of refuge. Ireland, from the poverty of its lower classes, readily suggested itself to the wholesale agents for the exportation of human beings, as the most promising field from which to obtain lading for their ships and bounty for their pockets. Ambulatory decoy-ducks were employed to traverse its southern (the Roman Catholic) counties, and speechify the unfortunate and discontented into delusive hopes of a better world at the Antipodes.

The Irish are hard-working men at any fixed and certain labour; they can live at home on simple and scanty fare, but on reaching the shores of this country their character changes; they are found to be indolent at their tasks, and troublesome and discontented as to their food. Their families are generally numerous; and the result is, that they find, when too late, that their labour is not in demand. From what I learnt from several families in these tents, it is evident that the Irish are neither liked in the bush, nor inclined to make themselves of value; and it is a fact that there are many now there that have been *five months* on the government allowance of beef and flour, and prefer living in idleness on that, to taking such wages as were offered them. One would have expected a different state of things, and that they would be thankful to get a home and employment. Some arrangement is evidently required to combat this injurious sloth; instead of the charity being extended for such a lengthened period, they ought, after moderate wages *have been refused by them*, to receive that support no longer.

In many respects the Irish are unsuited to a pastoral life; they do not in general make good shepherds; their wives are seldom contented with the bush life, and the expense of removing their families is a great objection to their being employed there. Were the young unmarried men and young women of character to cross the sea, they would, however, as labourers and servants, be eagerly sought after; and it is to be hoped that such, in future, will be the persons chosen.

There has been great remissness in the appointment of proper medical men to accompany the emigrants out; they are mostly young Irish students, who know nothing of the complaints engendered by a tropical heat in the

crowded cabins of an emigrant ship. It would be in no way derogatory to our naval surgeons, who have been accustomed to treat the diseases of warm climates, to accept such situations if Government would permit it; and in such men some confidence might be placed. We were singularly fortunate in the surgeon on board the Lady Kennaway; but I have known others since I came here, that were in no respect fitted for their great responsibility.

The internal arrangement, also, of the vessels conveying bounty emigrants is very defective; and the virtuous and well-disposed are often exposed to and endangered by the contamination of those, who, if proper care had been taken in the selection of emigrants, would not have been admitted into the ship. I need only name one vessel as an instance, the "Duchess of Northumberland," which is still spoken of in terms of disgust in Sydney. As a matter of home policy it may have been considered an excellent plan to thin the over-crowded population of Ireland, by exporting its worst members to New South Wales; where they could not, it may possibly have been thought, make morals worse; but this was a sad error: the whole damage done in that way will never be known; while, instead of providing for the future interests of the colony, by equalising the numbers of males and females, families were sent out at so much per head; and hence, aided by the excess of male convicts over female, the system has produced a result which is unparalleled in any state in the world, viz., that for every hundred males in New South Wales, there are no more than fifty females! the whole population being 87,298 males, and 43,558 females. This extraordinary disproportion will, perhaps, be more strikingly perceived, when compared with the state of the population of other countries.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are	97	males to	100 females
United States of America . .	100	„	97
Upper Canada	100	„	90
New South Wales	100	„	50

When more minutely investigated, these proportions afford still more surprising results. "Suppose the whole population of Australia *were now grown up*, and wished to be married, out of every hundred bachelors only forty-one could find wives. Supposing all the unmarried males *now of age* wished to be married, out of every hundred, only eleven could find wives. *Supposing all the free bachelors now in the colony wished to be married, out of every hundred, only eight could find wives!* As there are at present in the colony 66,366 unmarried males, and only 26,007 unmarried females, it follows, that before every son of Adam could be provided with a daughter of Eve, there must be introduced no fewer than 40,359 unmarried daughters!!!" The authority from whose tables I quote, and whose permission I have to do so, makes the following just and sensible remark thereon:—"that such a deficiency is one of the greatest evils that can befal a community, being not only a check to its advancement from the natural increase of the species, but prejudicial in the highest degree to its domestic, social, and moral welfare; and that, unless the evil be left to the slow remedy of time, by the dying off of the superfluous males" (may not the females die and keep up the disproportion?), "a copious introduction of female immigrants for many years to come, offers the only means by which the balance of the sexes can ever be adjusted."

I am inclined to think that this state of matters has been brought about fully as much by emigration as by transportation, though for every one hundred male transports there were only seventeen females. Latterly, it has

been an understood regulation that every ship must have an unmarried female for every unmarried male; but this was not originally acted upon, nor was any attention paid to the sexes of the children; and at the termination of the first half-century of this colony's existence, a supply of 50,000 unmarried females would scarcely have satisfied the demand in the matrimonial market.

What I have said with regard to the past system of immigration, applies, in many points, as well to the free as to the bounty emigrant. There are very few, or, I may say, no emigrants from Ireland who belong to the class I designate as free, that is, who pay the expense of their own transit; and thus it is that the more desirable classes of that truly noble people are not to be found in this country. Few of the Irish emigrants land with anything except the clothes on their backs; whereas, from England and Scotland the generality have a little stock wherewith to commence their colonial career. National reflections are national injustice; but I shall be borne out by the present state of the populace of New South Wales, when I say that the lower Irish character, in some of its worst features, is deeply imprinted upon this colony, and that it would be well for it if the tide *of a similar description* of its population were to cease to set in here from the shores of Ireland.

Free or voluntary emigration should undoubtedly be fostered and encouraged: it is of all others the point of greatest consequence to Australia. Scotland is too poor in population to afford to spare its best sons, and generally throughout the country the mechanics and labourers are able to make a decent livelihood. I say its best sons; for as far as my observation enables me to judge, it is the educated, enterprising portion who have funds that leave

it, and not the poor in character or in purse. But I should certainly say to such as possess knowledge of any of the branches of mechanics—wrights, blacksmiths and joiners, and those who have been accustomed to tend stock —that if they can be happy away from Scotland, and dare brave the discomforts and risks of a long voyage; can resist rum, and are content with reasonable wages,—in this country they will never be in want of employment, and that at a higher rate of remuneration than in Scotland. But England seems to me the portion of the empire best fitted to supply that class of emigrants who would, by removal to Australia, greatly benefit not only themselves but also the country they leave and the country they adopt. There are thousands of persons in England in such circumstances as to make the change no sacrifice to them, while the *old* country would not suffer by the loss of their labour. The same classes are in a different state of advancement, and are of a different temperament from their Irish brethren; and a considerable influx of English blood would very greatly improve the Australian character. To Englishmen, therefore, I would hold out every inducement to cross the sea. They must not expect to find gold lying at their feet; but the national character, stamina, and energy must greatly change with the climate, if they do not obtain a competency in Australia in every line in which English skill excels. I have said that they would benefit the country they leave: for the population of England in many parts is redundant; and there is, also, a growing disposition to settle in towns, adding largely, year by year, to an already superabundant manufacturing population, and increasing poor-rates, to the injury, moral and pecuniary, of the whole community.

With regard to the immigration of females, I have

already shown, by the facts stated in a former page, how important it is that it should be encouraged. I will only add here, that there is a certain and very considerable demand for their services as domestic servants, provided they are not absurd in their expectations as to wages. But I must remark that no *unmarried* female ought ever to set her foot in a vessel for this country, unless under the protection of some respectable *married* woman, to whom she can look for a home in Sydney until she is provided with one in some other satisfactory way.

Married couples, from any country, would readily find employment in their various callings, and in the bush would be preferred, for the very evident reason—their greater steadiness. But from the cases that have occurred within my own knowledge, I would hold out no inducement to persons with four or five young children to leave their native land.

For some time to come, until the present difficulties of Government—which have resulted from the bounty system—are surmounted, Government emigration will probably cease. But emigration there must be, to support the colony, or else the statute restricting the colony from importing Coolie labour from India—which is cheaper and better fitted, perhaps, to the climate than any other—must be annulled, or the colony must again be made a penal colony, and the assignment system restored under new and better regulations. It is not probable that the land sales of the year, even those at Moreton Bay, will do more than set matters square in the colonial exchequer, even if they do that; and it may, therefore, be expected that a great dearth of labour will be felt by the colonist. This next year, I should say, was the best possible time for the emigrant to embark who is able to pay for his own

passage; and I am mistaken, indeed, if he find himself disappointed. I would not, however, lead him to expect the exorbitant wages reported to have been common last year — as much as thirty or forty pounds to a shepherd—but he will readily obtain from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and rations of mutton and flour; and the mechanic will get five shillings a day and upwards.*

At the present day, in speaking of Australia, one is very apt to forget the object for which it was originally colonized, and to discuss the mismanagement from which it has suffered, as if from its foundation it had been susceptible of the same mode of government as other colonies. It is forgotten that in 1788 Australia was nothing more than the receptacle of the superfluous crime of Britain; and that, in fact, it was merely a jail, with little or nothing about its arrangements tending to reform the culprits; and that the governor and local government were simply the machinery necessary to work out the sentence pronounced in England. It in no way appears that any views of its future capabilities as a colony existed, nor were such likely to exist, separated as it was from the parent state by half the circumference of the earth, and looked upon with horror as "Botany Bay." It cannot be supposed that the Government had any prospective views regarding it beyond the maintenance and secure keeping of the con-

* Not only is labour wanted, but capitalists are equally to be desired; and where, with a given sum of money, can any one in these days go with better prospects than to Australia? America cannot rival it in climate, in commodities of consumption, or in other advantages. It is true that Canada, the great land of emigrants formerly, is nearer to Britain; but it signifies little, when the emigrant is once on board ship, whether his voyage is across the Atlantic or round the Cape; and the communication between New South Wales and England is now so regular that distance is of less importance.

victs. For twenty years after it was founded, it was of little or no mercantile importance to England; but after that period, through the energies of one man, Mac Arthur, it rose to be of no little consequence. Shortly after the peace, this country began to attract the notice of England; her youth slowly and gradually sought its shores; and about the year 1820, the amount of its exports attracted public observation. From that time, the attention of the English Government was drawn to it in earnest. An improved system of government, more liberal and enlightened, was adopted; the emigration of the labouring classes was fostered; grants of land and loans of government cattle ceased, in a great measure, to be bestowed from mere favour or interest; and a scale was agreed upon, by which a certain capital was required suitable to the extent of soil demanded. Rum ceased to be currency, and the land of the convict began to assume a mercantile and political importance.

That the effect of its origin has been injurious to it in every respect no one can doubt; and it is not to be expected that it will altogether throw this off for some generations to come. But, even in this point, there is hope, when we look at the case of America. That great country was once tainted from the same cause; but that blot in its escutcheon has not only ceased to be visible, but has ceased to be even remembered. One grand step towards purifying the moral atmosphere of Australia was taken in 1840, when it ceased to be a penal colony; and on the 21st of July, 1841, the assignment of convicts to private service terminated. Provided that suitable and adequate means are adopted without delay to supply the deficiency of labourers created by these important but beneficial innovations, I have no hesitation in saying, that, were I an

Australian, I should rejoice at these measures, and should be sorry indeed were the Government ever to sanction its being again made a penal colony. It is now making mighty and rapid strides towards placing itself high among nations as a great mercantile community; and it might well be considered a ground of just impeachment of any future Government which should allow the mantle of shame again to overshadow it. But it is unfair to blame the earlier authorities for not foreseeing what was never contemplated—the converting a wilderness of sin into a garden of Eden. It is said that it is given only to the highest order of mind to make the past subservient to the future; but it is scarcely in the power of even such an intellect to foretel and legislate for what was not considered even a contingency.

While I as an alien thus express myself, I must, at the same time say that the necessities of the colony as regard labour are such, that I should, were I a *settler*, look to the more immediate and pressing evil, which might be alleviated by the continuance for a period of the assignment system. Unless some effectual measure to obtain labour be adopted, and that instantly, the country will be at a complete stand-still in its agricultural and pastoral concerns, and must retrograde in every way; and it behoves the present generation to provide, in any mode that is practicable, against the threatening and impending evils of its own time. I should say, therefore, free labour, if possible; if not possible, convict labour for a season, till the population of the colony becomes numerically greater and independent of compulsory aid.

A petition is now in course of signature in Sydney for a return to the assignment system, by which is meant that the statute should be annulled that prevents convicts

for life and upon tickets of leave from being given to settlers as labourers during the terms of their banishment. The statute does not interfere with those already so assigned, but merely prevents the continuance of the system after the 21st July, 1841. That assigned labour in town and country has been the making of the colony, I have never heard disputed. There was no population in the country able to have effected the mighty changes which are seen on every hand, or to have reared the staple commodity—wool, so as to remunerate the adventurous grower, except these unpaid servants. Many who in more prosperous days were willing that this tainted class, though hitherto indispensable to the infant colony, should be withdrawn from it in its more matured state, begin to think that it must be again introduced as the only means of carrying on the public works of the country, and of counterbalancing, by diminished expenses, the depreciated price of wool. In its first working, this system was greatly abused: the service of the convict was frequently one of great hardship, cruelty, and injustice, and many means were resorted to to extend his time of punishment beyond his sentence. It was no uncommon thing for the master to drive him, by harsh treatment, to do or say something, shortly before the term of his banishment expired, which was by the next magistrate—also a holder of assigned servants, be it remarked—construed into an act of insubordination, for which an additional servitude for a year or two was inflicted; in short, there was one law for the master and another for the man, and frequently for the latter no redress at all, in consequence of the distance of his station from any judicial tribunal. These, however, were the abuses of the system, not its uses, and have of late been nearly done away with; and I am disposed to believe, that

for some years past the convicts have considered assignments to be a great alleviation of their sentence. Many abuses existed, too, of a different description, tending to render this service anything but a punishment to the convicts. Wives were assigned to their husbands, and husbands to their wives. Women were assigned as domestic servants in the houses of bachelors; convicts were assigned to wealthy convicts in the bush,—in a word, punishment was lost sight of, and crime was made subservient to private interest. But these things had passed away in a great measure: the vigilance of Government was awakened; public opinion had begun to be respected; and, under a more strictly regulated system, assignment might have been made the means of reforming the criminal. I have observed that many who aided in the abolition of this system have changed their minds, and are amongst those who have signed the petition for its restoration. Of some, it is alleged that their wish for its abolition proceeded from self-interest entirely, they having expected that the smaller proprietors in their neighbourhood, when deprived of cheap labour, would ultimately find it necessary to part with their possessions, which were coveted by these larger landholders as a proper boundary to their already ample territories, and as completing their ring fences! but that now, perceiving that this result is not likely to ensue, at least in their day, they look to the present lowering clouds, and desire the return of the system as the only immediate means of averting the impending evil. It is impossible altogether to dissever our own interests from all acts or opinions of a public nature: but it does not follow that we may not be single-hearted in our wish for our country's good, although our own should indirectly be advanced by the measure we propose. But it is as easy to im-

pute motives as it is difficult to refute them; and with them I have nothing further to do than as they influence the opinions of those by whose fiat this question is to be decided: and I must say, in the case I have heard alluded to in one influential quarter, I believe the allegation to be a libel; and it would be of unspeakable injury to the community if the impression of interested motives were to be allowed any weight in the consideration of this most important question.

I shall conclude my long and, I fear, uninteresting disquisition on this subject with a few words regarding a new experiment called the "soothing system," which for some time back has been tried by Captain Macconochie, in Norfolk Island, which lies in the Pacific some hundred miles eastward of New South Wales. For two years back, the hulks have received most of the culprits of Britain, and some have been transported to this island as a place of secondary punishment. Banishment *from* Australia, for the natives and free persons, is to Van Diemen's Land: and to Norfolk Island for all the *doubly* convicted—that is to say, all convicts from Britain who have been again convicted of crime in New South Wales. Captain Macconochie's system is to endeavour, by kindness and indulgence, to *reform* the convict; keeping this object of reformation rather in view than the deterring from crime by the punishment awarded to it there. That this proceeds from a feeling and benevolent heart, there can be no question; but of its practical utility, there is very great doubt. The prevention of crime is the object of every state, not the punishment of individual criminals: and the experiment of endeavouring to reform the delinquents has not been found to be successful, while it has given an impression that the infringement of the law is attended with

little or no punishment, if the convicts choose to affect contrition. The soothing system is, in my view of it, altogether subversive of the object and aim of punishment —the prevention of crime by the dread of the consequence. Cricket-matches and amusements are pleasant things; tickets for good behaviour are procured with but little sacrifice on the part of the convict, when his comfort or liberty depends upon his obtaining them. These are but bonuses to breakers of the law; and offenders have often confessed that they preferred their prospects there to their positions in Australia. The humanity of the project is extremely laudable, and the reformation of delinquents is doubtless most desirable; but we must look to results with reference to its workings on the great scale, and with reference also to the general good, before we can advocate the continuance of the experiment. I have no means of arriving at Norfolk Island records; and the pamphlet by Captain Macconochie upon the subject, seems more an eulogium upon the system, and a flattering picture of what might be expected, than a statement affording clear data upon which to found an accurate opinion of its actual results. In a letter from the Patriotic Association of New South Wales to Mr. Buller, M.P., the following passage occurs, so entirely in unison with my own views, that I give it at length:—"Reform of serious vices in penitentiary systems, of whatever description, is known in America, even in their best regulated penitentiaries, to be of rare occurrence—too rare in any way to compensate, if anything could, for their other too frequent effects; and what, after his lengthy period of probation, is to become of the convict? Why, when he has most probably lost the knowledge, not merely of any useful art or calling that he might once have possessed, (without having acquired that

of any other in its stead for which there is likely to be a demand,) but of the very usages and habits of society, he is then to be let loose upon the colonists,—a nuisance and a burden to them and to himself—unfit for any private service, or for the exercise of any public duty."

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I took a walk again to-day in my old haunt, the beautiful gardens of Sydney. The oftener I see them, the more lovely do they appear. The Indian crimson rose, which *is* without a thorn, and the flowering acacia, somewhat resembling the passion-flower, are in full bloom; the brilliant blood-scarlet pomegranate flower is also in all its glory. The mango fruit is set, the olive is in full bearing, and the towering banana is covered with flowers and fruit: the former of a pear shape, and the latter like a large bean. The sea was calm and blue, breaking with a quiet murmur at my feet; (the tide here occasionally rises nine feet, but generally only two;) the castellated stables of Government-house, standing on a pretty slope towards the water, and encompassed with plants of every hue; the handsome new Government-house farther down the shore; the wave-worn cells in the rocks; the innumerable winding walks and retreats; the seclusion; the loneliness of my accustomed seat, beneath an overarching canopy of rock, looking upon the quiet sea and across to the north shore, and the genial warmth of the air, combine in making this sweet place a perfect paradise to me. I observed on the beach thousands of beautiful blue shell-fish, which I had never before seen here or in Britain, and which resembled the common crab in movement and shape, though no larger than a bee.

My kind and hospitable acquaintance, Mr. B. D—— did me the favour to-day to propose me as an honorary

member of the Australian Club—the new Club, or United Service of this country, where one meets all the *élite*, and sees all the papers and periodicals of the day. This was a kind act, and kindly performed. Mr. B. D—— never hinted at his intention, but sent me my card of admission.

In going through the street I was struck with the *cries* of the different hucksters, which resembled those of London in days of old. One fishman trundled his wheelbarrow by my side, bawling, "Fresh fish (pronounced feesh) —fresh feesh—feesh, ho!—fresh feesh, live feesh!—buy my feesh!—bream, mullet, whiting, trout—fresh all—feesh, ho!" I looked at his stock in the wheelbarrow, which is used instead of a cart by the retailers. The bream is about the size of our perch, and something similar in shape, but without its spikles. The mullet has much of the appearance of our haddock. The whiting is exactly the same as our own; and the trout is marked like those of our seas, but not so bright, is shorter, and not so well formed. Most of these fish are caught off the Heads in the deep sea, and at Botany Bay, about eight miles off. The cod slightly resembles ours in shape, and is taken in fresh-water rivers here. It is said that all the rivers that empty themselves into the Pacific, have only mullet and eel in them; while those discharging their waters into the Southern Ocean have cod and bream alone. In the sea, however, the same fish are caught all along these shores.

As I was most anxious to fix upon some vessel to convey me from this country as speedily as possible, I to-day went with my son on board the finest ship I have seen in the harbour. She is bound for Bombay, and is called the "*William Sharples*." She is of nine hundred tons burthen, and in every way a most desirable vessel. The captain, who is from the land of the leek, but brought up

in the good Scotch town of Greenock, offers to give me a stern cabin, with every accommodation, for seventy pounds; and I dare say I shall once more commit myself to the deep under his auspices.

9th February.—Again has my son left me. Business has called him twice to Bathurst since we arrived here; and I am still unwilling to entertain the idea that this is the last time we shall meet. But circumstances warn me it may be so: and yet I will hope that I may be spared to reach my own land in safety, and that I may yet live to see him there. He is gone to his temporary home. I saw him start in the Paramatta steam-boat: as the vessel moved up the river, I caught the last wave of his hand. On the Broomielaw, three years ago, I went through the same painful scene. Three years hence, how will it be? But again I say, Trust!

In returning home from the wharf, I saw a sailor's funeral passing along the streets. It was sadly in harmony with my thoughts. A hearse with one horse moved slowly along, followed by one of the messmates of the deceased, a tall athletic tar, who bore aloft the flag of England. Behind him walked a group of sorrowful companions. The whole seemed impressed with more of the feeling one would wish to see exhibited on such an occasion than I have ever before witnessed. Far from his home and his kindred, poor Jack was borne to his rest by those linked to him by no tie but companionship.

15th.—This is indeed a country of extraordinary extremes. For months the parched earth has known no moisture. For two years its thirst has never been thoroughly satisfied. But complaints regarding a drought will be heard no more, in these parts at least, for a time. The excessive heat of last week has terminated in a heavy

fall of rain, and for the last five days it has poured down in torrents without interruption.

In the midst of the overwhelming distress here, it is the fashion among some of the storekeepers to impute their misfortunes to the squatters, as they presume to call *the marrow and pith of the colony;* and allege that to their inability to pay the debts they contract, is attributable much of the mercantile embarrassment of the times. They forget that their own fortunes were gathered from the *produce* and the *consumption* of these very squatters; their memories cannot conveniently reach so far back; like Shylock, they have not mentioned past advantages in the bond; the pound of flesh they will have. And I learn from very good authority that the loudest in their complaints are those very persons that have been most indebted to their unfortunate creditors, and that the greatest cruelty is shown by them. Short-sighted harshness! A little forbearance might save many honourable men from ruin, and at the same time would ultimately benefit the storekeepers themselves. I again repeat that wool made Australia what it is. Last year, ten millions of pounds left its shores; and these storekeepers, that now vilify the stockholders, are the chief parties benefited; and but for their over-importation and grasping avarice, the cloud at present hanging over the colony would have been clearing off. They encouraged the system of accommodation to an immense extent: they now withdraw it without warning, and reduce their best customers—the very men who made their fortunes—to beggary. In almost all cases, it is those who have suffered least, and made the most, that are loudest in their abuse. One man in particular, I am informed, who was well known, and whose small capital has grown into a considerable fortune, not by the most scrupulous

means, is most vociferous in his charges against those by whom he rose; boasts of the accommodation he has afforded them; and yet has acquired a most unenviable name for rigidity to his unfortunate clients, and has the reputation of steering the vessel of his honour so near the wind as to cause it to quiver to the keel.

My most obliging and attentive friend, Mr. B. D——, with his usual kindness, called to-day, and invited me to dine with him at the club, with the view of introducing me to his acquaintance. I did so, and passed a most agreeable afternoon. The establishment seems extremely well conducted: the regulations are stringent, but not more so than is necessary. I only observed one peculiarity in the arrangements, that I think is not usual in such places in Britain; and that was, to my mind, certainly objectionable — the serving out of refreshments from the bar. The entrance-money is higher than at home, being thirty-five guineas, and the annual subscription six pounds six shillings. This rate, I understand, is necessary, in order to preserve for it a *colonial aristocratic* character. This institution has been such a privilege to me, and I have spent in it, agreeably, so many hours that would otherwise have hung heavy on my hands, that I cannot speak of it in any but the highest terms; and the members whom I have had the pleasure to become acquainted with, have, many of them, proved such agreeable and well-informed companions, that I cannot be sufficiently grateful to my friend for this kind act. To one in particular I am greatly indebted for much information in statistics, that I could not otherwise have procured.

However agreeable this club may be to the wanderer, as a resource in his idle hours, and useful to one in search

of information as to men and things, I must nevertheless confess that I do not consider the being a member of it any advantage to the *young settler*. It is the only place for meeting with the *gentlemen* of the town and country, and one finds there *none* but the gentlemen of the colony; and the temptations to linger here, which I have already spoken of, as attending a residence in one of the great hotels, have, in the case of this club, double power from the absence of the check produced by the anticipation of the concluding bill, as the charges are so moderate. Its society and other attractions so nearly resemble what he has been accustomed to in his father-land, that the young settler becomes chained, as it were, to the spot, and willingly and gladly forgets the lonely dreary home that awaits him in the wild. Business and profit are the objects of all on coming to this far country; and these are scarcely compatible with a *residence* in Bent-street. This is the only club-house in Sydney where one *meets* with good society. There is no other institution of the same excellence, and I would always have a young man choose the best wherever he is; and he will have it here as cheap as at home in every respect except the entry money. But I must say he would do fully as well to deny himself the luxury of being enrolled in the list of its members. There is no gambling, no immoderate drinking here, that I am aware of; but there are ease, true comfort, agreeable society, newspapers, news, and books. Yet, with all its advantages, I again repeat, it is a place to be avoided by the newly-arrived settler.

The barracks are, to my taste, a very handsome range of buildings of their kind. They were erected by Governor Macquarie, in what is now the centre of Sydney, in a large green. This open place is of immense advan-

tage to the town, affording a clear space and fresh air. Most of the public buildings were erected by this governor, and I consider these barracks among the best of them. But it has been proposed to have this ground sold, and the barracks removed altogether out of the town. This may be expedient on other grounds, possibly to keep the military separate from the people; but it would be a great pity were the opposite side of George-street to be built upon and the open space closed in.

There is no municipal government in the town of Sydney. The police is the only ruling power. Application for a municipal constitution was some time ago made through the governor to the authorities at home, and it was immediately granted; but, for some cause or other, no further step has been taken in the matter. I have no doubt, however, that ere long that gaudy burden to the community, a Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, will be inflicted upon the pockets of the inhabitants.* The police at present have the entire management of the town, and admirably is it managed in all respects, except as regards its lighting and paving. There are a few gas lamps at one or two points, and in a few of the better shops, just sufficient to display the darkness of all around. A government inspector watches over the *ravines* and *sandpits* in the streets; and some one is, I should imagine, appointed to promote the increase of curs *ad infinitum*. In all my life I never saw so many dogs as in the town of Sydney, and yet they tell me that notwithstanding the extreme heat and scarcity of water, a case of canine mad-

* Since this was written, a bill brought in by the government for incorporating Sydney passed the Legislative Council by a majority of only three, the numbers being seven and four, and six of the seven being officials of the government. By this Act it was declared that the town should be thenceforth called the *City* of Sydney.

ness is very rare in Australia. The disgraceful state of the streets, the meanness of many of the public buildings, the insufficiency of the fortifications, and the want of public wharfage for shipping, are the subjects of complaint with all strangers. These are great evils, and might be remedied by a corporation; but I doubt extremely whether any magistracy would render a town more peaceful or orderly than this is at present; and I should not be surprised if the good folks of the capital, upon mature reflection, resolve rather to "bear the ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of." Walking in front of their shops, or sitting at their doors under the verandah or awning, is common in the evening among the bourgeois; by ten, most of the respectable people are within-doors. No noise or tumult is heard in the streets, and the police are abroad on their silent rounds. There is no calling out the hour here as in Britain; it is looked upon as giving delinquents notice to be off. But care is taken that this silence does not enable the policeman to absent himself from his beat, and the result of the whole is a peaceful and orderly town.

17*th*.—My Australian son's dray has just started from this place with his stores for one year; and provided none of the bullocks are lost, and no mishap befals it, it will reach Connobolas in twenty days. This may appear a long time for goods of such a nature to be on the road, but it is a short space indeed, compared with that occupied by some of my acquaintances in carrying home their stores. One, in particular, has just sent his purchases off by sea to Maitland, where his drays are to meet them, and from which place he himself will accompany them, and after a journey of at least two months, under the most favourable circumstances, he hopes to arrive with them in the county of New England. Others whom I am ac-

quainted with pass three months and upwards in conveying stock and stores to their stations in the new country to the southward, called Corner Inlet. Two of the most agreeable gentlemen I have met in Australia are from that district, and both assure me that from Cape Howe to Wilson's Promontory there is some of the best pasture country in the colony. The Alps run along the district, and are said to be 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, having several rivers issuing from them that empty themselves into a lake, running for sixty miles parallel to the shore, and within a few miles of it, but without any visible communication with the ocean. They state that several of these rivers are navigable, for some miles, for vessels of two hundred tons; and that vessels of any size might float on the lake itself, leaving a land carriage of only eight miles to a harbour *that is to be.* The soil, moreover, on the banks of these rivers, is a rich deposit and level, and well suited to sheep and cattle, and adapted as well for grain as for stock. This is certainly a beautiful and tempting picture for new settlers, but I would have them inspect it themselves, and not decide as to its merits from general or private report. One of these gentlemen has a special grant to a great extent there, and the other a large amount of property in stock. Both are men of unimpeachable veracity, but they would be more than men and less than Australians, if they did not (undesignedly, very possibly) varnish their own district with the peculiar Australian preparation that conceals defects in the picture, and brings its beauties into prominent relief. One thing is certain; no stores can reach this land of promise by sea, and one has only to look at the map to be convinced that, with a fast ship, the settler would arrive at Corner Inlet from Plymouth, sooner than the bullock-driver would reach

it with his team overland from Sydney. This is one of the greatest difficulties and risks that the colonist has to contend with, throughout the bush. He never can depend upon his supplies arriving at the expected time, and he is thankful if they arrive at all, without paying toll to the bushranger or to the bullock-driver himself. Like the farmer when harvest is over and the stackyard gate is closed, the bushman, when he sees his team and its load safe at his station, gets one night's sound rest.

One of the greatest wants of Sydney is water. Some parts of the town are supplied by carts from a tank in Hyde Park, brought there from a swamp several miles distant by a tunnel. This swamp, it was expected, would afford a supply sufficient for a population of 20,000; the population, however, now borders upon 30,000, and in many cases a lack of that first of comforts is apparent. The taste of the water, to my palate, is not sweet; I dare say it may have all the necessary ingredients, and be without any of the objectionable ones. I doubt not it holds "atmospheric air in solution, and no selenic salt, or sulphate of lime, nor animal or vegetable matter in decay," yet it is not of an agreeable *tasteless taste*, the perfection of pure water. Few of the houses have *this element of cleanliness* in the second story; but there are several wells in different quarters of the town. There is through most parts of Australia a great quantity of alum in the earth, which is supposed to give a peculiar flavour to the water; but it also preserves it from putrefying, and lagoons (as lakes and large ponds are called here) which would in Britain be covered with a green scum in summer, are here perfectly pure and free from any vegetable substance.

As regards this *sine quâ non* in the comfort of a

great city, one cannot sufficiently admire the care of the ancients in Europe and Asia, nay, even in semi-barbarous America; for instance, the canals and reservoirs of mighty Babylon, the aqueducts of Corinth and imperial Rome, and the lake and water-tower of Mexico. It ought always to be a primary consideration in selecting the site of a town, and I hope the time is not distant when the deficiency in Sydney will be removed. This *seems* to have been one of the few mistakes made by Governor Philip in selecting the site of the future capital; but let no one tax him with neglect on this point, or as regards barrenness of the soil around. In his day, there may have been springs which now no longer exist; and the cove creek may have filled its channel. The situation in every other respect is noble and beautiful, to a degree altogether in my opinion unrivalled; and, in a mercantile point of view, not surpassed by any city in the world.

16*th*.—The politicians of Australia, both free and Emancipist, have for some time been indulging themselves in *concocting* constitutions. Not satisfied with the present government of New South Wales, by a Governor and an irresponsible Council, both parties have been turning their minds to a freely elected legislative assembly; and I have been so fortunate as to witness the talent of this great colony engaged in discussing, for the first time, the greatest and most important subject that can agitate a people. Hitherto, numberless and almost insuperable difficulties and obstacles have interposed themselves to the satisfactory consideration of this question, in consequence of the views entertained as to the rights and privileges, the exclusion or admission of the Emancipist body, both as electors and elected. This is not the first attempt made by the colony to effect a change of government, but it is the first occa-

sion when both parties 'met in council' upon the common ground of a wish for a representative government, without reference to bond or free.

I shall not attempt now to enter into the views and feelings regarding the Emancipist body, formerly entertained by those who took the front rank amongst the free politicians. I shall merely mention shortly, that objections were taken to those of the community who had been "law-breakers" having the privilege of becoming "law-makers," and that this severed the leaders of the respective parties by an apparently impassable gulf. But "*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis;*" people have become more liberal, and in this case I should say *more* just; for to inflict *a civil punishment* for any crime by the exclusion from the privileges of citizenship, *over and above* the punishment assigned by the original sentence, is punishing a man a second time for one and the same offence. Besides, there are many of the 19,397 Emancipists whose offences were not such as would in Britain be considered good ground for excluding them from any political privilege whatever; but that stumbling-block is now removed, and personal and individual feelings have been supplanted by political.

Mr. K— and a Mr. MacK— were the eloquent orators of the day; both were indeed extremely powerful speakers. They were ranged on opposite sides: the former in support of the extension of the legislative council, and the latter of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and, I think, annual parliaments (assemblies). Their orations most clearly proved, that if in the general question parties were agreed, in the detail they were as far apart as the poles. No one can doubt from the feelings displayed at this meeting, that violent and stormy must be the transition to a

representative government in Australia; or that, if the franchise is fixed at 5*l.*, and the ballot is established as wished, or said to be wished, by the reform party, the debates of the young legislative assemblies will be democratic and fiery indeed. I am not prepared, however, to say that the ballot should not exist in Australia, for the large fortunes to be found there, and some local circumstances, make its introduction a question of more doubt than elsewhere.

The Sheriff was upon the point of dissolving the meeting, on account of its uproarious state, and the impossibility of determining whether the majority was for Mr. M.'s motion and petition, or for one read by Mr. MacD., of an ultra-liberal nature. I left the room at this point of the proceedings, but I learn that soon after I was gone, Mr. MacD.'s party found it impossible fully to meet the views of the other, and the consequent disturbance became so great, that the Sheriff was compelled to dissolve the meeting! Thus terminated the first united effort made by New South Wales to petition the Queen and Parliament for a free representative government. The result is no evidence of the unfitness of the Australians for the constitution they desire; but it proves a great want of tact, foresight, and prudent courtesy in the leaders, which is not a little reprehensible in a preliminary step of this nature.

18*th.*—I to-day witnessed a most gratifying, but rather painful, sight; an English clergyman (the oldest here of the Episcopal church, of the name of Cowper, walking in procession, surrounded by his congregation and schools, male and female, to a steamer in the dock which was to convey him to the ship Hamlet, bound for England, whither he was proceeding in order to have an operation performed upon his eyes. I accompanied him to the water's edge, when

to my surprise, very many of the congregation stepped into the vessel after him. He was dressed in his gown, and seemed tranquil and resigned; the kind farewell of those that returned, amongst whom I saw one of the judges, some of the officials, and the chief storekeepers, must have been most satisfactory to the old man. But this was not the only way in which they had displayed their respect for his character: a subscription had been privately got up in his parish, amongst his hearers rather, when the handsome sum of about one thousand pounds was presented to him to pay his expenses. The steamer swept rapidly away, and all who had gone on board accompanied their worthy pastor beyond the Heads. A terrible storm broke over the town and harbour soon after they departed —brilliant forked lightning, loud thunder, and heavy rain. One peal was so sharp, quick, and terrifically loud, that I shall long remember it. The fluid struck a schooner lying before us in the cove, and dismasted her.

On my return from the shore, I met a gentleman whom I knew to be Major J——, commonly called "the King of Macquarie." I introduced myself to him, being anxious to learn from him correct tidings of a person who once lived in his family at Port Macquarie. I knew some of his relations in Scotland, which paved the way to conversation. I found this gentleman exactly the person I had heard him described—frank, polite, and most agreeable, and worthy apparently of the character he bears. He is one of the most popular men in the colony, and I can certify to his hospitable kindness.

20th.—To-day, my friend Mr. R—— and I went to St. Philip's Church,* where we heard the Bishop of Aus-

* The first church built in Australia. George the Third contributed the communion-plate.

tralia preach—Dr. William Grant Broughton. His appearance in full canonicals is much in his favour, reverend and gentlemanlike. His manner, though monotonous, is upon the whole impressive. His sermon was evangelical and practical. Dr. Broughton is not only an able and exemplary churchman, but a most useful and influential member of council; his opinions and views are practical and enlarged, and bear with them the weight of sterling character: and it is understood that New South Wales owes to his exertions and representations (in a suitable petition to the government) the postponement of the dismemberment of the colony, by Port Philip and all to the westward of Ramshead being clipt off, which was likely to have taken place at the instigation of the agents of the Port Philipians, who had contrived to make a strong impression upon the minds of the commissioners for emigration.

My excellent friend, Mr. R——, and I sometimes take a stroll in the forenoons, and we frequently find ourselves in the gardens, which are my especial delight. I have now learnt to distinguish all the trees and plants peculiar to this and warmer climates, with which I was not before acquainted. The sugar-cane does not reach its greatest luxuriance here; it grows like a bush of strong sedges, and rises to the height of about twenty feet; I tasted the cane, and found it sweet as sugar. The tea-tree was between five and six feet high, bush-like, and scranky; the leaf something of the shape of a large privet leaf, but serrated at the edges; the flower of the tea-tree is white, and is like that of the tomato in shape and size. The mulberry has a large glossy leaf, of a beautiful dark green, and also serrated; it is a full-branched and thick-leafed tree, about twenty or twenty-five feet high; the fruit

resembles a large raspberry. The banana is a peculiar-looking plant, also from twenty to thirty feet in height; its leaves are large and of great length, and droop downwards; the fruit I have mentioned already as being like a bean in shape, and growing in clusters; the flower grows below the fruit. In India, the rough side of the leaf is used to keep open the wounds of blisters, and the smooth side for healing them. The olive is a tall bush, poorly feathered; the fruit grows in clusters, like grapes. The almond is almost leafless, and covered with fruit growing singly. The date or palm tree grows to the height of a hundred feet, shooting upwards from a stock like willows; here there are none but young trees, the tallest of which do not exceed fifteen feet. The pomegranate is a bush, the fruit growing from the flower, which is of a most beautiful red colour. The India-rubber tree is a very fine plant; the branch or stem is tapped as elder-trees are, and the white glutinous juice is collected in moulds, and forms the India-rubber as seen at home; the tree is of the form and size of a bush; its leaf is a lively dark green, glossy and laurel-like, and about eight inches in length. The castor-oil plant is a shrub not above three feet high, with leaves something similar to a plane-tree, or sycamore-tree, withered. The mango resembles the banana in its flower, and has its fruit above.

The exhibition of the productions of Australia, in the realms of Pomona and of Flora, took place to-day. The show was most splendid: pomegranates and every fruit of this clime were there; nor did I ever see better arrangement than was displayed in every department of the exhibition. Had this show been held in the government gardens, where every adjunct of scenery by land and sea is to be found, I fancy the world itself could produce nothing

more brilliant, nor furnish a combination of loveliness among the works of nature better calculated to gratify the beholder. I have seen almost every description of fruit and flower in my own land, but here the sun ripens to perfection what, even by the aid of glass, can only be produced in a stinted form with us: and I believe I have now seen in Australia every tropical plant, and many of those of our own colder clime. The exhibition went off admirably, and it was one of the most pleasing sights I have witnessed in Australia.

Heavy rains have again fallen; they lasted seventy hours. I earnestly hope they have extended to the Connobolas, and that my son's withered and burnt mountains are again clothed in a mantle of green. Vegetation in this climate is amazingly rapid after rain, a day or two sufficing to convert the arid beaten earth into beautiful pasture. Looking at the meteorological tables, one is surprised that there should be any complaint in Australia of want of rain; seventy-seven inches having fallen, in 1841, as shown by the register kept at the South Head; in one day, the 29th April, 20.12 inches fell. But unfortunately this great quantity generally pours down in such torrents that it does not saturate the earth, but at once rolls in floods to the ocean, while, for months in succession, not a drop descends. In the past year, however, the fall was more equalised than usual, and yet complaints are almost universal that rivers are diminishing in their volume, are changing their characters, and are becoming detached chains of ponds.

Howard Malcolm says, that in Burmah, as much as two hundred inches of water will occasionally fall in the year; This is, I believe, altogether without a parallel elsewhere. In England, even in the western counties, sixty inches is

the utmost amount in the year. But there, happily, it is apportioned throughout the twelve months, and the husbandman looks with security to his springtime and harvest, and his supply of water is sure.

25th.—I to-day engaged my berth on board the William Sharples; I am told that Wednesday will be my last day in Australia, but last days with mariners are as little to be relied on as "the last nights" at theatres.

CHAPTER X.

AUSTRALIA.

Adjourned meeting—Petition for a representative legislative assembly—The probability of success—Rejected petition—Difficulties attending the formation of such a constitution—Strictures on Australia in the British Parliament—The different classes of proprietors—Want of middle classes—Probable contests—The franchise—Qualification—No necessity for a second house—The aristocracy—Sketch of the Government of New South Wales, from its first settlement to the present time—General Macquarie—Sir Thomas Brisbane—Sir Ralph Darling—Sir Richard Bourke—Sir George Gipps—Necessity of *gradual* changes—Proposed alterations in the Government—The Emancipist party—The Emancipist bank—Change of character in convicts—The excluded state of the Emancipists—Statistics of crime in New South Wales—Education the great remedy—Religious parties—Monetary affairs of the colony—The banks—The commerce of Australia—Its exports and imports—Its revenue—The present embarrassments—Plan of debentures—Convict labour—Population of New South Wales—Productions and manufactures of the colony—The press—Payment to the ministers of the various religious parties—Public institutions and companies—Sagacity of a dog—The Roman Catholic Cathedral—Brickfielders—Retrospective view of my stay in Australia—Buckingham's America—Points of resemblance and difference between New South Wales and America—Difficulties of inland communication in New South Wales—Fluctuations of the seasons—Objections to the colony—Its advantages—Prospects of emigrants—A short summary of my views on the great questions now agitating the colony.

February 26th.—I HAVE this forenoon been present at a second attempt on the part of the young and ambitious politicians of Australia to agree in their memorial to Parliament in behalf of a legislative assembly. I do not re-

member ever to have been at any public meeting in my life where the commencement promised such alarming and unfavourable results; indeed, so warm was the discussion at one time, that I fully expected the opposing parties would have come to blows.

Mr. K—— said some clever things, and caused a smile by telling the meeting they were apparently scarcely ripe for free representative institutions, and concluded by proposing, as *an amendment*, that the Home Government should be requested to add twelve more independent members to the present legislative council. Dr. B——, the ablest supporter of the Emancipist party, in a manly composed address, endeavoured to refute Mr. K.'s view that New South Wales was not yet in a position for the change. I had heard a great deal of this gentleman's ability, and of his influence with the Emancipist body, and I could easily believe him to possess both. He seemed to be well received by all parties, and sat down amidst much approbation.

I am much deceived if the ultra Tory party would not willingly accept Mr. K.'s amendment, rather than that form of franchise which, when the details of the subject come to be discussed, is likely to be insisted upon by the ultra Liberal section of Australia. A Captain O——, after some moderate and sensible remarks, proposed that the following petition should be adopted :—

"To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom, &c., &c. The humble petition of the undersigned members of council, clergy, magistrates, landholders, bankers, merchants, traders, and *other colonists* of New South Wales, in public meeting assembled;

"Sheweth, 1. That in the colony of New South Wales there is a population of free British subjects, whose numbers, according to the last census, exceeds 100,000

souls; and that nearly one half of this population is concentrated in seventeen townships, the remainder being employed in agricultural, pastoral, and maritime pursuits.

"2. That the aggregate property of this community, moveable and immoveable, is estimated at not less than thirty millions sterling, and the annual increase thereof at two millions.

"3. That your petitioners can prove, from official returns, that the declared value of their imports and exports during the last ten years exceeds twenty-two millions sterling. That the declared value of the direct trade with Great Britain within that period exceeded fifteen millions; that the number of vessels entered inwards and outwards was 7,300, exhibiting a tonnage of almost two millions of tons; that the number of vessels arriving from Great Britain was 900, with a tonnage of 370,000 tons, and that the declared value of imported British manufactures exceeds ten millions.

"4. That this community is taxed for the purposes of government at an average yearly rate of from £3 to £4 per head; the revenue of last year having amounted, in round numbers, to £350,000.

"5. That, besides its large consumption of British manufactures, and its extensive employment of British shipping, this community has, within the last five years, relieved Great Britain of her surplus population to the extent of more than 50,000 souls, at an expense to the colonists of £1,000,000 sterling.

"6. That, notwithstanding their numbers, their wealth, the extent of their commerce, and the amount of their revenue, your petitioners have no control over their taxation, and no voice in the management of their own affairs; inasmuch as they have no representatives chosen

by themselves in their local legislature, and are thus denied the exercise of that right which every Briton is accustomed to prize, as the glory of his country and the safeguard of her liberties.

"7. That this grievance is more severely felt by your petitioners from the consideration that the grounds no longer exist upon which their claim to representative institutions has been heretofore denied; and from the further consideration that this great constitutional right has been accorded to other British colonies whose maturity for its exercise is at least equalled by that of the community to which your petitioners belong.

"Therefore your petitioners humbly pray that your honourable House will be pleased to take the premises into consideration, and adopt such measures as to your honourable House may seem proper, for extending to the colony of New South Wales that form of representative legislature to which it is constitutionally entitled, and for the exercise of which, as herein before shown, it is now so fully qualified.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, &c. &c."

This petition was agreed to to-day by the general voice of the heads of both the leading parties—Emancipist and Exclusionist, Tory and Whig. If its prayer be granted, the result would be a free representative assembly and a total change of the form of government in the colony. I consider myself peculiarly fortunate in being present at this first great step in its history. This is not the *first attempt* to compass this object, nor the first petition that has been presented, but it is the first that has been agreed to upon the broad ground of excluding no section of the inhabitants from civil rights; and, as the leaders of BOTH PARTIES agreed to support the address, I have little

doubt that the time is now come when something will be conceded to this country by the British parliament. But I should not be surprised were I to learn that the reply was in unison with the wishes of only one party; or that such conflicting views had been taken regarding the details as to be found irreconcilable. In my opinion it is most probable that both extremes will be merged in an enlargement of the present form of government, by a free election of an increased number of responsible members of council. I do not anticipate that any opposition can be made at home upon the score of the small amount of the population. Lower Canada had only a population of 90,000 souls when it obtained similar privileges; and Upper Canada no more than 10,000 when a like claim was made by it and admitted. And when Lord Stanley granted a representative government to Jamaica, its circumstances were certainly more questionable, as to fitness, than are those of Australia. The peculiar description of the population of this colony has hitherto, as I have already stated, been a bar in the way of such alterations as are prayed for. But I do not apprehend that on this ground any tenable position against it can now be taken. The proportions of emancipist and exclusionist, bond and free, have altogether changed. Out of the whole population of the colony—130,856—only 26,977 are of the class of the proscribed. In 1836 they constituted one-third of the whole population; they are now only a fifth; and, from its being no longer a penal colony, from the continual immigration, and the births that take place in the colony, the bond or emancipatist party must in a few years sink into an inconsiderable and powerless fraction. Neither do I apprehend any refusal upon the plea of deficiency of wealth, of revenue, or of expenditure. The revenue for

1841 shows an amount of £6. 8*s*. 5*d*. per head over the whole free population of the colony, while the expenditure was £5. 1*s*. 9*d*., which is much beyond the outlay of any community in the world having a similar population. In the petition itself the wealth of the colony is recorded. I fear its rejection upon political grounds alone, and I shall probably best explain my view by quoting the petition read and seconded in the first meeting by the *mouth of the people*, Mr. M'D——:

"To the Right Honourable and Honourable the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled:

"The humble petition of the undersigned inhabitants of New South Wales, sheweth—

"That your petitioners, though by birth entitled to all the rights of free British subjects, have for a series of years lived under a government over which they have no constitutional control.

"That petitions have for several years, from time to time, been forwarded from this colony to your honourable House, praying for a legislative assembly based on the principle of popular representation. That there were urged against the prayers of those petitions objections which now no longer exist with reference to this colony; nor do your petitioners believe that any ground can now be adduced for withholding from them what they respectfully submit is their undoubted and unalienable birthright.

"That your petitioners are taxed annually to the extent of four hundred thousand pounds, in the levying and distribution of which taxes they have no voice or control, either direct or indirect,—the legislature of this colony being composed exclusively of the servants and nominees of the Crown.

"That your petitioners submit that this fact alone

establishes the existence of a grievance too heavy to be borne in silence by a large community of British subjects, and one which is sufficient to enlist in their favour the sympathy of all classes of their fellow-countrymen.

"That your petitioners do not deem it necessary to insist upon the extent of their population, the magnitude of their commerce, and the amount of their wealth, believing, as they do, the claim which they now urge, as subjects of the British empire, is paramount.

"Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your honourable House will be pleased to take the above premises into your consideration, and take such measures as to your wisdom may seem meet for conceding to the colony of New South Wales a representative government as nearly similar as possible in its form and spirit to that which they have been accustomed to venerate in their father-land.

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

I do not conceive that any government would withhold free institutions from the colony upon any of the points I have alluded to. But when I consider some of the sentiments propounded in the last petition; when I see that it emanates from a large body advocating such an amount of franchise as would render liberty dangerous, if it did not even make it degenerate into tyranny; when, also, from the able and correct analysis of the population of the colony lately published by Mr. Mansfield, I find that there are four thousand four hundred persons of that grade in society from which representatives are generally selected, and that the constituency would not consist of above sixteen thousand—*ten* thousand of whom are of that most useful and respectable class who live by the

sweat of their brow, as mechanics or labourers; when I reflect upon the character of a part of the population, which, for a time at least, must have certain weight in an election; that the population is spread over a wide extent of country; that the case of Australia is not similar to that of England, where the great proportion of the soil is occupied by tenantry, enabling the proprietors to attend to other matters; and when I consider the difficulty that must arise in getting representatives fitted for public life, and at liberty to follow such occupations in Sydney, away from their property and pursuits, as they must be for half the year; when I think of the even balance of the *leaders* of the antagonist parties, and of the nearly equal numbers of the various religious bodies: I confess I should not be surprised if the present Government should refuse to accede to the prayer of the petitioners, on the plea of its opening the flood-gates of innovation, and endangering the peace of the community.

It will be difficult, I fear, for such as framed this rejected petition to part with *abstract principles* and descend to practical *possibilities;* and it may require a time, a term of apprenticeship, to enable them to learn to sacrifice animosities of caste and virulence of political feeling at the shrine of public good; and I should even be apprehensive that, for a period at least, what was "meant for mankind" may be "yielded to party."

I cannot imagine that the opinions expressed either by Sir W. Molesworth, in Parliament, or by one of the ablest prelates in the empire, Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, will be entertained as being of any weight in this question. The views of the former were the result of incorrect information; and the latter has been satisfactorily answered by the person best fitted for the office—his brother, the Lord

Bishop of Australia. All general, unqualified, condemnatory assertions fall short of their aim; and His Grace was wanting in his usual clear-sightedness when he rashly declared, "that no seeds of morality could be expected to flourish in Australia, and that no energetic exertions, in form of improvement, could benefit the colony." Upon no such grounds do I look for an unfavourable reply to this address. The Government may possibly attach weight to some of the other difficulties I have enumerated; and, looking to the gradually increasing trade under the PRESENT form of government – despotic though it may be called, and irresponsible to the colony as it is—they may feel inclined to resist the sweeping changes proposed, until a larger population makes it less hazardous,—until time shall have tempered down the bitter remembrances of the past, and until circumstances render it more *imperatively necessary* and *expedient.*

It may perhaps be thought that I dwell upon this subject longer than is necessary. But I consider it one of such important consequence to this country, and one so intimately connected with its future prosperity, that I feel inclined still farther to pursue it. It is the great and all-engrossing topic of conversation amongst all parties, and every colonist is directly or indirectly concerned in the issue of the struggle. At the two meetings I have attended, the two opposite principles advocated, though both were covered under the cloak of great moderation, were ultra-Toryism and ultra-Radicalism. There does not seem to be any middle class in the colony of sufficient weight to take a leading part; or if such a class exists, it appears, at present, to have no inclination to mix itself up in public matters. The property of the colony is chiefly in the hands of the five following classes of persons:—the

expirees or old convicts; the descendants of convicts; those fortunate individuals whose fathers, or who themselves, have got government grants through favour, or have otherwise acquired property; the smaller proprietors of purchased sections of land *within* the boundaries; and the squatters *beyond* the boundaries; the last class possesses probably a larger amount of moveable property than any other.

The first class of proprietors are generally illiterate and totally uneducated, advancing in years, and as unlikely as they are unfitted to become legislators. Their descendants, who constitute the second, will probably form a distinct body of electors, and also furnish the *extrême gauche* of any assembly that may be chosen in New South Wales. The third class, it will at once be seen, will furnish the majority of the Tory side, backed by a portion of the storekeepers, bankers, and professional gentlemen. Of the fourth class, few could afford to be elected, though *they* might elect; and of the fifth, though from education and birth better qualified than any others for the duties of members of a legislative assembly, not one in a hundred would accept the office, as being altogether incompatible with their residence hundreds of miles from the seat of government, and the requisite attention to their affairs. In this last class will be found men of standing and education. But they would, from the circumstances I have named, be virtually excluded from any share in these matters. Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, are scattered through the bush; and one may see Cicero and Euripides lying cheek by jowl with sheep-shears, bullock-whips, and constables' fetters.

Until, therefore, the middle classes, similar to those which form the pith and marrow of the social system in

Britain, shall have grown to a sufficient numerical strength in Australia, so as to form that link, without which no satisfactory form of government can exist, and until they feel it worth their while to interest themselves in public affairs, I should say, the experiment of such a change would not be unattended with risk. The upper class, such as it is, and its opposite, would be brought into direct collision, and extreme measures for a time might be the result.

I have the same objection to any legislative body in New South Wales, having unlimited and irresponsible power, as I have to universal suffrage or annual assemblies, —to an oligarchy as to a democracy; and it does not appear to me how, with the materials at present existing, both these extremes could be avoided, were the prayer of the petition now forwarded to England to be granted. The aristocracy of wealth (the only aristocracy *within* the boundaries of New South Wales, and the only class that would trouble itself with legislation), would be dissatisfied with its triumph unless accompanied by possession of power; and in a young community a strong bridle would indeed be required to curb its curvettings, while the great proportion of the population being in a condition of independence, although not themselves desirous of command over *their fellows*, would still be unwilling to be commanded by them. The clash and conflict would be serious. The franchise is the field upon which the battle must be fought—upon that would depend the future nature of the assembly; and I know nothing more difficult than to say what *that* should be, as to the qualification both of the elected and the electors. To place the elective franchise so low as five pounds, would, from all I can learn, lead to the introduction of voters of a lower class even than that

sum would admit in Ireland; and that this would be a mere stepping-stone to universal suffrage is past a doubt; while to raise it to thirty pounds, would cause a degree of exclusion that would not be tolerated, and would tend to continued agitation. Various are the plans talked of for creating a suitable constitution. Among the Tories so high a rate of qualification is proposed as would render its being carried impossible; and their whole scheme is indeed such as to preclude its ever being agreed to by their opponents; while on the part of those opponents, the most ultra-Radical views alone will suffice. Some of the former party would have an assembly of betwixt thirty and forty members, one-third of whom should be chosen, according to some mode or other, by the Crown, one-third by the householders, and one by the landowners. They would portion out the colony into divisions, allow every five hundred pounds of property a vote, whether by land or household. Others of this party would wish two-fourths of the whole to be named by the landowners, one-fourth by the Crown, and the remaining fourth by the householders, with not less than a five hundred pounds qualification for all; and they also propose that there should be two houses—an upper and a lower! The ultra-Liberals, again, talk of universal suffrage on an educational qualification, embracing every male of twenty-one that can read and write; and of one house of assembly. Protection of liberty, and life, and property, are assuredly due equally to all classes; but it is not accordant with common sense that one possessed of a large stake in the country should have no more power in electing its legislators than one who has no property whatever; nor that men of five hundred pounds, who may remove at will, should have the same voice *in the government* of their country as those who

have five hundred times this capital, and whose legitimately acquired possessions afford a security to the public that they will legislate for the good of their country, and not merely for their own advantage. Neither of these plans, it appears to me, can be carried out. Two houses are unnecessary, and the other proposals are extreme. There are no materials for two houses in Australia, nor are there the same reasons to demand a second house that there are in England, where old established privileges, rooted in the constitution, and linked both with church and state, render its continuance expedient. Who are the men whose position in society in New South Wales would entitle them to be above their fellows, and of the upper house, would become the question: and, in a purely mercantile community, where *real rank* is not to be found, as in the old country, legislation, even if it could be more advantageously carried on by such a measure, would be neglected, and bitter jealousy would thwart every public good.

However true it may be, that there is no rank amongst the embryo legislators, there is nevertheless a high, a ludicrously high tone of aristocratic feeling about the party who consider themselves the *distingué*, which is calculated to injure their cause; and it must be allowed that I only state the truth, however unpalatable, when I say, that with the exceptions I have named, (the squatters, who are generally of the higher families of Great Britain) few in Australia have any *heraldic* foundation for their assumed position. Wealth they have certainly; and, in fact, the effort at a change proceeds almost entirely from them—the *heads* of both the exclusionist and the emancipatist parties; the former from a wish for dominion, the latter from an unwillingness to submit to that domi-

nation which they anticipate, were they not parties to the acts done in assembly; and an unwillingness also to grant power of which they do not partake. The talent of the day is on the emancipatist side. The middle class, recognised in England as such, have very few representatives; and, if they exist at all, they hang aloof from distrust in both (as one gentleman who accounted himself of that section told me), from a consciousness of not belonging to the one, and a fear of being considered of the other.

From all these peculiarities in the present state of society and property in Australia, although municipal institutions may be desirable in towns, and practicable possibly without injury to the tranquillity or well-being of the community, and may be good stepping-stones towards other privileges, it still does appear to me that the time has not yet arrived for an alteration in the form of its government, so entire and sweeping as the contemplated representative legislative assembly, and that the safety of the country, its private interests, as well as its public welfare, would be, for some time to come, much better secured by some less violent change; which, while it guarded against the present evil of irresponsible councillors, might, at the same time, lay a foundation for more enlarged privileges at a future day. The present government is certainly in many points objectionable, both in its constitution and in its privileges. The Governor is aided and controlled, it is assumed, by fifteen councillors, all of whom, however, are in fact named by the Crown, and some of whom are actually officials of the Government. The Governor is president, and generally presides at all the sittings. His power is, from the nature of this council, very great—too great, possibly, in some respects; while in

others he is a mere instrument of the authorities in Downing-street. The debates are held with closed doors, and neither governor nor council are amenable to the colony for their acts or advice. Even this form of government, objectionable as it may be, was arrived at very gradually.

During General Macquarie's governorship, which terminated in 1821, New South Wales was a mere penal settlement, and was treated as such. Sir Thomas Brisbane succeeded General Macquarie, and his accession to office was the first dawn of freedom in Australia. Though there never was any *restriction* of the press, there was till then only a *government press* in the colony, which in effect was the same thing; another was established, and *opinion* became free. Legal courts were constituted, and jury trial in civil causes, the palladium of British liberty, was granted. A legislative council was instituted, only consisting of four members, however, all of whom were civil officers of the colony, and altogether irresponsible. This was still a pure *oligarchical* government, but it was a prodigious step in advance, and under the enlightened and humane rule of that gallant officer, the colony was prosperous, and, comparatively speaking, contented.

The next governor was Sir Ralph Darling. The only difference in the constitution that was introduced during his rule, was the increase of the number of councillors from four to six, only three of whom were to be connected with government, and the other three were to be private individuals. Still, however, the whole six were named by the Crown, and therefore the *nature* of the government was unaltered; but it was another step towards a constitutional government. Subsequently, in 1828, I believe, under General Darling's sway, the legislative council was

changed to its present number, not exceeding fifteen, nor fewer than ten; and an *executive* council, with similar authority and functions as the privy council at home, was appointed. The whole are still, as formerly, nominees of the Crown. The last governor was Sir Richard Bourke, who took the helm in 1831. I do not know that any alteration of consequence was introduced during his vice-royalty, except the re-introduction of trial by jury, which had been suspended during the reign of his predecessor. But great changes and improvements were made in the internal discipline of the colony, and Sir Richard Bourke retired from the administration of affairs with the special approbation of the liberal party of New South Wales.

Matters have remained in *statu quo* since the arrival of the present governor, Sir George Gipps; but agitation has been at work, and has resulted in the two petitions I have quoted, and in the more limited and gradual amelioration of affairs, suggested by Mr. K— and his friends.

Judging from the slow and cautious pace at which the colony has hitherto progressed towards the acquisition of privileges equal to those enjoyed by the parent state, and looking to the gradual advancement in its moral and commercial career, one is forcibly struck, not only with the wisdom of the process, but also with the consistency of the results; and, however opposed the doctrine of *Festina lente* may be to the wishes of the sanguine and ambitious, the past appears to dictate to the present and the future the only safe course of procedure.

Such views will, I doubt not, be considered as temporizing only; and he will be deemed at once presumptuous and short-sighted who dares to insinuate the unfitness of the people for such a change as is contemplated, or the

expediency of interposing one single step more betwixt the outstretched arm and the glittering bauble; but, at the hazard of both, I humbly record my opinion, that in that intermediate step is based the safety and the happiness of the colony.

As a preparatory measure, then, towards the remedy now craved—which is thought by some to be the only cure for all the evils of Australia, and for which they conceive themselves at present quite fitted—I would, *for a time*, remodel the present form of government as follows:—The members of council I would increase to at least thirty, freely chosen by the colonists, exclusive of official members, nominees of the Crown; their debates I would open to the public as at home; the governor should cease to sit in council as president; the initiatory privilege should extend to the freely elected members as well as to the official; and the supplies and all taxation should be voted by the whole assembly, as in England.

Even these may be conceived violent innovations: but a change is requisite, and they are far short of the alterations demanded, and would not long since have been gladly grasped at by one of the parties in New South Wales, if not by both. In the words of an amiable and talented colonial writer, some years ago: "These changes would be a decided step in advance, and a good preparative for the further extension of the representative principle, which the colony, it is hoped, may at the expiration of that period be in a state to receive with advantage."*

* Whilst this journal was being written, on my passage from Australia to India in the months of May and June, 1842, Lord Stanley was engaged in preparing the new constitution for Australia, as agreed upon by Government; and when I reached London, in August of that year, and my MS. was shown to his Lordship by the gentleman to whom this volume is dedicated,

From the *alterations* in government, the mind naturally turns to *those requiring them*, and to that portion of the public in particular, which, when the passage above quoted was written, was not conceived admissible as a body into the deliberations of the colonists. The *emancipist party*, from the causes already assigned, have now ceased to be of any very great weight, but they are still a firmly united and extremely wealthy body; and the time is not yet arrived when they can be either slighted or neglected in public matters. In consequence of a certain description of legislation during the earlier days of the colony, their star was long in the ascendant, and one or two of the governors acted as if the sole object they had in view was their advancement. They held offices of trust and responsibility, obtained grants of land without much reference to character, and ultimately had convicts assigned to them as servants and labourers. Instead of the commission of crime being thought any disqualification, or, as in the sister colony of America, the criminal being looked upon as the enemy of his race, and denounced by his countrymen, the offences of the emancipist seemed for a time to secure to him in Australia a haven of rest, and the means of acquiring unbounded wealth. So early as 1821, there were no less than 3,478 families of *emancipated* convicts, whose joint possessions were as follows:—251,000 acres in pasture; 34,769 acres in cultivation; 2,447 horses; 59,466 cattle; 168,960 sheep; 25,000 swine; 2,778 houses; 15 decked vessels; £300,000 vested in trade; the whole being worth, as

his Lordship's matured legislation on the subject was past the Cape, on its way to Sydney.

I cannot help being agreeably surprised, therefore, in finding that whilst in total ignorance of the nature of that constitution, my views should have been so much in unison with it.

stated by Mr. Wentworth, £1,562,201 sterling! This was upwards of twenty years ago, when the days of the mercantile existence of the colony were scarcely begun, and the export of its staple commodity—wool—was below 100,000 lbs., while last year the quantity exported amounted to 10,000,000 lbs. On a fair calculation, therefore, allowing both for the unprecedented prosperity of Australia during the last twenty years, the habits of accumulation of these persons, and the enormous individual fortunes of some of them, ranging from £100,000 to £500,000, I am confident that I am beneath the true amount when I rate the present possessions of themselves and their descendants at ten millions sterling—the third part of the total property of the colony. That this enormous sum was originally gained by means which could only exist in a state of society such as the country then presented, is clear. Commissioner Bigge, in his report upon the state of the colony during the time of Macquarie's government, says, "The convict creed was, that it was a convict colony, established for their benefit, and had been brought into its present state of prosperity by their means; that no title to property in New South Wales was considered to be so good or just as that which had been derived through the several gradations of crime, conviction, servitude, emancipation, and grant." "But," observes a very clever writer, a leader of the emancipist body, "these days are past;—where is the mistress kept by the more influential classes of our community for the double purpose of love and lucre? One moment the retailer of tea, sugar, rum, and tobacco; the next, the ebriate solace of her ebriate mate. In short, where is the chaotic dissolution of manners that once and so long prevailed?" These things are past and gone; and if the truth must be told, the fortunes of many of the

exclusionists themselves were not acquired by the purest means; close contracts, the gin or rum-shop, embarrassments wilfully created by insidious loans and ejectments, and other crooked paths, were used equally by both parties, bond and free.

The first thing that raised the emancipists to any importance as a body, was their establishment of a bank during the government of General Macquarie, called the Bank of New South Wales; which effected a change not only in their position, but likewise in the affairs of the colony. Hitherto rum had been one of the principal standards of value: it then ceased to be so: discounting at usurious rates in Spanish dollars, which were an admitted medium of currency, also ceased in a great measure; and bank notes, issued upon undoubted property, became the circulating medium. The emancipists immediately took their places in the community as the mainsprings of its prosperity; and from that period they continued to increase in importance and wealth for many years. Another of the great benefits they conferred upon the country, was their liberal support of some of its best charities: and the value of their previous services to the state, in the shape of compulsory labour, can only be duly estimated by all the stranger in Australia sees around him in town and country. They are now fast merging in the general mass of citizens. The evil that they have done the land of their fathers, and that of their banishment, is in some degree past, while their good acts will live after them.

Some curious cases have occurred in this town of a thorough change of character being effected in convicts by proper treatment—a treatment strict, but not harsh—humane, but still in perfect accordance with their sentence. One man, whose name is in every one's mouth in Sydney

where any sale is to be effected, or any purchase to be made, had an unfortunate defect in his vision, which prevented him from clearly distinguishing between his own property and that of others, and he was twice convicted and twice imprisoned—once in this colony, and once in Norfolk Island. On being asked how he acquired his fortune, he replied, "Why, I found I never did well till I became an honest man, and so I thought it better to *adopt the character;* and money has never been out of my pocket since." A Captain C., who was long in the habit of conveying out convicts from England, was stopped by a respectable-looking, well-dressed man, in Sydney, who, accosting him by his name, said, "How do you do, sir? It is long since we met, and I dare say you will not know me. You may remember J—— G——, whom you brought out in your ship as a convict in 18—; whom afterwards you took as your servant, and who robbed your house; and whom you then had transported a second time. I am that man, sir; and I owe it to that punishment that I am now able to ask you if you have any fat cattle or sheep for sale? I am in business now, and have been since *my time was served;* and I can pay you ready money." The captain dealt with his *quondam* prisoner, and was punctually paid!

There are some persons in this colony under the cloud of banishment; others, under the odium of their fathers' delinquency; there are men of the highest rank, in one or two cases, indeed, the sons of noblemen. Few, very few, even of these *élite*, whose crimes are not considered as such by society, though the law holds them to be so, have been admitted into respectable circles. Caste in Hindostan is not more rigidly regarded than it is in Australia: the bond and free, emancipist and exclusionist, seldom associate together familiarly; indeed, the mode of life of the gene-

rality, even of the more wealthy of the emancipists, was such, in certain instances, as to exclude them from female society, and from family intercourse with the other class. They have splendid houses, handsome carriages (after the taste of Sydney), fine shops, and large balances at the bank; their children are sent to the colleges of England, and their daughters' fortunes get them husbands from among the free. But there is, as yet, an insurmountable obstacle to their intercourse with the unspotted, and a galling barrier of exclusion betwixt them and the circles in which they so much wish to mingle.

When one reflects upon the history of this colony, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise to find that the rate of crime is infinitely beyond what prevails in any other civilized state. Dr. Laing, in his Travels in Sweden, gives a fearful account of the prevalence of vice there; and his statement, and that of Colonel Forsal, nearly correspond with reference to the crime of the different states of Europe and America. It is lamentable indeed to perceive that the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and her colony of New South Wales, stand so low in the scale of morality. But it must be borne in mind, that where one country has a better and more efficient police than another, the number of convictions being greater does not prove that the former is more demoralized than the other, where a large proportion of the crimes which are committed remain unpunished and unrecorded.

United States of America,	1	offender in every	3,500	persons.
Wales	1	ditto	2,320	„
Denmark	1	ditto	1,700	„
Sweden	1	ditto	490	„
Scotland	1	ditto	1,130	„
England	1	ditto	740	„
Ireland	1	ditto	493	„
New South Wales . . .	1	ditto	22!	„

Admitting that these numbers are not perfectly accurate, and that some commitments may have been represented as convictions, still the result is so fearful that one naturally endeavours to ascertain the cause, and to seek the remedy: both appear to me to be included in one word—education. The want of it in England and Ireland is the cause; its extension will be the remedy.

For the credit of New South Wales it is right to add, that the bond are liable to punishment for offences which are not held as crimes in other countries,—such as untruth, impertinence, &c.; all which are included in this list. The summary committals of local magistrates also are included in New South Wales, but not, it is supposed, in the others. France is not named; but from a quotation of M. Lieber, from the "Compte général de l'Administration de la Justice Criminelle," it appears that in 1837 there was 1 offender for every 174 persons: add the committals before magistrates for examination, and summary punishments in the galleys, and it will appear that the amount of crime in France is fully equal to what is said to prevail in New South Wales. Property and life, however, are comparatively secure in France; and her crime may be accounted for by her having no penal colony, and by her very complete records of crime. France is a country less densely peopled, less commercial, less manufacturing than England; and, maintaining a careful watch over the whole subject of jurisprudence, without any transportation or assignment system; and yet her amount of recorded crimes surpasses that of England as 4 to 1, being in the same proportion, or nearly so, that the crimes of England surpass those of the United States of America. One would infer, with the anonymous author I have before quoted, "that transportation and assignment could not be so prejudicial to the community as alleged."

In the matter of education, England and her colonies are in the rear of almost all other countries. "Forward!" is her motto in war: how is it she cannot assume a becoming position in the nobler arts of peace? Mr. Macarthur, in his work upon New South Wales, published in 1837, quoting from the reports of Thomas Vardon, Esq., Librarian of the House of Commons (Parliamentary Papers, 1834-6), says, that the respective proportions of the number of children attending schools, to the aggregate amount of population in some of the chief European States and in some of the United States of America, are as follows:—

England	1 in 15
Austria	1 in 13
Scotland	1 in 10
Switzerland	1 in 8
Prussia, Bavaria, Norway, and Sweden	1 in 7
Netherlands	1 in 5
Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut	1 in 5
New York State (United States)	1 in $3\frac{3}{10}$
New South Wales, population 77,361 (1837), one-third to be deducted as convicts	1 in 20!

The above needs no comment.

Education, to which the Australians, above every other people, ought especially to look, for the future greatness of their country, for its respectability and its character, and which, aided by time, can alone throw the mantle of oblivion over the past, is now, however, anxiously sought for; but the funds and means for this object are inadequate; and it would be infinitely more advantageous to New South Wales were its energies, at the present day, directed in this quarter, instead of being employed in hatching schemes of government. The public institutions are, however, pretty numerous: the chief ones are the Australian and Sydney schools, honoured with the

name of *colleges:* these are both distinguished seminaries, as respects the general management and the ability of some of the masters; they are differently constituted, but both respectably supported. Dr. Lang is principal of the former, and Sir John Jamieson president of the latter. Many of the supporters of the one last mentioned are of the emancipist party, and it is rather looked upon as their peculiar school; several members of the direction, however, are not of that body. There are normal schools and various other seminaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. The latter church has eight, and, with its usual exemplary zeal, has pushed them into every corner of the colony. The Presbyterians have six in Sydney, with several in various other towns. The Wesleyans have seven in the colony altogether; the Episcopalians six in Sydney, with others throughout the country in different districts. In short, though the supply is still much below what it ought to be, and inadequate to the demand, it is satisfactory to know that in every quarter, and on every opportunity, great desire is evinced for the furtherance of this grand stepping-stone to the future fame of Australia. I must, however, confess that there is still great room and necessity for renewed exertions, both in town and country; and the Protestant population will do well to imitate their Roman Catholic brethren in their exertions on behalf of the rising generation.

Much doubt has arisen as to the propriety of Lord Glenelg's permission, or rather order, to institute schools in Sydney on the Irish principle; I am inclined to believe it was a wise act, as so large a proportion of the *lower classes* is Papist. A little of the truth may lead to the ultimate knowledge of the whole; and instruction in the ground-work of education, reading and writing, is the

most powerful engine that the Protestant can use; curiosity is one of the foremost tendencies of the human mind, and mystery ever creates it. Give the youth of the day this "place to stand on"—*education*—and though they may not "lift the world," they will assuredly more readily lift from their own eyes, at least, any veil with which ignorance or priestcraft envelopes them.

The number of the chief religious parties in Sydney, in 1841, were as follows:—

Religion.	Persons.	In each 1000.	Proportions.	
Episcopalians . . .	16,505	551	1,225	To 1,000 of all others.
Presbyterians . .	3,111	104	110	
Roman Catholics . .	8,126	271	372	
Other Protestants .	880	29	30	
Wesleyans . . .	827	28	28	
Jews	462	15	16	
Mahomedans and Pagans	62	2	2	
Total	29,973	1,000		

During the last thirteen years the increase of Roman Catholics, in proportion to their numbers in *Sydney*, has exceeded that of Protestants by twelve per cent.; throughout the *whole colony*, however, the case is different; the increase of Protestants has exceeded that of Catholics by forty-six per cent. This result is at once easily accounted for, and worthy of serious consideration with Australians. The lower Irish marry in Sydney, or settle there with their wives on their arrival, being employed in all the lower callings of life; whereas in the bush, the married couples with families are not liked, and most of the shepherds are single men. The overflowings of the increase in towns, however, will in time overspread the country; at present they amount to more than a *third* of the whole free population of the capital; and to assimilate the character of the masses to that of the same classes at home, it will be desirable to have a large infusion of *British* blood

speedily introduced; while, for the improvement of all, the *well of education* should be kept ever open for all to drink of it.

The monetary affairs of the colony are managed through the medium of six banks—the Bank of New South Wales, the Union Bank of Australia, the Bank of Australasia, the Commercial Bank, the Sydney Bank, and the Bank of Australia: the whole are considered sound and safe establishments. The only banks possessing charters, granted by the queen in council, are the Bank of Australasia and the Union Bank of Australia. The notes of both these are payable in London, at the head offices there; and any one wishing to bring capital to this country cannot adopt a safer mode than by depositing their funds in either, and taking bills upon Sydney. Silver, to any amount, is a legal tender in the colony, and, generally speaking, all the banks refuse to give gold, though, to accommodate their customers, they occasionally do so to a small amount, and the more readily if gold has been deposited by the party. The Commercial Bank is understood to have the largest circulation of notes: its capital is 400,000*l.*; and it has two agents in Britain, the London Joint Stock Bank and the Commercial Bank of Scotland. The Bank of Australasia is said to be about to increase its capital from 400,000*l.* to 900,000*l.*, although one of the latest established here. It is, perhaps, the best known in other countries, having agencies in all parts of the world, with the exception of America. Its interest on current accounts is four per cent.; on deposits payable on ten days' notice, it allows five per cent.; at three months' notice, seven per cent.; it discounts bills, of not more than one hundred days, at ten per cent.; on more than a hundred days, at twelve per cent. The Sydney Banking

Company is a very recent establishment; its nominal capital is 1,000,000*l.*, in 50,000 shares, of 20*l.* each. It is understood, in Australia, to have an excellent business, and to be one of the most liberal as to its dealings.

There has also been established for some time a savings bank, perhaps the most useful of the whole. It is said to be exceedingly well managed, and is as exact and true an index of the state of the operatives in Sydney, as Mr. Adie's sympisometer is of the state of the atmosphere. Amidst the very great distress that certainly exists, the distrust, and want of command of money that there has lately been among those engaged in trade, as well as amongst the proprietors, stockholders, and storekeepers, the state of this savings bank is an incontrovertible proof that the energies of the country are not altogether prostrated or paralysed, or its expenditure at a stand. Last Saturday evening there was deposited, by the class I have named, no less a sum than 950*l.*, and as much as 1,500*l.* have been lodged there in one evening. It is open for these deposits every Saturday after the hours of labour, and one little boy has presented himself at the door with his shilling every week for some time past. There are the seeds here, I doubt not, of some future Samuel Terry, who left behind him half a million sterling, the result of unceasing accumulation. This admirable institution was established about ten years ago; the governor is president, the colonial secretary vice-president, and some of the members of council and other wealthy and respectable individuals are trustees.

The following abstract of the monetary state of the colony in 1841, as compared with 1838, drawn up by my acquaintance, Mr. Gregson, from the returns of the circulations of the colonial banks, bills under discount, &c.,

will at once show the true state of pecuniary matters in this country, and also the magnitude of the business transacted, together with its prodigious increase (whether beneficial to the community or not is another thing), in the short space of three years and three months.

Banks.	31st March, 1841.			31st December, 1837.		
	Notes in Circulation	Specie held.	Bills discounted and Securities held.	Notes.	Specie.	Bills.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
New South Wales .	31637	85041	390701	26209	78809	267596
Australia	25162	23097	387815	26424	40041	239272
Commercial . . .	63544	57651	487377	45946	42672	295860
Australasia	53370	87607	658891	16751	20617	161548
Union Bank . . .	27706	69086	455667	—	—	—
Sydney Bank . . .	17591	16401	178170	—	—	—
	219010	*338883	†2558621	115330	182139	964276

These details will be dry and uninteresting to many readers, but they are important as furnishing the master-key to the unprecedented state of the colony; and when taken in connexion with another branch, the commerce and resources of the colony will pretty satisfactorily account for much of the embarrassments of the year 1842.

The very minute and accurate tables illustrative of the state of the commercial and monetary affairs of New South Wales, from which I have obtained some of the facts which I have stated, were compiled by Mr. Gregson, with

* Of the sum of 338,883*l.* specie held by the banks, at least 100,000*l.* is on deposit from the government.

† In addition to the above sum of 2,558,621*l.* bills discounted, &c., by the banks at Sydney, are to be taken into account the sums, or capitals, so employed by the savings bank, four insurance companies, and one gas company, whose aggregate discounts, or accommodations to the public, may be estimated at 250,000*l.* more, making a total of upwards of 2,800,000*l.*; of which it may be assumed, that the securities held upon real property, *i. e.* mortgages, do not exceed 200,000*l.*; consequently, the paper afloat in Sydney, under discount by the banks and public companies, amounts to upwards of 2,600,000*l.* exclusive of that held by individual money-lenders; whereas, the amount at the end of 1837 was under one million!

the concurrence of Government, ready access being afforded him to documents in the different official departments: it only reaches to the termination of the year 1840; but the balance of trade shown that year against the colony will be greatly augmented in 1841, and will exhibit a corresponding excess of imports in proportion to exports, as in the three preceding years.

The external commerce and resources of New South Wales during the years 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1840, showing the balance of trade in each year, is exhibited in the following table:—

	Imports.	£	Exports.	£
1837.	From Great Britain and other countries, exclusive of produce of fisheries, but including coin	1,093,665	To Great Britain and other countries, including produce of fisheries . . .	901,298
	Up to this period the balance of trade was not materially against the colony, although a very great depreciation in the value of wool had taken place in England in the year 1837, which caused a corresponding decline in the value of sheep and wool in the colony; ewes which, in Jan. 1837, were sold for breeding at 3*l.*, being, in Dec. worth only 15*s.*; the fleece, in Jan. bringing 2*s.* 3*d.*, in Dec. only 1*s.* 2*d.* per lb.		Expenditure of Treasury for military and convicts . .	185,000
			Disbursements of ships visiting the port . . .	75,000
			Other expenditure of British income against bills drawn .	75,000
				1,236,298
			Deduct excess of declared value over real value of wool exported	300,000
			Balance against the colony on the year	157,367
1838.	Imports exclusive of fisheries, but including coin	1,383,759	Exports, including produce of fisheries	770,333
			Expenditure of Treasury for military and convicts . .	200,000
			Disbursements of ships . .	100,000
			Other expenditure of British income against bills drawn .	100,000
			Cattle, horses, and sheep, driven overland to Port Philip and Adelaide, during the year . . .	50,000
				1,220,333
			Balance against the colony on the year	163,426

	Imports.	£	Exports.	£
1839.	Imports, taken as above,	1,788,381	Exports, including produce of fisheries	871,092
			Expenditure of Treasury for military and convicts . .	300,000
			Disbursements of ships . .	125,000
			Stock to Port Philip, Adelaide, &c.	75,000
				1,496,092
			Balance against the colony on the year	292,289
1840.	Imports, taken as above,	2,462,858	Exports, including fisheries—colonial, 562,172; fisheries, 265,920; British and Foreign goods, exported again, 423,452	1,251,544
			Expenditure of Treasury, &c. formerly	300,000
			Disbursements of ships . .	150,000
			Other expenditures of British income	150,000
			Stock to Port Philip and Adelaide	100,000
				1,951,544
			Balance against the colony on the year	511,314

This annually increasing balance against the colony is not even the whole truth, large as the sum of upwards of half a million appears to be for so young a country. The value of the *imports*, as above stated, is the declared value at the Custom-house, where it is the practice to enter only the invoice cost, without freight, insurance, or charges. These are usually defrayed in Great Britain, or at the respective ports of shipment, and would be a very considerable addition to the above amount; and it may therefore be fairly assumed that the present balance of trade (1840) against the colony is at least one million sterling, being so much debt due to Great Britain and other countries.

It may be well now to mention also the principal exports of the colony in these years, and the price at which, in the foregoing calculations, they were rated. The only

exportable articles, *the* PRODUCTION *of the colony*, are wool and oil. The former is an annually increasing export, amounting last year (1841) to about ten millions of pounds: of the latter a good deal is imported for re-exportation. But a rival in the oil and whalebone trade has sprung up, of late years, in the United States of America, which threatens to be of serious consequence to this colony; though hitherto the quantity has not materially diminished, and that of the black whale oil has, indeed, increased.

	Wool.	Sperm Oil.	Black Whale Oil.	Whalebone.
1837 . . .	4,273,715 lbs.	2,559 tuns.	1,566 tuns.	78 tons.
1838 . . .	5,428,993	1,891	3,055	174
1839 . . .	6,597,981	1,279	1,229	135
1840 . . .	7,638,960	1,854	4,298	230

The price of wool was calculated at 15*d.* per lb. in Sydney, clear of deductions; the sperm oil at 85*l.*, the black whale oil at 18*l.* per tun; and the whalebone at 100*l.* per ton, in 1840; at 14½*d.*, 87*l.*, £38, and 116*l.* respectively in 1839; and in 1838, 17*d.*, 65*l*, 18*l.*, and 102*l.* respectively.

In order to form a correct idea of the present anomalous state of matters in the colony, it will be useful to inquire into the articles imported, by which it will be seen how rapidly it has been "*going a-head*," as advancing in expenditure and luxury is now termed, during those years in which the balance of trade was gradually increasing against it, and the price of the staple article of wool was diminishing in value. It is true there was likewise a large annual increase in the quantity exported, but it was no equivalent for the reduction in price and the loss of two-thirds of the capital of the colonist, in the diminished sale value of the sheep.

CLASSIFICATION OF ARTICLES IMPORTED.

		1838.	1839.	1840.
		£	£	£
1st.	Liquors* of all kinds, spirits, wine, ale, beer, cyder, and perry . . .	168,510	200,734	338,494
2nd.	Grain, provisions, and other edibles, including sugar, tea, &c. . . .	250,173	470,317	502,149
3rd.	Other articles of consumption, as salt, soap, candles, tobacco, &c. . .	71,817	109,689	198,022
4th.	Forage	4,503	22,328	6,551
5th.	Wearing apparel, clothing, and bedding	481,804	565,855	787,958
6th.	Articles for domestic or personal use, as furniture, carriages, plate, &c. . .	112,239	106,645	122,249
7th.	Books, prints, instruments, printing materials, &c.	54,811	42,248	50,032
8th.	Ditto for use of agriculture, manufactures, trade, and commerce . .	203,042	246,120	450,996
9th.	Coin	36,860	24,445	6,407
10th.	Articles for re-exportation, or chiefly so, as oil, whalebone, &c. . . .	123,044	243,268	137,792
	Total in each year . .	£1,506,803	2,031,649	2,600,650

By the foregoing results it appears that in the last three years, (1838, 1839, 1840,) which may be termed years of scarcity, the importation value of grain, provisions, and other edibles, (sugar and tea included,) amounted to 1,222,639*l.* Of this sum upwards of one-half was for grain, flour, and salt provisions alone—comprising wheat, 539,773 bushels; flour and biscuit, 3,540 tons; salt provisions, about 3,000 tons. And to this extent it may be considered the country was drained by the scarcity of the three years above mentioned. Of the last year's importations of wheat, a quantity equal to about 135,000

* Gallons in 1838, 1,151,583; 1839, 1,744,474; 1840, 2,260,774.

The value of Rum imported		1839	£45,936	1840	£51,017
"	Gin "	"	8,550	"	22,939
"	Brandy "	"	2,2078	"	41,765
"	Wines "	"	33,922	"	8,7937
"	Ale and Beer	"	80,376	"	120,281
"	Cider and Perry	"	2,017	"	2,920
			£200,734		£338,494

bushels was purchased by Government, and stored in the siloes.

The two items of *liquors* and *edibles*, taken at their importation value in the last year,—namely, liquors, 338,494*l.*, edibles, 502,149*l.*, together 840,643*l.*, will alone more than absorb the aggregate value of all the wool, oil, and whalebone exported from the colony in that year! being of the value of 828,092*l.*, estimated at the most favourable prices. By the census of 1841 the *imports* of the colony in 1840, in proportion to the free population, were 28*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per head, while the *exports* were only in the ratio of 13*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* The *imports* of Great Britain in 1831 averaged 2*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, and the *exports* 2*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*

From the foregoing statements, and other authentic data, it appears that the expenditure of the colony, and the introduction and consumption of luxuries, and the increase of comforts, had more than kept pace with the *downward* tendency of the exports and income of the country; that there was a consumption of liquor to the extraordinary amount of 28¾ gallons to every male above fourteen in the colony, within the year 1840; and that the whole exports of the colony in that year did no more than pay for the meat and drink of its inhabitants. The balance of considerably upwards of a million and a half forms an awkward entry against the contingent assets of the colony, and leaves a deficit of more than half a million to add to the difficulties of 1841.

The ordinary revenue of the colony of New South Wales is derived from the customs, a tax upon the stock-holder for every head of cattle and sheep he possesses, from the sale of crown lands, and from some minor items.

There is no excise in Australia; and, with the exception

of the tax upon the stockholder, I am not aware that *direct* taxation exists. The crown land sales are made expressly—and the proceeds have been expended *exclusively* on that object—for the introduction of emigrants into the colony, and therefore should not come under the head of ordinary revenue at all; and the direct tax upon stockholders was alleged to be levied for their express behoof, in the establishment of local police, in the payment of commissioners for the arrangement of all territorial disputes, and in other arrangements for the security of property. So that if these two items of income are legitimately applied, there remain only the customs as the chief source of revenue.

The smaller items of revenue are—duty on spirits distilled in the colony, of which there is great evasion; licences to retail malt and spirituous liquors; licences to hawkers; licences to auctioneers; post-office receipts; rents of market-dues and government premises; fees of public offices; fines levied by courts of justice; water supplied to shipping from the dock-yard; repayment of loans and of advances to emigrants (not annual); the crown's share of seizures by the customs; and sale of property of convicted felons, *chiefly stolen cattle.*

The whole amount of government revenue for the year 1840, including the revenue of crown lands, which was 342,658*l.*, amounted to 653,127*l.* (leaving as *ordinary* revenue from customs, &c., exclusive of crown lands, 310,469*l.*), which was 6*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* per head on the free population; while the expenditure of that year was at the rate of 5*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* The *ordinary* revenue, again, of 1840, was at the rate of 3*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* per head of the free. In Great Britain, in 1831, the ratio was 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* per head. I have not the means of ascertaining correctly the *expenditure* of the ordinary revenue in either country for these years.

The immediate cause of the present embarrassment and difficulties of the colonial government proceeds, it is alleged by one party, chiefly from its liabilities on account of immigration, and the abstraction of the funds of the colony obtained from the sale of crown lands, for the purposes of immigration; and from the discontinuance of the assignment of convicts to private service: both of which, as well as the doing away with transportation to Australia altogether, the emancipist party highly disapprove of. A plan was submitted by the governor, at the time of my arrival in New South Wales, to the legislature, for raising by debentures the sum of 200,000*l.* to meet immediate wants. These debentures were to be secured on and paid out of the *ordinary* revenue of the colony, if not liquidated within three years out of the land fund (*i. e.* the sale of crown lands), and were to bear interest at 6 per cent. payable out of the *ordinary* revenue.

It has hitherto been understood that the proceeds of sales of crown lands (*i. e.* the soil of New South Wales, where not already sold or granted to individuals) were exclusively to be devoted to the introduction of labour into the colony; and when the arrangement was entered into for this purpose, and an organised system was adopted under a board of commissioners in London, there was every prospect of the funds from these sales being more than adequate for the object. But, from the various causes already alluded to, these sales have gradually diminished in amount, and instead of realising the yearly revenue of 100,000*l.* and upwards, as they have done for several years past, they have ceased to be of any importance as an item of revenue. Something was, therefore, necessary to be done to meet immediate demands, for the emigrants were pouring into Sydney in hundreds, and ships and officials

were waiting for their bounties and their perquisites. This suggestion of raising money by debentures the governor submitted to the bankers, to ascertain what would be the marketable price. Their opinions differed, but it appeared that they were nearly all agreed as to their being scarcely negotiable in London; and recourse was had to drafts upon the Treasury in repayment of the fund due by the young colony of New Zealand to Australia, which was, however, to the small amount of about 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.*

This proposal regarding the issue of debentures was objected to by the emancipists, because it appeared to them that the prime want of the colony was money, not immigration; and therefore to encourage immigration at the expense of the colony, and still more, to create a colonial debt, would, they alleged, only add to the distress of the colonists and of the local government. They considered also, that it was unconstitutional and illegal to tax the colony except for strictly local purposes; that a tax for immigration was not of that description, as the immigration that is paid for out of the colonial fund is of more importance to England than Australia, in relieving the poor-rates at home, and in creating the means of producing a cheap raw material for the British market, &c., while the loan would most likely be permanent, and form a bad precedent. They, as a *pis aller* only, acquiesced, under the circumstances, in the necessity, or expediency at least, of applying the proceeds of future sales of crown lands to the liquidation of the demands of the shippers, and the recall of the bonds lent to New Zealand.

One of the ablest emancipists states, that from 1838 to 1841, the sum of 521,004*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* "had been expended in immigration by New South Wales, chiefly from the sales of land; and the present embarrassment arises from the pro-

bable requirement for immigration from 30th November, 1841, to the 31st May, 1843, of the additional sum of 386,164*l.*; making altogether the sum of 907,168*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, or an annual average amount for the current year, the three preceding years, and the following year and a half, of 164,939*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.*—a sum in respect of the population equal to about 35*s.* per head annually, and therefore a sum far exceeding what could be paid in England without ruin."

This is, however, an extreme view of the case. The debt, as stated by Lord John Russell, was certainly of the large amount of nearly one million of money; but it is also true that not only a part of that debt, but a large part, had been already discharged; and that the remainder, though still great in amount, and oppressive, was not payable at once and in one single sum, but in a series of years; while, moreover, every probability existed of its complete liquidation being effected by the sale of land, as soon as the absurd restriction was removed of a twenty-shilling price for all the land of the most desirable districts belonging to the Crown. That obstacle having been wisely withdrawn *by his lordship*, and Moreton Bay having become in consequence available to the colonial government, there is now every prospect of the remaining part of the debt being paid off, provided the minimum upset price is fixed sufficiently low.

The other cause of these difficulties was considered by this part of the community to be, as I have already said, the discontinuance of the assignment system. "Formerly," says the same authority, "during its continuance, the colony could afford a large sum for immigration, and hence no objection was raised to such appropriation, inasmuch as there thereby accrued a saving of wages to the assignee (colonist) of about 500,000*l.* annually, being 20*l.*

a-head on 25,000 convicts; and to the colony generally, a saving in the passage-money (paid by the Home Government) of about 3,000 convicts, equal in available labour to about 9,000 immigrants (men, women, and children) at about 18*l.* a-head—162,000*l.*; making an annual saving to the colony of about 662,000*l.*! while the colony, having now become progressively deprived of more than one half of that sum during the last three years, and having, moreover, disbursed within that period 463,906*l.* 3*s.* 2¾*d.* for immigration, exclusive of large balances, drained from it principally for *British manufactures*, is reduced to general distress, from which, and from the additional loss of the remainder of the above annual saving on assigned convicts now impending, nothing can (say these gentlemen, through their able organ, the author from whose views I quote) redeem the colony, but adequate retrenchment in every department of its government, in the amount of its imports, and, above all, the discontinuance of immigration at its own expense; or a return to the system of assignment."

It is with very great diffidence that I venture to dissent from the most important conclusion arrived at by this talented body. I agree with them, that importation has been excessive, and will require to be diminished; in fact, it will naturally decrease of itself, in consequence of the unwillingness of English consignees to export to the colony under its present circumstances. But to insist that the sale of the country should not be made subservient to the advancement of the colony, by the introduction of labour, seems to me to strike at the very root of colonization. Had Australia never emerged from its original character—had it remained for ever the inheritance of the convict only, then some weight might attach to

the doctrine that its revenue from sales of land should be expended entirely in internal improvements—roads, bridges, &c.; nor is it difficult to see that these views may be in unison with the feelings (though not with the ultimate interests) of the emancipists, as tending to the production of a state of society of one description only.

But having gradually arrived at the point when that desirable transition from a penal colony to a free and commercial, and comparatively moral one could be, and has been made, and when nothing is wanting to complete the change but time and the plentiful supply of labour, by which the desired purposes will ultimately be effected—to facilitate *that* by the medium of a bounty system properly regulated, is at once the best use to which the proceeds of the land sales can be put, and the course which *will be* the most beneficial to the colony and to Britain. I have, however, no hesitation in adding, that I believe a heavy pecuniary loss has been sustained by New South Wales, in consequence of the original object of its settlement having been departed from; but it is a sacrifice no well-wisher to his country can lament, unless it be found that either sufficient free immigration fails, or adequate funds for bounty immigration are wanting to supply the deficiency created by the cessation of convict labour—a state of things that would nip its prosperity in the bud, and strike a blow at the very foundation of its future success. Rather than that such a catastrophe should befall the colony, were I an Australian, bond or free, I would unhesitatingly postpone for a season the attempt to place it among the free states of the world; and, keeping that object ever in view, I would endeavour ultimately to obtain it by the only means that seem to be practicable—the continuation, for a time at least, of the system of convict labour.

The rapid increase of population in Australia is another of the many remarkable facts in its history. We do not find in Europe that healthful occupations, or even those connected with rural life, tend to this result; on the contrary, our most densely occupied towns, and our unhealthy manufacturing districts, are found to be the most prolific. In treating of the population of New South Wales, its increase is not to be considered as originating so much from within as from without; immigration is the great cause of its wonderful numerical riches, and this must be borne in mind in comparing it with other states. But even admitting this, the increase upon itself is beyond that of almost every other country in the world.

		During the ten years.	Being an annual increase of
England, from 1821 to 1831, the increase per cent. was		16·2	1·6
The United States, from	1820 to 1830 .	33·5	3·3
The Canadas	1823 to 1833 . .	62·0	6·2
New South Wales	1831 to 1841 .	198·0	19·8

The comparative increase in its largest town is scarcely less striking.

		During the ten years.	Being an annual increase of
Montreal, Canada,	1821 to 1831 . .	36·8	3·7
Liverpool, England,	1821 to 1831 . . .	38·9	3 9
Quebec, Canada,	1821 to 1831 . .	45·1	4·5
Boston, United States,	1820 to 1830 . . .	41·8	4·2
New York,	1820 to 1830 . .	63·8	6·4
Sydney,	1831 to 1841 . . .	103·8	10·4

It thus appears that the population of the country in New South Wales has increased in a still greater ratio than that of the capital, great as the increase of the latter has been. We are apt to consider that the population of England multiplies fast, but it is nothing to what is taking place here, both in town and country. The highest rate in the counties of England is in Monmouthshire,

which, at the census of 1831, was found to have increased thirty-six and a half per cent. in the previous ten years. The lowest in England at that census was Rutlandshire, the increase of which county was only four and three quarters in ten years.

The highest increase in New South Wales was in the county of St. Vincent, where the rate was one hundred and ninety-six and a half per cent. in five years—equal to thirty-nine and a quarter per cent. per annum; and the lowest was in Westmoreland, in which it was only seven per cent. in five years, or little more than one and a quarter per cent. per annum.

To complete the comparison, I shall terminate these statistics by a quotation from "Pitkin's Statistical View," p. 585, given in the analytical view of New South Wales by Mr. Mansfield, to whom I am largely indebted for information on these subjects.

The comparative increase of population in Europe, America, and New South Wales:—

Prussia . . .	doubles itself in	26	years
Great Britain	in	42	„
The Low Countries	in	56½	„
Two Sicilies	in	63	„
Russia	in	66	„
Austria	in	69	„
France	in	105	„
United States of America . .	in	25	„
The Canadas	in	16	„
And New South Wales . .	in	7	„

It would naturally be imagined that morals and climate must both lend their aid to produce such a state of things; and when one looks at the immense consumption of intoxicating liquors, it is difficult to understand how it is that the effect does not display itself in such investigations; population thrives, it would seem, in spite of the

multiplicity of public-houses and the general prevalence of intemperance; and to the climate, I presume, we must chiefly look for the impunity with which this viec is indulged in. Australia is most assuredly a singularly healthful country; the diseases common in town life in Europe are unusual; the small-pox is almost unknown; fevers are of rare occurrence; and pulmonary complaints are, from the dryness of the atmosphere, very uncommon. The people, however, have not "ceased to die," though I have seen only two funerals in Sydney, and both of them were those of sailors. Health and wealth, the elements of happiness, are surely within its reach, and the *fiat* appears to have gone forth a second time, "Multiply and replenish the earth."

The native productions of the colony of New South Wales are various and numerous; it has some manufactures, and its capabilities are unbounded. Coal of an excellent quality is found, and has long been worked, on the banks of the river Hunter, and is a cheaper fuel even in Sydney than wood, which, as the town spreads, gets daily scarcer, though one would imagine that word must be inapplicable in Australia: but the coal is altogether sea-borne, whereas the wood has all to be carried in carts for several miles. Maitland, the capital of the river Hunter district, is only a day's sail from Sydney, and from the mines around it promises one day to be the Birmingham of the colony.

Tobacco is grown, and is manufactured for smoking into what are called figs, but I cannot learn that either cigars or snuffs are made here. The sugar-cane thrives, and sugar was formerly made by government, at Port Macquarie. The mulberry also, and the silk-worm, thrive here; and all these articles of tropical climes—tobacco,

sugar, and silk—might be produced at Moreton Bay, which, though not quite within the tropics, its latitude being 23° 30′ south, is sufficiently hot for their growth. The juniper and poppy both succeed well, and I have no doubt coffee would do so likewise, though it has not as yet been cultivated here. Rye and millet are grown, but not extensively; and, from the barley not being found to malt so well as the English, most of the malt used in the colony is brought from England, as are also the hops. Gin, however, is made in great quantities, both from the colonial barley and from maize. I have already stated that the grape flourishes here luxuriantly and is of excellent quality, and that wine of a good description is produced; but it has not yet become an article of commerce to any extent, though there is every facility for it, and every probability of its becoming so ere long. The Cape grapes are cultivated here; but the wine from the Madeira grape is so superior to that from the Cape grape, that the culture of the latter is not to be desired. Manna—the manna of the East—is said to fall in the southern parts of *this* country, white and sweet, resembling globules of sugar; but I have not seen any of it myself: the dark-coloured I have frequently tasted—it is nothing more than a species of gum. There are breweries, foundries (iron ore is found in the interior), marble works, &c. &c.; Mrs. Patton's shop furnishes as beautiful specimens of plain mantelpieces, both as regards workmanship and material, as any in Britain; the nature of the colonial marble does not admit of its being carved—it is too brittle and crystalline. It comes from the interior, and its carriage from the quarry is difficult, and makes the price high; it is of three shades—yellow, a most beautiful blood-spotted, and green and purple clouded; and in some cases it is a con-

glomerate. Soap, candles, pottery of a coarse brown fabric, are all made here; and at Lord's Mills cloth and other woollen stuffs are manufactured from colonial wool. This grand staple of Australia is chiefly used at home for the finer woollen manufactures, merinos and schalles, for which it is considered better adapted than even the finest Saxon wool, which, from the sheep being always housed at night, is thought to have a brittleness in the fibre (if I may use the term) which the other has not. The only goods made here of it are the coarser ones I have named, which, however, are considered excellent of their kind; a fabric, called Paramatta cloth, much used in the clothing of the convicts, is also made.

The press has always been free in this country, and is here, as it must be everywhere, a weapon of great power for good and evil. There is a *candour* in it as to private affairs, somewhat startling even to those accustomed to the Chronicle and Times in the old land. No stamp duties lessen its profits, and it enjoys a most plentiful harvest. The columns of the leading prints are daily filled with the announcements of the "great *sacrifices*" to be made at the auction-rooms, and with the "astounding *liberality*" of the *terms* of the auctioneers. An equally fruitful source of advertisements are the rewards offered for lost, strayed, or stolen stock, as well as the daily list of failures, debts, and assets given openly, and beneficially it may be, but unfeelingly, to the public eye.

I have every wish for the freedom of this mighty engine, but not for its licentiousness; nor can its interference with private affairs be sufficiently reprobated: and it is a source of regret to me to see how frequently, in the broad sheets of this town, talents and ability are perverted to

purposes of injuring or exposing private persons. One case of this nature, full of gross injustice and cruelty, is now before me in this day's paper—the case of the surgeon of an emigrant ship, who is denounced for conduct that, if true, merits every exposure, *upon conviction;* but the accused had left the colony before the charge was brought! and his name is blackened, and his character injured, and it may be his prospects in his profession ruined, without any proof of his guilt! The Herald, a Tory paper, has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the colony, and is the cleverest; the Colonial Observer and the Sydney Gazette, both of Conservative-Whig politics; the Australian, the Press, and the Chronicle are *all* respectable in ability; and it is wonderful that in so small a population there should be so great a demand for newspapers.

All religious creeds are to be found here—Christians, Jews, Mahommedans, Pagans, and unbelievers. There is no *state religion;* but the Churches of England, of Scotland, and of Rome, are equally recognised by Government, inasmuch as each receives assistance in erecting places of worship, in proportion to the numbers of the congregation, and the sums subscribed by them in aid of the outlay. Every Presbyterian clergyman, in addition to what he receives from his congregation, has an income from the state of 200*l.* if he has 500 hearers, of 150*l.* if 200, and of 100*l.* if 100. There are various denominations of Protestant Dissenters—Wesleyans, Baptists, (who got a grant of the site of their chapel from Government,) and others,—that receive government pay, and would, I apprehend, be equally entitled, under the act, to aid in erecting their churches if they applied for it. But I believe that they, the Society of Friends, and the Indepen-

dents, have chiefly erected their places of worship at their own expense. Dr. Lang says, in his "View of the State and Prospects of the Presbyterian Church in the Australian Colonies," published in 1836:—"Under *that* arrangement (Sir Richard Bourke's provision, sanctioned by the Home Secretary, for the support of religion in New South Wales,) there will be room for twenty additional Presbyterian ministers in New South Wales, fifteen of whom will receive 150*l.* per annum each from Government from the very first, in addition to what they may receive from their congregations. Four or five would obtain the maximum salary of 200*l.* In at least fifteen of the new Presbyterian appointments there will be no difficulty whatever in raising at least 300*l.* for the erection of a church and manse, so as to secure a like sum from the colonial government."

The Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge most liberally gives 50*l.* a year in addition to the government salary, and the sum of 150*l.* to assist in the expenses consequent upon the first year's settlement in a new country.

It is not quite correct to say that there is no state religion, if the allowance by Government is the test; for the Episcopal Church is more largely provided for than any other. But all have pay from Government, and therefore, in *that light*, it may be said there is no one established church.

The Bishop of Australia has	£2,000	0 per ann.
One chaplain 560*l.*, two at 460*l.*, one at 350*l.*, ten at 250*l.*, three at 200*l.*	4,930	0
Chaplain at Sackville Reach	45	0
Salary of Mr. Threlkand, missionary to the natives	150	0
To provide salaries for six additional native chaplains	900	0
Salaries of Episcopal Church . . .	£8,025	0

Forage money allowed to twelve chaplains, at 2*s.* 6*d.* per diem	£547	10 per ann.		
Allowance for two boatmen on the Hawkesbury	36	10		
Four convicts employed by Mr. Threlkand	36	0		
Travelling expenses of clergymen on duty	260	0		
Rents of ten parsonages	630	0		
Rents of chapels	110	0		
Churches and dwelling-houses, on condition of an equal sum being raised by private subscription	5,000	0		
	6,620	0		
Total to English Church			£14,645	0
Eight ministers of the Church of Scotland: one at 300*l.*, and seven at 100*l.* per annum each	1,000	0		
Churches and dwellings	300	0		
	1,300	0		
Total to Presbyterian Church			1,300	0
The Right Rev. the Roman Catholic Bishop	500	0		
The Vicar-General	200	0		
Five chaplains, at 150*l.*	750	0		
Salaries for six chaplains expected	900	0		
Allowance for travelling expenses	90	0		
Chapels and ministers' dwellings	600	0		
	3,040	0		
Total for Catholic Church			3,040	0
In all, for religion			£19,085	0

These allowances from government I give as paid in 1837; since which no material alteration has taken place. The humble church of my own country seems to fare the worst of the three. The name I have already had occasion to mention—Dr. Lang—I must again repeat, as linked with the best interests of his church and the colony. The erection of the Presbyterian church, of which he is minister (the first dedicated to that persuasion in Australia), was, in consequence of misunderstandings with the public local authorities, in danger of being stopt altogether; and the Presbyterians of the day owed it to the great sacrifices made by this estimable man and his

family that it was ever completed. I know nothing of the merits of the points in dispute between the parties; but it is a well known fact that through his own individual expenditure, and his energetic exertion, he afforded the members of that church a suitable house in which to worship the God of their fathers. His name will long live in the remembrance of Australia, as a leader in all projects of public utility.

It must be a source of loss and injury to the colony, as well as to individuals, that the means for the extension of religion are so deficient in New South Wales; and it is surprising that though the salaries are not great, at least those of the Scotch church, yet being equal to the emoluments of the smaller livings in Scotland (I mean those aided by Queen Anne's bounty), more clerical labourers from the mother country do not bend their steps hither. There is every disposition in the respectable classes to forward the cause, and individual contributions testify the zeal of some of the highest functionaries. Judge Burton gives one hundred a year for the furtherance of the combined objects of religion and education—the sister means for the regeneration of Australia.

There are several excellent institutions and societies in Sydney. First and foremost stands the Benevolent Asylum, where the old and infirm are supported by the government, aided by public subscription: its inmates are carefully attended to, and have religious and medical aid provided for them. A stranger wonders what becomes of the poor in this country, where there are no poor's-rates. But this, and like institutions, solve the mystery.

I have never yet seen a common beggar in Sydney, nor throughout my travels in Australia, except one rascal, and he, after all, was not a common beggar, but an uncommon

knave. There are also hospitals for the free poor, and prisoners. To the hospital for the free poor any one may be admitted by the payment of one shilling per diem, and both are patterns of cleanliness and order. There is, in Sydney, a Strangers' Friend Society, and a Home for Female Emigrants, under the surveillance of a lady, and chiefly patronised by ladies, but provisioned by the local government. This establishment admits of improvement. It is admirable in its intention, of great benefit to the emigrant on her first landing, but it is not *exclusively* a female emigrant refuge, but a family one rather; and requires minute inquiry into its *abuses*—its uses are undoubted.

Many religious Societies likewise exist—Bible and Tract Societies, Ladies' Bible Societies, Australian branch of the London Mission, Australian Juvenile Auxiliary Association to the London Mission, the Wesleyan Auxiliary Missionary Society, and several others. In a word, Australia is a pattern to all new colonies, and Sydney —all its history taken into account—is a thing to wonder at! It is marvellous in its institutions of every kind; and though striking evidences of its origin and newness meet one everywhere, as must be expected, there are other evidences equally striking, which prove that the energies of a great community and an enlightened people are struggling to advance the public good in every department of human acquirements.

Insurance and assurance companies, also, are plentiful. The Sydney Alliance, Marine Fire and Life, Australian Marine, Union Assurance, Australian General Assurance, the Scottish Australian Investment, an Aberdeen Company, the Australian Colonial, General Life Assurance, and the Mutual Fire, offer all, and each, perfect security against

every contingency. All these companies show the superabundance of capital, or credit, in this pushing, go-ahead new-born colony, and the endless desire of its inhabitants for speculation. There are the Gas Company, Auction Company, Agricultural Company (whose charter expires this year), Steam Navigation Company, Ferry Company, Trust Company, Bank and Loan Company, and several others.

Among the public institutions I must not forget the places for bathing—the greatest possible luxury in this climate. They are constructed in a retired situation, on the bay beyond the Sydney Gardens. The ladies' baths are a short way distant from those of the gentlemen, which are erected on piles in the sea. I do not quite approve the plan of the latter. There is no privacy; you have only the alternative of a bath in the public enclosed space, or in the ocean, where sharks, disagreeable neighbours rather, may take a limb from you, or carry you off whole. The ladies are safely secured from all intrusion, and they can duck and gambol unseen and unmolested.

I met to-day some four or five boys carrying a large diamond snake twisted round a stick; they told me it was five or six feet long, but I do not think its girth was above five inches. These snakes are harmless, except in the strength of their embrace, which, although not too *warm*, is disagreeably close.

Mr. M——, of C——, son of a worthy Scotch baronet, has just come to town from the North Countrie—of Australia. He tells me that the new country of Moreton Bay is fast being settled—that is, peopled, and covered with flocks and herds; but that the blacks are extremely troublesome. A story which he mentioned to me connected with his own station, has so much of the extraordinary

in it, and yet is so undoubtedly true, as to be worth relating. It is the fashion now to argue away that distinction of reason and intellect that used formerly to be considered as placing rational beings in a *somewhat* higher position in the scale of creation than the irrational. This is an approximation to the view of the matter entertained by that curious philosopher, Lord Monboddo, to wit, that men were merely an upper and more advanced race of apes, having tails at their birth, of which they were cunningly bereft. And really the sagacity, reflection, and affection displayed by animals are scarcely surpassed by man. My story is as follows:—Mr. M. received information about a month ago, that two of his shepherds had been murdered by the blacks; this was reported to him, I believe, through some of their sable brethren. Taking a man with him, he instantly went out in search of the men and their flocks; and his astonishment may be conceived, when, towards evening, he met the sheep coming slowly homeward, as usual, driven by one of the dogs belonging to the poor shepherds! On proceeding further, he heard the bark of the other dog, which he knew the murdered men had with them. The barking was unceasing. He proceeded in the direction of the sound, and at last came to the two dead bodies; the attached dog was standing watching over them, and endeavouring by his barking to attract attention to the spot; and for some days this faithful animal would not eat! Here were combined design, fidelity, and affection; call it instinct or reason, which you will, this at least is certain, that few human beings would have done more for their masters than these two dogs did for theirs.

I went last Sunday to the Roman Catholic chapel, or cathedral rather, for it enjoys and is worthy of the name.

High mass was celebrated, and a newly formed choir performed the chanting under the skilful leading of that celebrated composer and performer, Mr. N., formerly well known in London. The service is actually distressing. It is at once painful and astonishing to see the mummery and the almost ludicrous forms of this church, and to find men of powerful minds worshipping with such absurd ceremonies—the whisperings of the priests to one another —the ringing of little bells—the constant bowing, crossing, and kneeling—the incense fumes—the paintings—the comical dresses of yellow satin—the caps off and on perpetually—the eyes of the priests now cast up to the bone crucifix, and anon bent down to the floor every alternate second—the running after each other—the draining the cup *twice*, pouring in more wine, and draining it again! How is it that rational men, sincere men, and good men, too, can so *worship?* But, then, the splendour of the temple—the pealing of the superbly toned organ—the rich full volume of the leader's manly mellow voice—the touching beautiful notes of one sweet vocalist, and the fine soprano of another! these redeem the vanities, in the opinion of many, and lead still more astray. Popery assails the mind through every sense—the sight, the smell, the hearing; it gratifies all, and insidiously are its snares laid: habit, education, and consistency stand with its votaries in the place of the understanding.

I am now about to leave this country. In two days at the furthest I expect to be on board the William Sharples. During a fearful brickfielder I entered this land, and in the midst of a similar storm it seems probable that I shall leave it. It dismisses me as it received me, in its worst humour. Hurricanes of dust are penetrating everything, whilst a red dun sun, shorn

of his beams, withers up every one with its oppressive heat.

6th March.—As I am on the eve of concluding my sojourn in this country, it will not be out of place to take a retrospective glance over my experiences and impressions, since I first landed on its shores.

The state of Australia when I arrived was melancholy in the extreme, and was calculated greatly to disappoint the stranger who left England not only ignorant of its embarrassments, but persuaded, from the exaggerated ideas formed of it in Britain for some years past, that it was a land overflowing with prosperity and wealth. It cannot therefore be a matter of surprise that I have expressed myself strongly on discovering the truth, and that I should have painted my disappointment in terms which may appear somewhat harsh. I am satisfied that no one under such circumstances could altogether soften down and moderate his language, and if I have kept *within* the truth, which I have very anxiously endeavoured to do, then the truth itself can be productive of good alone. It is plain honest truth alone which can undermine false views and false representations, and lead to just expectations at home as to the probable result of emigration to New South Wales.

There is a passage in a book published some time ago by Mr. Buckingham, on America, which is so perfectly applicable to the deplorable situation of this colony, and to its causes, as almost to lead one to imagine it had been written with reference to New South Wales, and not the United States.

After some remarks regarding the government of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and the order for all debts to the state to be paid in metallic currency, as

having accelerated the distresses of that country; he proceeds—"But the remote and real cause of this crisis was, first, the habit which all classes seem, within the last few years, to have contracted *of speculating beyond their means, of living beyond their income, of spending money before it was acquired, and of keeping up the appearance of men who had realized large fortunes, while they were only in the act of accumulating them!* Extravagant expenditure in houses, in furniture, in equipages, in dress, in servants, in short, in every branch of disbursement, was characteristic of all the trading classes; and so long as the credit system allowed *them to import largely from England, and to pay by notes and bills at long dates,* the evil day could be deferred by one expedient succeeding another. Those who had speculated largely in the purchase of lands tried to withdraw their capital from the investment; but where all were sellers, and none buyers, prices were ruinously low; others who had large stocks of goods on hand from the excessive importations of the preceding year, tried to raise money by forced sales; but there were no buyers. And, in the midst of all this, as the debts due to England were so much larger than *could be paid in the produce of the country,* for which the markets at home were declining, the remittance of specie became the only mode of sustaining the credit of the mercantile body, and this could be obtained only by immense sacrifices of property." Again—"The *inordinate love of gain,* which has led to all these perversions of things from their right and proper channels, is working more mischief in this country, and undermining the moral principle of its inhabitants more powerfully, than all other causes combined, except, perhaps, *intemperance.*

"On the opposite side of the river to Washington, at

the point where the bridge terminates, we were shown the foundation of a *new town*, intended to have been built as a rival to Washington, and to be called Jackson, after the late president of the United States. The history of this little spot is worth giving, because it is a specimen of similar acts of folly committed in many parts of the United States within the last ten years, and the last five especially, originating partly in the vanity, and partly in the cupidity of the people, and resulting in their ruin. An idea was conceived by some real admirer or sycophantic flatterer of General Jackson, that it would be well to set up a rival city on the south of the Potomac to eclipse Washington on the north, and to call it by the name of the Rival Chief. This idea was at once acted upon by the immediate survey of the spot; and being a perfect level, *a city was soon mapped and planned on paper*, with squares, streets, avenues, markets, an exchange, churches, and all the usual accompaniments of a large emporium. General Jackson was applied to for his patronage to the undertaking, which was readily granted; and thus provided, the individual who *got up* the whole sent on to New York, where [*as in Sydney*] the rage for speculating in lands and city lots was at its highest; and forthwith a number of those gentlemen came to Washington to purchase. When they had bought their lots at high prices, they repaired back to New York *to sell them to other speculators at still higher*; and General Jackson having, at the request of the founder, attended the ceremony of laying the foundation of the Exchange of Jackson City, before a single dwelling of any kind was erected, and delivered a long oration on the occasion, the lots rose in value, because the city had been actually begun; *and buyer after buyer continued to give a higher price.* At length, however, the sums per foot of

this waste-land were so extravagant, that no further advances could be had upon it, *and the last buyer consequently found himself stuck fast.*"

To the very letter this is the exact career of New South Wales. But the parallel holds no farther. America is an immense mercantile community, of vast wealth and great resources *internally* as well as externally. A delusion of this description may incommode her, and she may even lie prostrate for a time, but her rebound is certain—her vital principle is not touched. Her population is sufficient for her wants. Her staple commodity is in demand—she does not wholly depend upon *one* article of commerce for the payment of her imports, and even her banking speculations, fatal to many as they have been, have caused such a strict inquiry into the system of issues, that a safer state of things is likely to be the consequence. Though a new country, America is matured in comparison with Australia: in her institutions, the magnitude of her commercial transactions, her cheap labour, her shipping, her internal wealth, her steam-boats, canals, and rivers, and the amount of her capital, there is no comparison between the two countries. The resemblance holds good only in the means both had recourse to in their eagerness to be rich. The internal luxury of Australia has outrun the internal production, and that staple upon which it is as yet mainly dependent is not valued, or cherished and fostered, as it ought to be. New South Wales has great individual wealth, but no public wealth. She has two hundred and fifty ships, it is true, engaged in trade. But were the shipping and trade of Britain withdrawn, Australia would be extinguished; she has nothing to fall back upon, no national stamina, arising from her own internal resources. She has nothing to offer to the world for all her consumption, except wool and oil, and

they produce not a *fourth part of the value of her importation!* Professional wealth, law, and other expenditure, form no items. On the trade and prosperity of the country these must ultimately depend. Lawyers' fees and champagne are not reproductive! and, unless her imports and exports can be more nearly assimilated—unless labour is procured cheaper and more abundant—unless the allotment mania cease, and she makes her chief staple her chief care, it is to be apprehended that her rebound will be far less vigorous and less rapid than that of her elder sister.

Notwithstanding the advantages this vast continent possesses in its climate, its adaptation to the production of marketable commodities of almost every description, it has one essential deficiency which must ever debar it from becoming a great manufacturing country, and that is the *total absence of inland navigation.* Some of its rivers, such as the Hawkesbury, the Hunter, and the Clarence, and Brisbane River at Moreton Bay, are, it is true, navigable for small craft of from 100 to 200 tons, for some miles into the interior; but none of them, with reference to the extent of their courses, as compared with the immense country they traverse, can be considered as of national consequence, nor have they depth sufficient for the purposes of trade. Almost all have bars at their mouths, which render it impossible for large vessels to venture into them. Ships in ballast could enter many of them, but when loaded could not return; and so great is the deficiency of water in most parts of the colony, that canals, the substitutes for rivers in other countries, cannot be introduced. Railways may be practicable, and it is said that the general configuration of the ranges of hills would render such works easy of execution; but experience tells us in Great Britain that merchandize cannot be economically conveyed

by them, and it seems improbable that, for a long series of years to come, the population in the interior will be sufficiently numerous to warrant such an outlay as would be required for their construction.

The colony must be wealthier in inhabitants, as well as in a pecuniary sense, before it can create the means of establishing manufactories, and before any considerable demand will exist for home (colonial) manufactures. The commission trade is too lucrative, and the settler is as yet too poor, for money to flow into any channel where the profits are prospective. Annual returns are necessary to the stockholder, and to the storekeeper a cent. per cent. profit presents more temptation than still larger gains in future years. Thus, then, from all these causes, separate and combined, it would appear probable that many years must elapse before the internal communication can improve, so as to induce speculators to make investments in new and untried schemes, and that, for a time, the present slow and insecure modes of conveyance must continue. This is one of the most important defects of this great colony; and in this respect, also, the comparison with Holland and America fails. The external trade of Holland and America was created and supported by their *internal* advantages—the mighty rivers of the latter, and the canals of the former; and population and consumption went hand in hand, pushing ever further and further behind the dikes of the one, and into the woods on the banks of the other. To Australia, Nature has denied these facilities, while it has blessed her with so many of the capabilities and advantages of the torrid and temperate zones.

Although this is the fact, the difficulty is not insurmountable. The most extensive and important inland

traffic in the world was carried on, not by water but by land, by the caravans of China and Burmah—of Egypt and Arabia—of Persia, India, and Syria—and in the interior of Africa. The camel was "*the ship of the desert;*" and unless internal communication can be rendered safe and certain by the improvement of the present roads, and by opening out new ones fit for the present system of carriage by *caravans of waggons*, there can be little doubt that a caravan of camels, which is found to answer all the purposes of trade in other countries, would be a desirable substitute here; doubtless some plan will soon force itself upon public attention. At present the settlers in the interior are so occupied with heavier calamities, that such things scarcely agitate them; they are satisfied, and indeed thankful, if once a year they are *among the fortunate* who are not robbed, do not lose their teams, or are not starved for a month or two by the non-arrival of their stores.

The other great barriers to advancement are the fluctuations of seasons, the long droughts, and the consequences in some parts of the heavy deluges of rain that sometimes follow these droughts, and by which whole districts are inundated — stock, property, and lives endangered and lost; crops not only become uncertain, but many are totally burnt up after the finest and most promising appearance; in districts, once the most fertile, corn, as maize is called, and wheat have ceased to grow, or are no longer sown, and even green grass is seen no more; and yet a shower of rain produces, as if by magic, verdure such as the rest of the world can scarcely equal.* In other parts,

* I have, I believe, previously stated that the richest grass in this country does not grow in close sward but in tufts, sometimes a few inches, sometimes several feet apart.

disease sweeps off thousands and tens of thousands of sheep, where such visitations were never before heard of; at times means are obliged to be had recourse to, to prevent the increase of stock, for want of food and water; and cattle lie dead in heaps by the banks of *dry rivers*, which but two years ago were goodly streams. It is not only in prices, or in produce, or in mercantile affairs, that this country is liable to change; in its natural constitution it seems unlike other lands; rivers in other countries change their courses, but here they actually cease to exist; districts, at one time the most fertile, are at another cursed with sterility and become as the desert. The gradual and progressive ameliorations and improvements, such as draining, &c., effected elsewhere by human skill, labour, and capital, are generally inapplicable here. Still, in despite of all this, Australia is a wonderful evidence of what British energy, capital, and industry, can create, and of what lasting benefits can be conferred by them.

My stake in Australia is a deep one, and I can entertain no wish but for its unbounded prosperity. I am not, however, misled by the interest I have in the success of the colony, nor, though anxiously willing to view all matters regarding it as favourably as possible, can I be induced to conceal my real opinion of it. Its prospects can *afford* to be critically dissected, for it undoubtedly possesses unrivalled capabilities, and most of the elements of a great and rising colony; but I am not blind to its natural defects, and the difficulties it has to surmount in emerging from its chrysalis state. I am aware of the disadvantages of the geographical position of its capital, which stands betwixt two straits, only passable safely and easily at certain periods, though, it is true, one of them is attempted in all seasons. I know that internal extensive

water-carriage can never exist here, and that there is in many parts no tolerable land communication; that there is a thirsty earth, and an irregular supply of moisture; that there is a withering wind, and, in some parts, a hostile native population, insecurity of property, the bushranger, and the convict. But, on the other hand, Australia has one of the safest harbours in the world, and a capital nobly situated for commerce when reached in safety; she has a beautiful and healthy climate, a rich soil suited to every plant of the tropics as well as of colder regions; she produces in perfection one of the first articles of trade, and one which must ever be in constant use throughout the world; she has an immense extent of sea-board; is never cursed with the desolating hurricanes of the western world; possesses individual wealth, of incredible amount, scattered throughout her bounds, as well as enterprise, energy, and ability; and she has as yet, it may be said, a purely British population. I doubt not for a moment that these are advantages sufficient to overbalance all her deficiencies, and to make her still the happy home of a powerful and a flourishing people.

Individual suffering, has been, and must continue to be, dreadful, while property of all descriptions is not only reduced in value, but is totally unsaleable. This state of things, however, is, I believe, only temporary. Property still exists to a vast amount; it is not annihilated, but is *dormant*, and must continue to be so till the colony awakes from its fatally delusive dream to the knowledge of its true position and of its best interests—substitutes a real value for an imaginary one—limits its imports and luxuries, and fosters and increases its exports and internal improvements. It were presumptuous to attempt to lift the veil that hangs over the future destiny of Australia; but

one may venture to express a firm belief that such a noble country was never formed in vain, and that the mental and bodily energies of man, aided by its own unrivalled climate, will not be thwarted in the attempt to assimilate it to the civilised regions of the globe.

Were I asked whether I would recommend my fellow-countrymen and others to emigrate to Australia, my reply would be, if they are possessed of *caution*, *energy*, and self-command, and have moderate views, let them come here. There is a field open for industry and capital to almost any extent; and the following classes of persons are those most likely to benefit themselves by emigrating:—Among the lower ranks, the poor man, with his tools and his skill as his capital, the day-labourer and the shepherd; among the better ranks, men that possess not less than three thousand pounds, whose object is to become stockholders; and those also of more limited means, who by the industry of their own families could cultivate a small section of arable land, and subsist upon its produce. Without some certainty of procuring a situation here, I do not think there is an equal prospect for an educated youth with small capital to improve his position, unless he puts his little fund to interest, and is fortunate enough to become a manager for others. I am quite satisfied that with less than three thousand pounds no young man can profitably invest his capital in sheep, if the care of them is to be his sole occupation, and it ought to be the *sole* occupation of every stockholder. Not only is Australia essentially a grazing country, but it is also the poor man's country. If he be reasonable in his expectations, the mechanic need never want work, and at wages above what he can obtain in Great Britain; nor need the shepherd, unless burdened with a wife and *numerous* family. But let no man come here, relinquish-

ing his country and friends, under the expectation of making a fortune by the wave of his hand, or in the twinkling of an eye. Time, character, and minute attention to his business, aided by strict economy, will doubtless enable such persons as I have above enumerated to make money, if they keep clear of the rum-shop. But they will find all these qualities as essentially and fundamentally requisite here as at home. They may possibly hear that wages in the bush, for shepherds and labourers, are as high as 40*l.*, with the addition of rations; and that 15*s.* per diem is the pay of mechanics in Sydney: but they will find themselves misinformed. They will, however, readily obtain in the bush from 20*l.* to 30*l.*, to which will be added the principal articles necessary for their maintenance, with a dwelling-house; and in Sydney, the artisan who is a clever workman and complete master of his trade, will earn from four to ten shillings, according to the description of craft he follows, but he must take into account that house-rent is much higher than in England.

For the wealthier classes, Sydney is by no means a cheap place of residence. Beef, mutton, and wines are, it is true, cheaper than in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin; but houses are of twice or thrice the rent. The wages of servants worth having are excessively high; and, though there are no taxes on horses, carriages, or coachmen, forage and other expenses more than make up the difference.

I would not have any youth fear the bush life from anything I have said of the discomforts of the dwellings it affords. Connobolas was a new and previously unoccupied station. When once here, a young man will soon learn to consider this almost the least important point of all. I do not think that I have seen any house in the bush inhabited by stockholders not proprietors, that might not have been

built for 100*l.*, and I have seen *many* that could not have cost 20*l.* His abode is a matter in which he may speedily suit his taste. Nor should he start at the retirement of the bush. With anything like a tolerable quantity of stock, he will find ample occupation: he will soon learn to *dislike* near neighbours as hindrances to business; and while, on the one hand, he enjoys the society of an occasional visitor with double zest, it is most essentially necessary, on the other, that he should be ever at the head of his business. From the depressed state of matters at present, too many of the stockholders are neither more nor less than managers for behoof of their creditors in Sydney—the storekeepers. But this cannot last long. The fresh arrivals will now have beacons before them to guide them clear of the rocks upon which so many of their predecessors have been wrecked, and the young stockholder will be enabled to invest his capital to far greater advantage than heretofore.

It may possibly be alleged that I have been too short a time in New South Wales, to be able to form a correct opinion concerning it. Under common circumstances, I admit the argument would not be without force. But I happened to arrive at a period peculiarly fitted for obtaining information on most points regarding its present position. The distress was so general, the ramifications of pecuniary difficulties had extended so completely to the uttermost verge of society, that individual became public suffering; and, what was common to all, was stripped of that cloak in which delicacy commonly envelopes misfortune. Regarding the past, I had established authorities of which I have availed myself; and as to the future, I have drawn upon my own observation, and upon fair deductions from the present. I have not intentionally

concealed or exaggerated anything—and I am perfectly ready to acknowledge my liability to those errors of judgment into which every traveller is liable to fall.

In reviewing the information which I have collected regarding this great colony, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for endeavouring to put forward in more prominent relief, and as shortly as possible, my views of those subjects and interests that are now more particularly engrossing its attention, and that seem so interwoven with its very existence as to be inseparable from any estimate of its probable future career. These are, first, Emigration of labourers and capitalists; secondly, the description of labour that ought to be encouraged; thirdly, by whom it ought to be introduced; fourthly, the *mode* of its introduction; and, lastly, *what* should be the object of greatest solicitude with every one connected with this most important country.

The idea of Australia again becoming a penal colony, with an improved system of assignment, seems now to be entertained, openly at least, by very few, although I believe that were influential persons to propose it, they would have numerous supporters.

Passing, then, from that resource, I address myself to the first point; and cordially acquiesce in Sir George Gipps' representation to the Home Government, in September, 1841, "that an annual introduction of labouring population is required for the well-being of the colony." This is the almost universal opinion of those who understand its position, or who have not some object to serve in opposing it. The question, then, is, how can this necessary immigration be effected; and upon that point there are various views, even amongst those agreeing as to its propriety. There is no dissenting voice, however, as to the expediency of holding out every proper inducement to the

youth of Britain, capitalists and others, to bend their steps to Australia; and with perfect truth it may be said, notwithstanding all her depression, and the difficulties she has had lately to contend with, that there is no province under the sceptre of England more eligible for young men of industrious habits, of skill in the crafts, or with *means adequate* to the life of a stockholder; and, with respect to one and all of these classes, it may be said with equal truth, *now* is the time. Labour is in demand, and never since Australia was colonised, could stock establishments be formed so cheaply or so advantageously. Discomforts and annoyances at first they must expect, as in all new countries. That the blacks in some places are, as with all *sable natives*, wantonly troublesome, there is no doubt; and the bushranger is a disagreeable person to meet in the woods, or as a visitor at home; but, with *proper conduct* and *prudence*, I am satisfied the emigrant has little to fear from either in most of the settled districts; and even in the more remote parts of the colony, it is expected that a rural police will soon be available for the protection of the more enterprising settler. I would say, then, to all that meditate emigrating to New South Wales—*carpe diem.*

The second point, viz., the *description* of labourers to be introduced, is a subject of the greatest importance, and it is equally important that the point should be settled without delay. I have not a doubt that on every consideration, the British emigrant is the most desirable. I have elsewhere said that I would prefer an infusion of English blood into the colony, to any further immigration of the Southern Irish. There are already upwards of 40,000 of that *lively* people in Australia, out of a population of 130,000, and I conceive it would be inexpedient at present to increase the proportion. Some

have an impression that the English manufacturer or labourer that would *improve* his position by a removal to another country, would not make a useful colonist as shepherd or otherwise. I have no faith in this opinion. The very sedentary habits of the Lancashire weaver or mechanic are suitable to the tranquillity of the shepherd's life. But I believe it is needless to dwell upon the question, whether our countrymen are preferable to any other nation, or whether in their various callings they are not more to be desired than any other people from any other country. The very serious expense of their introduction acts as a prohibition in the present state of the colony, and has caused men to turn their eyes elsewhere; and they have rested at last on the Coolies of Hindostan.

The Indian Coolie is in several respects extremely well suited to inhabit the bush of Australia. He is docile and patient, not difficult to please in his food, a little rice being all he requires; he is not trammelled by caste; he is well adapted to the climate, and has been found to answer well in the Mauritius. But the proposal to introduce him into the colony has, even in this time of its extremity, been strenuously opposed. Independent of prohibitory statutes, the expense of conveyance from India would be such as to confine the measure to a few of the wealthier colonists, and would not be, therefore, of general service to stockholders. The *morale* of the plan is also considered an objection. Mixed races would spring up in the bush, and there would be perpetuated a coloured population, instead of the colony in the course of years becoming altogether an English one. Were Government ever to engage in the introduction of Coolies, it is alleged that the cost would not be so much less than from Britain, as to overbalance the benefit that would be derived by both

countries by the emigration of the operative classes from them, who would make better shepherds, and are of the same language and habits as the colonists. Another argument used against their introduction is, that were British emigration altogether to cease, and be rendered unnecessary by a sufficient supply of labour from India, the already too great disproportion betwixt the sexes of the whites would be continued, if not increased; whereas, by a judicious arrangement in British emigration, that serious evil might be remedied.

Necessity, however, is a stern counsellor; and, under the supposition that British labour cannot immediately be had, most certainly I would not hesitate, from any objection I have yet heard stated, to seize the only alternative, —the introduction of the Coolie.

I do not think *any* doubt can exist on the point by *whom* emigration ought to be conducted. It should be entirely in the hands of Government. It may be true that some emigration agents, Mr. Marshall and others, were, as private individuals and speculators in this line, of great benefit to New South Wales, and were liberal in their general provision for the proper victualling of their passengers. Still there has not been, and cannot be, that necessary *responsibility to the public*, or that rigid adherence to *proprieties* on shipboard, that Government would secure. I think there can be no question that, were the whole arrangements under Government solely, a confidence would be afforded that would greatly increase the temptation to emigrate.

The more serious question is,—How any emigration, whether British or Indian, shall be effected? Whence the necessary funds shall be supplied? Convict labour being placed out of view, the introduction of *voluntary*

emigrants, of course, alone remains, and that can be managed only by holding out some suitable inducement to the natives of other lands to leave the place of their birth, and to break those ties and associations that link them with their country. Most colonists are of opinion that the old bounty system should again be had recourse to, and that it is a most legitimate appropriation of the resources of the colony to expend them in the introduction of a useful population; that, although it necessarily withdraws capital from the colony, it does so for the general good, and with the certainty of an ultimate return. In this view I decidedly concur. I do not say that if land sales could be effected in London for English money, and the money be employed in sending out English emigrants, it would not be more advantageous for Australia. But that seems to require so indefinite a period of time, and such extended arrangements, as, in present circumstances, to place it beyond a hope, were there even a prospect of meeting with purchasers.

Others, again, acquiescing in the propriety of returning to the bounty system, would lessen the temptation to the emigrant by requiring that he should come under engagement to repay gradually the expenses of his passage from the wages of his future labour in the colony. This would never do. It would act as a bar to the emigration of the very poorest in England, as it is just the *increased wages* they will *immediately* enjoy that stimulate even these to leave their country; and, were those to be lessened in this way, they would see in the change no improvement in their circumstances, such as to overcome the usual reluctance to the sea, and the removal from their kindred. I think, therefore, there can be no doubt that a well-regulated free bounty emigration of British or northern Irish people,

under the sole management of Government, is the only advisable mode of obtaining the *best* description of labourers and shepherds in Australia. And with a well-organised and vigorous agency throughout Scotland, the north of Ireland, but, above all, the west of England, I am convinced that a fresh, full, and healthful stream of useful population would flow speedily into the colony, where they would know want and indigence no more.

The next consideration is, whence Government is to procure funds sufficient for resuming the bounty system, commencing the introduction of Indians. While the minimum price of land exposed for sale by Government was 5*s*. per acre, a large annual revenue was derived, which was expended in the free conveyance of British subjects to the colony. That minimum price was afterwards raised to 12*s*. per acre, when the amount of sales immediately decreased; and the other evils of the years 1839, 40, and 41, being superadded, the revenue fell off alarmingly. In the year 1842 bounty emigration ceased. The minimum upset price per acre has since been fixed at twenty shillings.

There are those who consider it to be a matter of perfect indifference to the colony, in its present state, whether the minimum upset price of land be 20*s*. or 100*s*. per acre; and even go the length of saying that no part of any sales ought, at any period, to have gone towards emigration, but should have been, and be in future, entirely spent in the internal improvement of the country: at the same time they admit that it is necessary to support the woolgrower by every possible means, as the chief stay and prop of the colony. As a means of his procuring cheap labour, they say that Australia should, by internal improvement and otherwise, be rendered such as to be *desired*

by the operatives of England; but how this is to be accomplished without funds or labour, they do not condescend to explain.

If a check to *Government* sales of Crown lands be the object of these gentlemen, a high price will effect that certainly. But it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that many of them have large tracts of land of their own *to dispose of;* and, by thus advocating a high rate as desirable for Crown lands, secure a market for their own, by *underselling* her Majesty!

Land sales to any great extent are, however, I believe, at an end, until Government makes some change in the system of sale. And there is no mystery whatever in the cause. Government is just in the situation of any private possessor of any marketable article selling it by auction. Men will not even offer at all when the *upset price* is above the public opinion of its value; whereas, when stimulated by competition, if offered low, they may be induced to pay far more forit than even its real value, and infinitely beyond the higher upset price. I cannot, therefore, anticipate any funds arising for the purpose of emigration from this source at present; and some other mode must be adopted of providing means for the introduction of population commensurate with the annually increasing demand.

A LOAN *to Government, on security of the territory of New South Wales*, appears to me the only practicable resort. To this there may be objections. But *something must be done*, and that, too, very promptly. A loan is not only a safe and efficient remedy for present evils, but it is, in many respects, a right and just one; it will restore the country to the use of its own productive powers, and, as I have said before, part of the burthen will be thrown

upon future years, when the children of those it will immediately introduce into the colony will repay by their labour the then colonists for their proportion of the debt. The security would be undoubted; but for the realisation of this plan it behoved Government to meet the annual interest. With returning prosperity, I have no doubt this might be done from the ordinary sources of revenue. But if not, there is one step that would both pay the interest and extinguish the debt—*a return*, AT ONCE, *to a minimum price of land of five shillings per acre.*

My impression of Australia, in one word, is, that its present foundation-stone is the wool bale. The great expense the Australian has to encounter before competing with the German wool-grower—the distance he has to convey his commodity—the long period for which he gives credit—or the high premium he pays for ready money, are disadvantages not sufficiently estimated by the generality of persons treating of that country. No wool-grower living 200 miles from Sydney can deliver wool at the ship's side at a cost of less than 7½*d.* per lb.: viz., washing, shearing, packing, 2*d.*; carriage, 2*d.*; freight, insurance, dues, agency, &c., 3½*d.* or 4*d.*; and all this exclusive of the expense of rearing and producing it, which cannot be called less than 6*d.* per lb., not to mention the casualties, that ought to be taken into consideration at a large annual sum. Thus the gross outlay is not under 13½*d.* per lb., leaving, at the present prices, absolutely nothing for interest of capital or the stockholder's maintenance,—unless the wool is the finest, and well got up, in which case from 15*d.* to 18*d.* per lb., or even 2*s.*, may be got for it in England; and perhaps, after all expenses, (if such as I have described), from 1*s.* to 18*d.* pocketed for it by the grower. The protection of 1*d.* per lb. duty on German

wool is not sufficient; and the only way in which the stockholder can meet the lessened value of the staple of the colony and the foreign grower, is by *cheaper labour*. This is not only a stockholder's question, it is *the* question for every man in Australia; and he is no friend to his country, either in the mother country or in the colony, who directly, or indirectly, injures that body, by interposing obstacles in the way of these essentials to its future prosperity—increased population and investment of capital. It is needless to speak of further taxes upon the stockholders, wherewith to introduce emigrants, or to fill the Government exchequer. They do not possess the means of paying them. The object is of vital *colonial* interest, not merely the interest of a *class;* and, instead of the plank that is to be thrown out to save them being paid for by themselves, it ought to be purchased by the general contribution of every man in New South Wales.

The records of England tell that in *her* infancy she was a wool-exporting country, and grew great by the fleece, of which her woolsack is yet emblematic. Let not her descendants in other lands despise the ladder by which she rose. It is earnestly to be hoped that her Majesty's representative will not permit any blow to be struck, such as further taxation, to prostrate the first interest in Australia. I say the *first interest*, for no unbiassed observer can entertain a doubt, looking through the external appearances of things in that country to the internal putting together of its parts, that Government itself, storekeepers, retailers, every trade, and every craft, have for the foundation of their prosperity, the prosperity of the wool-grower.

Australia, it is true, will not always remain merely a wool-growing country; nor is it to be wished that it should.

Its other productions will in time form articles of commerce; and therefore, whether as regards wool, agriculture, salt provisions, wine, tobacco, or silk, or other future products, a progressive population should be steadily encouraged. At no period of her history is it at all probable that she will be enabled to despise the sheep and the fleece, which made her what she is: while other interests, therefore, are fostered as adjuncts and auxiliaries, it is the interest and the duty of every Australian to watch with a jealous eye over the great commercial staple of his country. As in Sweden and Norway, India, America, and other lands, so it is in Australia; Nature, in her climate, has pointed with an unerring finger to the article which ought to be her chiefest care.

CHAPTER XI.

VOYAGE HOME.

Leave Australia—The William Sharples—Delays in paying the bounties—View of Sydney from the harbour—Inspection of the ship—A runaway—Storm—Contrary winds—Calms—Whistling for a wind—Our crew—Beautiful phenomenon—Favourable change in the weather—Van Diemen's Land—Storms—A *terrible* calm—Lost sight of Australia—Proposed route from Bombay—Intense heat—Trade Winds—The Dolphin—Sperm Whales—Sharks and Pilot Fish—Opium clippers—Our boatswain—The Sailor's Home—The Arabian sea—Ophir—Tarshish—Egypt—The sword-fish—The monsoons—Supposed food of the whale—The Earl of Balcarrass—Bombay—Its position—The roads—The island of Bombay—The Parsees—The cholera—Letters of introduction—Victoria Hotel—Lights of Bombay—The fort—The native women—Water—Dingys or native boats—Population of Bombay—Native children—Cattle—Arabs—Modes of performing the last rites to the dead—Temples—Dwelling houses—Division of labour—Mercantile crisis—Official mystery—Cotton ship on fire—Cotton—Carriages—Trees and plants—Birds—Out of doors hubbub, and in doors quiet—Absence of rivers.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the early pages of that portion of the manuscript which detailed this division of my wanderings having been lost in London, after the preceding pages were in type, I cannot now attempt to recompose them; and must content myself with giving very briefly a general summary of the matters they contained.

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I had been two days on board the William Sharples, preparatory to sailing, when from the deck, on Sunday evening, I beheld a scene that I do not believe could be

surpassed, or indeed equalled, in the world. It was one of those evenings only known in such latitudes; the fires of the day were spent, and had been succeeded by that balmy coolness which restores and reinvigorates the exhausted and wearied frame. The sun was down, and had left the sky one mass of glowing gold, with a purple hue overhead that was reflected on the water, and produced an effect beautiful beyond description. Not a breath of air agitated the surface of the sea; innumerable ships lay at anchor betwixt us and the shore; their flags were hanging motionless on their masts; boats of an endless variety of shape were cutting their silent way in every direction, and steamers were darting past almost noiselessly; the white cottages and handsome villas were still visible in the forest all around; the Government House towered in front; there was a peaceful stillness on the water and all the country near, strangely contrasted with the hum of the city; the evening gun from the shore, and the responses of the bells from the shipping, added to the effect; and the whole left an impression of the scenery in an autumn evening in Australia, such as I never before beheld.

After various delays from procrastination in the payment of the ship's bounties, and from contrary winds, on the 16th of March we at last weighed anchor and moved down the beautiful harbour of Sydney. My last view of the city, its adjoining bays, gardens, gentlemen's houses, and endless succession of landscapes, all backed by the everlasting forest, I shall never forget. No one, I think, can leave this place without retaining in his memory a vivid and enduring recollection of its singular loveliness. The feelings, also, of that moment are not easily to be forgotten, being a mixture of regret and pleasure, anxiety and hope,—*regret* at leaving so fine a country, and at parting with those

who are dear to us, and yet *pleasure* in the prospect of again returning to our native land; *anxiety* as to the future welfare of the colony, and those we part from; and *hope* predominating, after all, from the knowledge of the capabilities of the colony, and its advantages in climate and other essentials of prosperity, over almost any other country; and *confidence*, above all, in the energy of her sons.

After having my remembrance of the terrible miseries of *Chouder Bay* refreshed by a sight of it in proceeding towards the sea, I passed once more between the tremendous Heads, and was again on the vast Pacific.

The William Sharples was a noble ship, and beautifully kept; and her commander, Captain Jones, was just one of those men you feel assured from the first is not only an excellent sailor, but also a person with whom a long voyage may be got through satisfactorily. We had very adverse winds, and great difficulty in getting through Bass's Straits, being nearly a month too late for making the passage westward. We were forced to lay-to four days successively, and five weeks were passed before we sighted the coast opposite the entrance to King George's Sound. Near us were some small islands not laid down in any chart; which, assuming to myself the privilege so freely exercised by all other *great navigators*, I forthwith christened JONES' ISLANDS, in compliment to our gallant commander. The latitude and longitude were accurately given in the lost MS., with a *special injunction* to the entire race of hydrographers so to designate them in all their future productions. It was not till the sixth week after leaving Sydney that we lost sight of that fifth division of the globe, Australia,—the tops of its mountains, off the shores of Swan River, being the last part visible; and we were then fairly in the Indian Ocean.

Among the few incidents that relieved the tedium of the first part of our voyage—and anything is an incident at sea—was the discovery (after the search officers had left us) of a poor unhappy Benedict, who had fled from England from one wife, and was now flying from Sydney from another, preferring, on comparison, the first to the second. He had stowed himself away down below till all search was over, and escaped the poking of swords into odd corners, and all the other means of detection, and was now safe. We had some severe weather before falling in with the trade winds. The sea in this ocean does not fall after a storm so rapidly as in the Atlantic or Pacific. After a heavy gale, which we had for three days, the waves still continued to toss us about: twelve or eighteen hours generally sufficed for this purpose elsewhere; but here a high sea rolled and tossed us unmercifully for two days.

At the line we had great heat, to be relieved only by deep potations of sangaree. The thermometer generally stood at 90° in the cabin at dinner; and at night the oppression was excessive. We met with only three vessels—a Prussian, an opium clipper, and the largest merchantman in the world, the old Earl of Balcarras, which had made the fortune of many captains in her long career of seventy years. She is still a noble ship, and is partly owned by a rich Parsee called *Pestonjee Bomanjee*: her cargo of cotton was valued at £70,000! With all of these vessels we held conversation; but with the usual conciseness of such colloquies at sea.

We saw several whales, and that curious minute substance somewhat resembling in its appearance masses of short hairs, on which they feed. We had also around us sharks, and their constant attendant, the pilot-fish; the sword-fish, and the beautiful dolphin; one of the latter we

caught; and the change of his colour, when dying, was exactly as is represented by naturalists—blue, yellow, green, and blue again.

The sunsets were inexpressibly grand and beautiful; such indeed as it never entered into my imagination to fancy. There was one in particular, which surpassed all I had seen in the Atlantic or Pacific. Brown is a colour not generally so picturesque in its effect as many others: but there was a shade of it that evening so dazzlingly brilliant, shooting up like towering irregular pillars into a light shade of most delicate green, as to constitute the very perfection of colour. There is splendid scenery on land; but the scenery of the clouds in these seas is far beyond anything *terra firma* can display.

We had also a *terrible calm* of three days' duration: this, too, surpassed all I had ever heard of that oft described horror. The sea was one mass of oily-looking death-like water; not a breath of air, not a sound, not a bird; everything was motionless—ship, sea, and sky; the very voice of the stricken sailors was painful to the ear. I have gone through storms enough, and to spare, and have seen the elements at their grandest and wildest; but I would prefer encountering the worst of these again to the torture of a *great calm* beneath the line.

We have had some discussion in the ship about the apathy of our English mercantile towns in not providing *Seamen's Homes* in the different ports of England, where poor Jack might find a respectable abode on his returning from sea; where, as in those institutions at Bombay and Calcutta, which are said to be excellent, he might live upon his pay as at an inn, paying for all he gets at a reasonable rate; and where, when meeting with his messmates, he might be in some degree freed from the temptations

that so openly beset him in every English seaport. Thus he might be induced to look forward to landing on his own shores, as affording a season of harmless pleasures and enjoyment, and enabled to save some of his hard-won earnings for after years; instead of, as now, squandering them in one night's riot and profligacy. Jack is unlike any other biped: continually *in transitu*, he has scarcely any ties of country or of kindred, cut off from them as he generally is from his youth; and those that profit by his labours and isolated situation ought to provide him with at least some degree of comfort at the places he resorts to, and the means, if he chooses, of sharing in the pleasures of life without its vices. He is unfitted in his old age for most kinds of work, and commonly when his physical powers are gone (and he loses them sooner than men of any other class, being considered knocked up at forty-five) he becomes an outcast, without a penny in the world. It behoves Great Britain to look to this matter. Except London and Hull, I believe, scarcely any seaport in the kingdom has such institutions as the Seaman's Home. In other countries this is not so; and it is a national disgrace to the greatest mercantile people to be behind others in this wise arrangement, which is a matter not of charity only, but of justice.

The discussion of this subject had led, I suppose, to the following conversation, which I overheard one day betwixt a very quiet respectable sailor at the helm, and one of his fellows, who was the cleverest hand in the ship, but not the most esteemed. I listened to it with great interest:—"The old bosin (boatswain) mustn't die yet, Mills," said the helmsman; "the old fellow mustn't die yet." "He will die, I believe," said Mills, "he seems fast going, Ned; and why, what about it arter all? we must all die sometime, thou

knows." "Aye," said Ned, "but he must not lie in blue water; he must live it out to Bombay, Mills." "Why, Ned, he was a good fellow enough, true, that same bosin, though he did give me a douser by times; but you seem to take it hard up, Ned." "Why d' ye see, Mills, it 's not that either; water or earth, that 's all one, I guess,—sharks or the worms; it 's not that, but"—"But what? Ned." "Why d' ye see, I don't think as how the old bosin has got the *right port* on his bow, Mills, yet:—that 's it. He has often told me he was a tarnation larker on shore. *He must not die yet.*" "Right port," replied Mills, with a sneer in his cold grey eye; "why now, Ned, I never minded much about them consarns, and jist shove them ahead like when I can: but d' ye think now, Ned, that it 's not jist all one, arter all—douse the glim, down hatches, and all 's over." Ned looked at Mills for a moment, as if irresolute and unwilling to reply; at last, he raised himself up, and said calmly, "No, Mills, I don't know much about it myself either; but depend upon it, Davy's locker is not the last or the worst of it, if"—Mills looked as if he would have asked "if what?" Ned took no notice, but gravely continued, "Greenwich Hospital, Mills, is for the worn-out and wounded *that have done their duty* and *obeyed orders;* and," pointing upward he added, "may be there may be some Greenwich Hospital aloft, Mills." The poor bosin did live till he got to Bombay, and was buried there.

We steered our course too much to the eastward, having crossed the equator at 70°; had we kept nearer the shore we should have carried the trade winds further, and have had a shorter voyage. The coast of Africa was on our left, and we had passed the country of Ophir and Tarshish, where Solomon sent his ships from Ezion-geber to trade for gold and silver, peacocks, ivory, and apes, and

which I have no doubt lay in the district now called Sofala. Three years are said to have been occupied in the voyage out and the return; nor is it extraordinary that so long a time should have been occupied, as in those days, when navigation was in its infancy, vessels were brought to anchor every night, and seldom lost sight of land, doubling every headland; and were in these seas entirely dependent upon the monsoon to carry them up and down the African coast. The winds in the Red Sea, too, which are just as regular, would be another frequent cause of delay; so that I have not a doubt that the period mentioned in Holy Writ would be fully required for so lengthened a voyage. To this view it has been objected that the peacock was not an African bird: but there was a traffic carried on even in those days betwixt Arabia, Persia, and this coast; and it is not at all improbable that the peacock formed an article of import in Tarshish. The locality of Tarshish has been long disputed; but from the scripture account of the trade, I do not entertain any doubt that this was the site of that city.

We crossed the regions of the monsoons shortly after making the Maldive Islands: they were not so fierce nor so steady as I expected, but in furious gusts, with deluges of rain. They generally came on at sunset, when the heavens became darkened all round the horizon, and every element seemed pregnant with mischief, and preparing for destruction. We had now stars of both hemispheres above the horizon—the Southern Cross and Ursa Major. The first sight of the latter revived old associations, and the hope of again seeing it in all its cold splendid brilliancy from my own northern land was most pleasing.

In passing the Laccadives, we were in considerable danger from currents. The rocks outside some of these islands are scarcely covered by the water, and even those

best acquainted with their position generally give them a wide berth. We passed one night in extreme anxiety: even our cool commodore was on the *qui vive;* and there was always "matter in't" when he was so; and thankful he seemed when fairly past them.

The first point of Asia which we sighted, was off Goa, on the coast of Malabar: how different from my first view of the land of the kangaroo! There, the unbroken boundless forest, covering hills upon hills, alone meets the eye, where the untutored savage roamed at will, with the canopy of heaven for his home. Here, the first things I saw were equally indicative and striking: the lofty Gauts in the far distant background, and on the shores the evidence of civilisation more ancient even than in our own land—the ruins of cities, fortifications, and Hindoo temples, crumbling to dust.

We at last reached Bombay on the 1st June, after a voyage of seventy-seven days from Sydney. We had scarcely anchored when we were boarded by Parsees, Coolies, Hindoos, and other curious-looking beings, all bent upon traffic and employment; and above us wheeled and dived in the air kites in hundreds, they also seeking what they could get hold of. They are as numerous, and are held as sacred here, as storks in Constantinople.

Our first information was anything but comforting or satisfactory: and, long as we had been at sea, and anxious as we had been for land, it had nearly driven our worthy captain back to his own element; and, at the moment, I should not have objected to accompany him; for we learnt that the cholera was raging and carrying off three hundred persons a day: the mortality was not confined to the native population only; but had extended to the shipping: and so, in town or afloat, the disease was equally likely to seize us.

I had all along been afraid of losing the last steamer for Arabia before the monsoon; and I now found I had done so. Upon the captain and myself the vials of calamity were poured unsparingly: trade was completely prostrated, no freights were to be got for ships, and there was every prospect of his being obliged to go to China instead of to England. I, on my part, learned that my son's regiment had been removed from Benares to Dacca, and thus all my hopes of seeing him were over: this was a terrible disappointment to me. The Cabul massacre was detailed to us in all its humbling and terrible circumstances: and, as a climax, I found that I must remain at Bombay, as it was doubtful if any passenger vessel would sail for Aden in the monsoon, which was expected to commence every day; and that all the information I had received at Sydney about another route by the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates to Beyrout, was wholly incorrect; that it was one never adopted by travellers leaving Bombay, and was beset with every imaginable difficulty. The Bussora and Persian mails do sometimes, it appears, go through the desert and Syria to the Mediterranean on camels; but though some few persons had succeeded in effecting a safe journey that way, it was, at this season and during the monsoon, not to be thought of.

Notwithstanding all these overwhelming evils, our worthy commander and I resolved to land at once; and therefore took a native *contrivance* called a dingy, and meant for a boat, whose prow was as often under the water as above it; and thus I at length found myself on Indian ground.

The view of Bombay from the sea is pleasing; surrounded as it is with its tall cocoa-nut and cabbage trees, its light-house and numerous bungalos. It was less exten-

sive, however, than I expected to have found it; and, after the beauties of Sydney, it certainly appeared to me, at first, tame and uninteresting; but the shipping was above all calculation, and far beyond what had ever been seen in Western India.

The part of the town called the Fort is walled round; and would, it is said, require 30,000 men to defend it. Sentries are posted at the gates; but this did not appear to me to be for safety, but for appearance' sake only. Bombay was the property of the crown, not of the India Company: it was the marriage portion given by Portugal to the Queen of our second Charles. Its situation is on an island, distant from the mainland about seven miles, at the point opposite to which we lay; though at the north-eastern end it is almost possible, at low water, to cross over to the continent on foot. It lies low; and betwixt the island and the mainland is the roadstead where all vessels anchor. At my first approach to this place, there was something in the air that struck me as peculiarly unwholesome, although I believe this Presidency is considered as healthy as either of the other two;—a vegetable Covent-Garden kind of smell everywhere, that was overpowering and almost sickening at first: nor did I cease to detect its presence during the whole of my stay.

The change from Australia to India was much more striking, much more novel in every way, than from England to Australia. The dense multitudes of coloured people of every shade, caste, and dress—the Eastern style of architecture, often rich with carved external decoration, mixed with some ancient Portuguese remains—the conveyances, singular in appearance as in name; from the palanquin, with its bearers and runners, to the hearse-like shigreem—and the splendid equipage of the wealthy

Parsee. All things were unlike what is seen in any other division of the globe: the fine-looking, trimly-attired Persian, in his muslin vestments; the stately Parsee, with his pink silk trowsers, white robes and shawls, and most unbecoming head-gear; the Hindoo or Gentoo, Jews, and Arabs, wild as their steeds, with their suspicious and glaring eye looking from under their kefieh; Chinese, Africans, and Europeans; the Hindoo women—with their naked children riding on their sides—covered with ornaments on fingers, wrists, elbows, ankles, ears, and nose; and beautiful in form, which their becoming mantle, the saarie, is so well, yet so modestly, calculated to display in all its gracefulness. The *tout ensemble* formed such a contrast to all which the eye has been accustomed to in England or Australia, that I felt as if I had suddenly landed in another world, where people, language, and everything were new and unknown to me.

I returned at dusk to the comfortable ship; and to my joy found waiting for me my old medical friend of the Lady Kennaway, who had preceded me in the "Marchioness of Bute." We had met at Plymouth, parted in Australia, and were now together again in India! but such scenes as I had just left, and such intelligence as I had received, were not favourable to the full enjoyment of the past or the present. From the moment, too, that I breathed the air of this climate, and experienced the dissolving moist heat, I felt as I had never felt before on the hottest day I had ever known in Australia—complete prostration of strength, with loss of power in my wrists and knees; and apparently nothing was wanting to complete the predisposition to the appalling disease that was carrying off masses of the population daily. However, next day we landed again in one of the said queer and unsafe-looking dingys; and I took

up my abode at the Parsee Hotel, the only one of any respectability in Bombay; and an uncomfortable wretched place it was for a man in my situation, scarcely able to move, and without a single acquaintance. As might be expected, too, I had difficulty in understanding any of the attendants, or making myself understood by them; and it was often only after considerable consultation with each other that my barbaric sounds were comprehended; except by one Parsee boy, whose acuteness seemed to arrive at my meaning from my eye, not from my lips. This, added to no one doing anything out of his own department, or stepping out of the offices of his caste—the multitudes of these strange-looking creatures flitting up and down—no locks to my doors—the melting heat—mosquitoes—my recent disappointments, and the uncertainties of my future procedure—my son's unexpected removal—the only other relative I had expected to have seen gone to England, and the only friend I expected to meet having departed for Calcutta! my first hours in Bombay were less agreeable than any I had spent since I left the shores of England.

From all this misery I was, however, soon happily relieved by the kindness of a stranger, whose disinterested and generous hospitality I shall remember while I remember anything. This friendly stranger was Dr. M——, the excellent son of a most worthy father, whom I had a slight recollection of having seen during my college days in Edinburgh. Completely knocked up in body and spirits, I stowed myself away in a palanquin,—a conveyance suited only for such a state of being; and, with an obsequious youth running with a parasol by my side, to shade my face from the sun, set out on my travels, for the purpose of delivering my introductions. On calling on

those I expected to see, I found, as I have stated, my only acquaintance fled; and began to despair, when I at last presented a letter of introduction to Dr. M—— from his brother, whom I had met in Sydney. To that introduction, and to the great kindness and marked attention also of Messrs. L—— and A——, the latter the son of Sir W. A——, Bart., Provost of Edinburgh, in the gala days of George IV., I owe all the agreeable hours which I spent in Bombay. At the delightful marine *bungalo* of Messrs. L—— and A——, I passed some most pleasant days: from their hospitable roof I was scarcely allowed to remove; and it is with deep feelings of gratitude that I now acknowledge the debt which I owe them.

I was not only invited, but absolutely *taken* from the disagreeable hostelry of the Parsee immediately, by Dr. M—, to his most comfortable mansion; and there I found a home, experienced every attention, and enjoyed every comfort that could have been extended to the friend of a lifetime.

Among the many novelties which interest the stranger in Bombay, is the bazaar, where the Arab horses are exposed for sale, and where their Arab masters are to be seen. I must confess that I was disappointed in these celebrated steeds. There was not one of them equal to those I have seen in London, or even in Edinburgh. They were smaller, less powerful, and not so perfect in symmetry. The colour is generally bay, and the prices asked were enormous. They are brought here from the shores of the Persian Gulf, Muscat, and Bussora, and are generally sadly knocked about in the native craft during the passage; as those I saw were only lately imported, this may in some degree account for their indifferent appearance.

Their owners were sitting in a row, evincing in appearance the utmost indifference to all sublunary things; sipping their fragrant coffee out of dishes like egg-cups in shape, and not larger; but the aroma was delightful. They were wild, banditti-looking fellows, with the strange kind of veil or head-dress called the kefieh, from beneath which their sparkling eyes glared at the Frank. Were I travelling with anything to lose, I would rather meet the bushranger in the glens of Australia, than your Arab in his desert.

The mode in which the Parsees perform the last rites to their dead, is to our notions extremely disgusting. They neither bury them nor burn them, but expose them on towers, or other high places raised for the purpose, to be devoured by kites, ravens, and other fowls of the air; and when the flesh is torn off, the bones fall down and crumble to dust. They worship, according to the Persian rites of old, the elements of fire and water—the sun and the waves. Rows of these people may be seen of an evening on the sea-shore, looking towards the west, worshipping, repeating, or reading their prayers, and bowing to the setting sun; and certainly, of all unenlightened natural worships, the sun, the apparent source of so many blessings, is the most rational object of adoration.

The Hindoos consume their dead by fire. I saw remnants of some bodies burning on the shore. It is the great desire of this race that their bodies should be thus destroyed; and every child *burns* his parents, if he can possibly obtain the means of doing so; if he has not funds sufficient, he buries them, but this is considered a great disgrace.

The Hindoo worships in temples made with hands, but nevertheless does not bestow much labour in forming his

gods. A stone image, painted in fiery red colours, or the stem of a tree similarly adorned, serves him for the representation of the most mystical divinities that ever were imagined. I remember seeing a lamp kept burning at night on the stem of such a holy tree, at the turn of a road leading to my friend's bungalo. Opposite his house is the principal temple which they have in the island of Bombay. It is a very handsome building, around which of an evening are often congregated hundreds of worshippers, who come hither in all manner of conveyances, from the hackery or bullock-cart, to the handsome equipages of the wealthier Hindoos.

On going from the fort to the native town, I saw the sheep *following* the shepherd, who was playing on a kind of pipe: the goats were on one side of the road, the sheep on the other, and both were following where he led. The sheep at first sight are not unlike the goats. They are dark-coloured, tall, lanky, and bony animals, with long drooping ears. I was forcibly reminded of the beautiful language of Scripture. Another example of ancient Eastern customs I also saw on this spot—the people congregating at the well. There are two large inclosed wells, and the people draw the water in buckets just as in the days of Rachel and Jacob. Bullocks, too, have panniers made of leather fitted to their backs, and bear away this first of treasures in the East. It is always a scene of jollity, conversation, and flirtation,—at once the source of amusement and their chiefest luxury. The females carry home two copper vessels of elegant shapes, fitted upon one another, on their heads, and support in the palm of either hand another of a lesser size. Even with this weight of vessels and water on their head and arms, their attitudes and motion are easy and graceful.

The Native Town, so called though containing within it people of every country of the East, is the most wonderfully populous place of its size I ever was in. I believe the gross population of Bombay is considered about 200,000, and I am confident about one half of it is here. Entire streets are occupied by persons of one craft. Coppersmiths, seed-merchants, upholsterers, workers in wood, and others, seem to have each their separate street.

The principal tree on the island is the cocoa-nut; it grows to a great height, with a tuft of spear-like leaves at top, beneath which hangs the fruit. Men climb these tall branchless stems exactly as the blacks do in New Holland, by cutting notches with their knife as they ascend, wherein to place their toes. They tap the nut for the juice, collect it into vessels, and make it into what is called toddy, a kind of fermented intoxicating liquor. Every tree is numbered and pays a tax to government; the nut of commerce and the toddy paying the rent or tax. There are numerous date-trees also in the island. The sago plant is likewise to be seen here, and the aloe; indeed, every plant produced in the "land of the sun."

The Esplanade, a space of about a mile in length, affords a fine drive for the inhabitants of Bombay, and here of an evening are to be seen the *élite* of the city, sauntering about, riding, or driving, listening to a band of music, or conversing in groups. But when in company with Captain Jones I first mixed in these crowds, on the night of our arrival, the impression which the concourse produced on my mind was painful rather than agreeable. The cholera was raging; none knew whether ere next morning's dawn they might not be in their grave. The sallow complexions of the Europeans, the old looks

and premature gray hair of the young men, the *absence of motion*, the listlessness with which everything was done—all were so striking, that my first visit was one of wonder and anxiety, rather than enjoyment. There is a good statue, in marble, of the Marquis Wellesley, as you enter the Green; and on the side towards the sea several pretty bungalos are erected, which, however, are short-lived, like any wigwam in the forests of Australia. When the monsoon begins, everything disappears; some are taken down, some are left to their fate, but all disappear, and nothing then intercepts the view to the sea.

Every person in Bombay is dressed in white garments, of a texture as thin as possible, and exceedingly clean. At dinner, people often wear coloured coats, but not if they can take the liberty to do otherwise; and I have heard that in formal dinners, jackets are taken, which the entertainer, after the ladies depart, requests the gentlemen to put on. In short, everything is done to relieve the frame from weight, and to admit the air around you. Every movement is different from those in other lands; there is a lassitude, a composure in the walk, and also in the conversation, which strike a stranger as most remarkable.

To me, I confess, life in India would be a matter of distress and annoyance; it is a constant struggle betwixt the frame and the climate; there is no real enjoyment of the physical powers, and there is a continued necessity for repose of body and mind. I have sometimes lain down when the offer of half the world, or the whole of it, would scarcely have bribed me to rise; there is a dissolving feeling over the whole body, which cannot be expressed in words; it overpowers all your energies, and your only wish is to be permitted to lie motion-

less, and be "thawed and resolved into a dew" undisturbed.

If any one ever had these evils of climate lessened by kindness and attentions of every kind, it was I; and if every comfort and every luxury could have ensnared me into a favourable impression of it, I had them; but nothing in this world, in my opinion, can compensate for the perfect prostration of the energies both of body and mind, and the indescribable feelings created by the climate of Bombay.

I have nowhere seen so much of the importance and incivility of office as in this city. Civilians of all grades are folks of mighty consequence here; their estimate of non-officials reminded me a good deal of the value entertained by the convicts in Australia of the honest emigrants—"*the self-imported devils.*" No mercantile man, no European one at least, is considered by a secretary or treasurer, under secretary of mint, or under secretary of anything, as fitted to come "*betwixt the wind and their nobility.*" I saw a good deal of this in the Arabian steam-ship office; and nowhere within my recollection did I ever see such mystery kept up, so much difficulty of arriving at the truth, and that on points which ought to be open to the public, and would be so in Old England. For instance, I wished very particularly to ascertain about the sailing of the first vessel for the Red Sea, and accordingly called at the office. The first day I could see no one that could speak intelligible English, and as I could not talk the sublime language of Malabar like a Moonshee, I came away edified only by the sight of half a score Hindoo clerks with their ink-bottles, and their reeds stuck in the folds of their turbans.

My second visit was not much more satisfactory. I was told it was quite uncertain whether any passenger

steamer would sail at all—perhaps there might, perhaps not; that if none sailed, I might, perhaps, if I knew the Captain of the Mail Packet, be allowed to go in it—possibly not; that I might, perhaps, be allowed to sleep upon deck (in the monsoon be it remembered!!) and might, perhaps, by paying for it, be allowed to mess at his table, but these were favours entirely within his own power; that all the berths would be occupied by the officers of the ship, and a cabin was a thing I was by no means to expect; that three persons were before me for passages, and that, till the next steamer came in from Suez, no one could tell whether I should be so fortunate as to obtain a passage; the vessel might be required for troops, and be under orders to go elsewhere, but if I put down my name, I would have my chance; it was not likely I would be disappointed, but they could not say; and all this mixed up with innumerable *perhapses* and *possibles*. In short, amidst this mass of wordy contingencies, I put down my name and gave my address, under the assurance that I should have *my chance* as fourth on the list. When, however, I returned, three days afterwards, I found there were *seven* standing before me on the list; on my remonstrating at this absurdity, impropriety, and injustice, I was told that one agent had taken these berths, and *paid the money*. I insinuated I had never been even told that I could have a berth, except one in the *open air*, on deck! and that, as to money, its immediate payment had never been hinted at. At last, after a great deal of dispute and trouble, I got my cabin.—All this confusion and impropriety, for it was neither more nor less, is not well in such departments, and as this will soon be the general highway to Britain, it becomes these gentry to study politeness and fair dealing a little more, and to facilitate the traveller's

arrangements, rather than interpose the petty annoyances of official form and stinted information.

There have been two large ships, loaded with cotton, burnt to the water's edge and entirely destroyed, since I arrived here. In both instances the loss was immense; and, in consequence of the accidents having occurred at night, the lives of several natives were lost. The vessels were to have sailed the next day, and most, if not all, of the passengers going by them to China were on board with all their effects. They lost everything they possessed, and hardly escaped with their lives.

It was surmised that both were wilful fires. The sailors (Lascars) are engaged for the voyage, and are paid before they set out; and it is believed that in order to be in a condition to obtain a fresh engagement, they took this mode of terminating their first.

The value of cotton exported from Bombay is very great. It constitutes the principal article of the trade from this Presidency, is grown in the upper parts of the country, and comes down from Surat chiefly in native Patama boats and other craft. The very streets are strewed with it, and indeed the great bustle of the place arises from the transfer of this staple commodity. The noise of the Coolies and others, all bawling at the top of their voices, jostling and urging one another onward; the carting, the hoisting into warehouses, the perpetual hum of a few constantly-repeated words, or *moans* rather, by those bearing the bulky bales on poles upon their shoulders, create such a confusion of sounds, as neither the Strand nor Ludgate-hill at noon can equal. This outdoor disturbance is strangely and strikingly contrasted with the in-door proceedings, where all is studied repose, slow noiseless motion, and peaceful tranquillity.

I arrived here, as in Australia, at a great and painful mercantile crisis. All was distrust and depression. Trade does not seem affected in any one place in particular, and indeed stagnation would seem to exist everywhere, from the rising to the setting sun.

Bombay does not afford much that is interesting to the zoological inquirer. The birds I have seen cannot compare in plumage with those of Australia; but the size of the island possibly limits the variety of specimens, notwithstanding its vicinity to the continent. The sparrow is exactly our own English, ugly, noisy one. The raven resembles more our jay. The kite is a large handsome bird, living entirely on garbage and animal matter; and is, as I have already mentioned, held in great respect here, from his usefulness, for the same reason as dogs are in Lisbon. Of water-fowl there are none; the only moving liquid in the island being a muddy little streamlet, or ditch rather, not worth notice. Snakes are common, and tigers are occasionally seen in the island of Salsett.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA.

Route to Suez—The ox—Municipal government of Bombay—Public buildings—The cathedral—Statue of Sir John Malcolm—Native school—The club—Rainy seasons—Bazaars—Servants—The Government House Oriental life—Steamer to Suez—Sir George Arthur—His first levee—Sepoys—Bungalo of Messrs. L—— and A——.—A silent drive—The interior of Bombay Island—A wealthy Parsee—A snake—Parsee levee—Address to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhuoy—His noble gift—Schools—Match-making—Hospitality in Bombay.

In the proper months for leaving Bombay for Suez (from November to May) the demand for passages is now so great, that application must be made some months previous to departure, in order to secure such cabins or accommodation as may be required; and even then, many are disappointed. As to the other route, which in Australia I was assured would be open to me by the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates, Beyrout, Malta, &c., I find that it was all delusion, as far at least as the common traveller is concerned. Some adventurous persons, Colonel Chesney and others, have succeeded in making out the journey, and steamers have gone a long way up the river Euphrates; but the dreadful heat of the climate, the long land carriage, the Arabs' raid, the hurricanes, and other causes, must prevent it being resorted to by the ordinary traveller. Mails are despatched from Bagdad and our embassy in

Persia, on dromedaries overland through Syria and the Desert, with eight hundred miles of inland carriage, on these animals; but natives alone ought to accompany them, and, generally speaking, no other persons do.

In Bombay the universal beast of burthen is the little humped ox. These creatures are used for every purpose, ornamented sometimes with ribands and bells. They draw the hackery, a rude cart with no dishing in its wheels—the car—the dog-cart-like vehicle—and a most unique one, only found in India, built of crossed sticks, on which two or three persons trundle away.

Bombay is governed by justices of the peace and a police force; and the quietness of the streets is creditable to these authorities; whilst, on the contrary, the filthiness is a sad disgrace to them; though I at the same time admit that the narrowness of most of them, and the uncleanly habits of the native inhabitants, would render the task of keeping the town clean extremely difficult.

I have just returned from a visit with my most attentive friend Dr. M——, to the court-house, the cathedral, the town-hall, and public library and reading-room. These are respectable buildings; but the chinaum, or coating of composition plaster, with which they are covered, from being in many places discoloured, and in some altogether off, gives them a dilapidated aspect. The court was presided over by the puisne judge, Sir Edward Perry, son of Mr. Perry, of London newspaper notoriety. It lacked order, and the appearance and manners of the counsel reminded me of Sydney.

In the cathedral are the remains of Sir Frederick Maitland; a plain slab, with his name and the date of his death, points out the place where the captor, or receiver rather, of Napoleon Bonaparte rests; and a white marble

monument on one of the pillars at a short distance, records his career and death. Many of the other monuments are handsome, and they are very numerous; and some there are, as in other places, that paint the feelings of a moment in terms and colours that prudence and a glimpse into the future might have altered.

The town-hall is a very fine building, with a handsome colonnade, but with a flight of steps of dimensions so excessive as to offend the eye. It contains one very noble room, a library of ten thousand volumes, and the ghost of a museum; for the *disrepair* and bad preservation of the contents of which the climate, that cloak for all defects here, is not a sufficient apology. The collection is poor, and the moth corrupts and does as he pleases among the mummies and crocodiles and New Zealand chiefs' heads. In the vestibule there is a noble statue of Sir John Malcolm, to me the most interesting object in Bombay: it is by Chantrey, and a splendid piece of art. He is represented in a general's uniform, with the Bath and other orders upon his breast, and is placed in a striking, yet easy attitude, and with his martial cloak around him. I looked earnestly, but in vain, for any resemblance in the *expression* to his admirable and accomplished daughter, Lady Cockburn Campbell; but there is some likeness in the *features*, which I felt pleasure in having thus recalled to my remembrance. I have never seen any work in marble so pleasing as a whole as this fine statue; and I was delighted with the modesty and simplicity of the inscription: "Sir John Malcolm, K.C.B. Born at Burnfoot of Esk, Dumfries-shire, 1769." This is as it should be: great characters require no lengthened complimentary epitaph.

8*th*.—I accompanied my truly obliging host to-day to

see the native schools, of which he is one of the functionaries. We saw Mr. Bell, one of the masters, originally from Heriot's Hospital, in Edinburgh; and Mr. Ball Shastree, a Hindoo professor and teacher, who writes and reads English in as pure a style as any Englishman, and probably more purely than many, as devoid of all provincialism. They ordered some of the boys to translate and read in Marathi, Guzarathi, and English. I found the English books in use here to be those of my countryman, Dr. Macculloch of Kelso. His grammar is the only one put into the hands of these boys; and his "Series of Lessons and Course of Reading in Science and Literature," is their daily study. They seemed fully to understand the meaning of the English, and the accent of some of them was remarkably good. One or two, however, had a singing tone in their way of reading, which might be remedied, and will, no doubt, under these very able instructors. Parsees, Hindoos, Mussulmen, Portuguese, and others, are all classed according to their peculiarities, and it is evident that great progress is made by the youths in this establishment. The chief obstacle in the way of any domestic and religious good, is domestic influence. Caste it is impossible to overcome; at least, the day is not arrived when it can be successfully attacked. But instruction will pave the way; and here, as elsewhere, education must be the foundation of all good citizenship. The more particular talent of the Indian is for accounts and mathematics. Some youths in this school are said to be intimately familiar with the higher branches of both. Their eminent native instructor is a Bramin. These Bramins are not all priests. They, like other castes, fill various situations, such as writers, account-keepers, teachers, &c. This gentleman is of a high caste, Shastree being a title given to

those learned in the Sanscrit and the religious books. The Pundit is of a lower grade in learning than the Shastree, and is often not acquainted with Sanscrit at all. The master of this very important school is considered to be a man of great acquirements and abilities, and he appeared to have extreme pleasure in the creditable exhibition of his very interesting pupils. If our acquisition of this great country is stained, as few will deny it is, with just reproach, such establishments as this, and the benefits they are calculated to confer upon the population of these vast regions, are a redeeming drop to obliterate the remembrance.

Yesterday I dined at the Club, of which I had been admitted an honorary member, with Drs. M—— and B——, and Mr. G——, a nephew of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., and very like him. The establishment is good, and a good deal like the Australian. There is one difference, however; here your bill is sent in to you monthly—there you are called upon to clear scores every morning. There is a distant reserve and a repulsive manner towards strangers very observable in Bombay, which leads you to the inference that the dignitaries are all afraid of their own importance not being duly recognised. The great luxury at this club, as, indeed, at all the erudite dinner parties in Bombay, is the ice, with which everything is cooled. Wine, beer, water, butter, fruit, all are iced; with the punkah overhead, and this delicious refrigerator, the dinner hour is rendered agreeable. Here there were many dining in a moderate-sized room, in a temperature I doubt not of 88°, yet it passed off pleasantly; indeed I should say that at Bombay the most agreeable hours of the day are from seven to ten.

The rains have now fairly commenced; not, however,

with the thunder, lightning, and squalls, that I was led to expect, but merely occasional heavy showers. The streets are one mass of mud, and there are no side pavements; and the town, though the air is cooled, is now very disagreeable. I long for the 18th, when we start for Aden, in Arabia.

I have been very anxious to procure prints of all the native costumes here, but cannot find such things. I never was in any town in which there was such difficulty in getting anything one wants. There are no shops of stationers, booksellers, grocers, wine-dealers, tailors, shoemakers, as elsewhere; but dens called bazaars, here and there, are scattered about; where, in holes and corners, are stowed away a heterogeneous mixture of every possible thing, but whence nothing is forthcoming when it is wanted. The custom is to hire a person called a dibash, who orders everything you wish, and has a per centage on the price of all you buy; nobody, no European at least, attempts walking out during shopping hours, so that I could not myself seek out these hidden things of darkness, nor hunt for what I wanted, as in other towns; and as to a dibash, I was too much a stranger to manage either him, or others through his intervention, and I was, therefore, compelled to go without many things I stood in real need of. It is the most inconvenient town in this respect I was ever in; and I am persuaded a few shops, established on the English fashion, of exclusive lines of business, would find full employment and good custom.

Generally speaking, every stranger hires a servant, a native, who is in constant attendance; but they are so excessively dirty, that I preferred being my own valet. In private houses, the domestics are very numerous, and all of them Parsees, Mussulmen, or Hindoos. The gorra-

wallah, or groom, is generally a Mussulman; the butler, a Parsee; the table man, a Hindoo: a Sepoy, who waits constantly in the hall as porter; a Cooly, who does the lowest work in the establishment, which none else will do, are in almost all houses. Their wages are small, and their living cheap; and the customs and caste render the division of labour necessary. I have seen no female servants in any of the houses where I have been; men wash, milk the cows, are the ladies' milliners, measure them, and make their dresses; and one comes in the morning, and takes you by the nose, cracks it and your joints, and shaves you most dexterously, makes the bed, dusts the room, and performs all the duties usually, and much more perfectly and becomingly, executed by the fair sex—except the shaving, which, in less indolent lands, most men do for themselves; but here it is a special luxury to have it done by others.

At dinner, the servants are dressed in their respective costumes. The Parsee, with his white shirt-like tunic bound round the waist, with a scarlet or white shawl, and his particularly unbecoming cap; the Mussulman, also in white robes, shawl, and turban; and the Hindoo, in his native garb; all without shoes or stockings.

Dr. M—— drove me on Wednesday afternoon as far as "Parell" Government House. Parell was originally an old Portuguese monastery. It is a large house, with the grounds around laid out in the Dutch fashion. It was from Parell that Sir James Mackintosh dated some of his delightful Letters; and it is, in every respect, an abode suited to his grave and philosophic mind. The place altogether partakes of the general character of Bombay; though the slope of the surface is varied around the house, it lies low, and has that confined, breathless look universal

in the island. The dining and drawing rooms are of good dimensions, but are not furnished very handsomely. However, what with the retreat near Poonah, and twelve thousand per annum, Sir George Arthur may contrive to enjoy himself pretty well, if he escapes cholera, fevers, and the other ills this isle is heir to. His previous career creates much stir and speculation, and his pretty daughters are the admiration of every one. What a change must such a position be to the gallant knight, after Van Diemen's Land and Upper Canada! Here he reigns over the third presidency of India, a prince and potentate;—and what a change to his family! looked up to by all the community, they form the great attraction of every circle, and are the undisputed oracles of taste and fashion.

11*th*.—I went to-day to pass some time with Messrs. L—— and A——, of the house of G. E. and Co., at their very pretty bungalo by the sea-shore, four miles from town.

The customs among Orientals are peculiar. My hospitable countrymen, on my arrival, introduced a glass of wine to my especial attention; it was most pleasantly flavoured by some bitter, and was exquisitely iced. We sat down on the grass for a few minutes, and then moved to dress for dinner. During that important ceremony, the punkas and all the other blessed appliances of cold were exhibited in perfection. The meal is prolonged for above two hours, and all the fluids taken during the courses; the chief luxury being, I should say, the iced beer, to which one invites you here, as they did to wine at home in days of kindliness. At night, we retire to our open cubiculum, illuminated by an oil-lamp, which burns till morning.

"Before the heavenly harnessed team begins his golden

progress in the east," a sable domestic, with noiseless foot, enters your room, and offers you coffee; another prepares your toilet table, another fills your bath, a fourth and a fifth offer you their services; and you are left with open doors and windows, exposed to every eye, or, at best, a transparent curtain constitutes the sum total of privacy which you are expected to require. It is true that there are Venetian-blinds, which may be shut if you please, but they are seldom closed. The bedstead is placed in the middle of the room, and the harder the couch the better; one sheet and a single blanket are rolled down at the foot, significant of their being seldom in requisition, notwithstanding that you sleep with open windows and doors. Baths are universal, and generally taken cold, and the toilet is not considered complete without them. Every one goes to sleep in this country in their stuff drawers, whether to keep off the cockroaches, or in order to lie *upon* the bed, and not *in* it, I know not; but it is universal in India, and seems to me unrefreshing and uncomfortable.

At a very early hour of the morning, some of the gentlemen are off on their steeds for a gallop, to brace them for the day; some for a walk, some for a hurl in their shigreems and cabs; but all are astir, and I believe it is these early hours which give a European his only chance of health in Bombay. The cool air at this time of the morning is delightful and invigorating. I have not yet felt disposed to enjoy this early exercise, being thankful to be allowed to lay my weary, listless length on my couch till breakfast; but the cawing of rooks in their nurseries in the date groves, and the flitting about of the servants, render sleep impossible; and I appear at breakfast at nine, with an excellent appetite, but with a frame exhausted, and melting with heat. The punkas

go to work again; and fish and fowl, curry, and other made dishes tempt me—but in vain; iced butter and refreshing tea are all I can enjoy; and even the ripe and delicately flavoured mango is untasted. The finger-glass and napkin close the labours of the meal, after which the business of the day begins, and continues until it is interrupted by tiffin, at two, which is, to all intents and purposes, an ample dinner.

The walls of all the houses are white, and the ceiling is of wood, painted also white for coolness; glazed windows are as little *in use* in Bombay as in the bush of Australia, open wooden blinds being universal in their stead. The best houses have glass likewise; but, except in the monsoon rain, they are rarely closed.

I have been to-day to take my passage for the land of Egypt, or Suez rather, on the northern end of the Red Sea. In Sydney, I was advised to take gold to Bombay; but on offering for my passage seventy sovereigns, I was surprised to find them *rejected* by the Government officer, who told me that they did not take the Queen's coin, but that rupees, or Bombay bank-notes, were good payment! I went off, therefore, to the Bank, and got for my seventy sovereigns seven hundred and forty-three rupees ten annas, and thus profited by the exchange forty-three rupees ten annas, or four pounds seven shillings and three-pence. The vessel is called the Cleopatra, a steam-ship (but carrying a good deal of canvas also), of two hundred and twenty horse power, and said to be one of the best on the station. During the south-west monsoon months, the fare is seventy pounds; but during the north-east monsoon only sixty, as the passage is made then in a shorter time (sometimes in six days), while at this season (from June to September) it is seldom done in less than eighteen.

These steamers to Suez belong solely to Government, and are commanded by officers of the Indian Marine. The mail is forwarded by them from Bombay to Suez, and on camels from thence to Alexandria direct, without waiting for passengers, or going by Cairo. The passengers are forwarded by private means, by Messrs. Waghorn & Hill's establishment of waggons and donkeys; and with them, or for them, Government holds itself in no way responsible, further than landing them at Suez.

Sir George Arthur held his first levee to-day, which I attended. Sir George Gipps did not hold any levee whilst I was in Australia; but, as I like to go to fountain-heads, I paid my respects to him notwithstanding; and, upon the same ground, I made Sir George Arthur my bow. Sir George is a pleasant, acute-looking man, and went through the routine of the day without any constraint. This first levee was not numerously attended, and few or no men of any rank were present. A few red-coated persons, and one or two leading merchants, were the *élite* of the assembly. I went in the demi-uniform of the Scotch Lieutenancy, which was new in these parts, and attracted some notice. I saw none of the judges or of the higher grade of functionaries. The affair was very soon over; and my impression of the scene was, that Sir George Arthur was a thorough man of the world.

The Sepoys are much better-looking soldiers than I expected; they are very dark, but are well made, and hold themselves well. I had not to learn their excellence as troops—Assaye, Seringapatam, Bhurtpore, have witnessed their bravery and established their character; but I was not prepared for their martial appearance, and I was glad to think my son's regiment was composed of such fine fellows. Every regiment has native as well as European

officers: some of them were at the levee, and were received with distinction: they are from all parts of India, and of all the four castes: all these officers rise from the ranks, and are looked upon as the tie betwixt the native soldier and his European officer.

I never heard better firing in my life than the *feu de joie*, on the commission being read installing Sir George Arthur in his office, two days ago.

The delightful bungalo, at which I am now staying, is one of the most desirable places I have seen in Bombay. The garden around it is filled with beautiful Indian plants and flowers, and the English rose; while in the compound adjoining (paddocks are so called), the date (like the pine-apple in the bark, and of a graceful leafy tufted top—the fruit springing from the upper stem in clusters, like grapes), the tamarind, and the cocoa-nut, tower aloft, and spread their shade; and the sago plant, very like the fern, and other valuable bushes and shrubs, flourish beneath them. The date groves form the back-ground, and the sea sleeps before us; while on the right one of the chief Hindoo temples in Bombay raises its pinnacle in the air, underneath which are assembled every day crowds of idolaters, worshipping, in blind sincerity, the red stone god of their fathers. The only drawback to the comfort of this residence is one common to every part of the island—snakes. One was killed the other day in Mr. A——'s bedchamber; and a man must look well around him, lest in getting out of bed he plant his foot on the poisonous cobra de capella, whose bite is certain death.

I have just returned from a comical excursion through part of the island. My kind hosts put their cab at my disposal; so off I set to see the world, driven by their Mussulman gorra-wallah, or groom. Neither of us could

understand a word of what the other said, and how we were to settle between us what route to take was a matter of some difficulty; at last I pointed to the sea, and thither he drove till the road branched into two, when Jehu, looking me gravely in the face, and seeing no geographical instruction there, wisely drove his own way, and brought me to the Esplanade, where I had been a dozen times before. This was certainly not the direction I had intended to travel; and, as the only intelligible direction, I exclaimed, "Home, gorra-wallah, home." "Sahib?" quoth he. "Lyon Sahib bungalo," quoth I. "Sahib?" repeated he. "The d—l take you!" muttered I; and so probably did he. After looking each other in the face for about five minutes, and shaking both our heads, my dark complexioned friend gave me a grin of compassionate respect, and drove off towards the Fort. As this selection of old sights instead of new was rather provoking, I seized the reins and performed a revolution with my hand, which he understood, and forthwith whipping up the horse to its full speed, he whirled me through such a mass of carriages and people in Black Town as I have seldom seen assembled together, and afterwards through innumerable tortuous paths, studded with dwellings of Europeans and of natives of the wealthier classes; till at last, at the corner of the way near the Club, he drove right up against a Parsee's carriage, which was bowling along equally rapidly. I expected a *scene*, but none took place; the charioteers with imperturbable gravity bowed to each other, backed their steeds, and moved off in opposite directions. I had no language in which to scold; so, like the mild Parsee, I held my peace, and was thankful no harm was done. The multiplicity of tongues was here of great benefit to all parties, and abated instead of increasing the confusion.

The interior of the island is a very puzzling place to a stranger; innumerable lanes wind through it in every direction, all walled in, with every here and there pretty bungaloes and handsome mansions, peeping out of embowering shrubbery. I had no idea that such a mass of population was scattered throughout the whole of it; many of these residences are most agreeably situated on the rising ground, and amongst the shrubs and trees. One regrets, however, that they are not all placed on the sides of the two ridges, instead of being near the flats, where the paddy fields and the irrigation give the region an appearance of unhealthiness; but the difficulty of obtaining water on these hill-sides is doubtless one great cause of their being so placed. Every one allows the climate to be *trying*, and the universal paleness of countenance and early gray hair tell it to be so. It is said to be agreeable *in the cool season*, and the thermometer ranges then betwixt 70° and 80°; but no man can doubt that advantage should be taken of every elevation to get above the bad air of these low lands; and a stranger cannot help wondering at the sites of the greater part of the dwellings. Like most places, it improves upon acquaintance, but it is not one to pass life away in *happily* —it is a labour to live, from the excessive heat; and not even the high pay of officials makes up for the *ennui* and exhaustion which the climate produces. It is said that Government, in its anxiety to obtain settlers, was too lavish in giving away the land to the Parsees, and that it can now scarcely find situations for its own purposes, and that the greater part of the island is the property of this race. This may account for the position of some of the very best houses; but it is not possible to help wishing that you could remove them one and all to the brow of

the hills. I am convinced that more elevated locations would tend to lengthen European life, and that instead of a new resident risking life by settling down in these hollows, he might be acclimatized with safety on the heights, and reach the usual span of threescore and ten.

13*th*.—Mr. L—— kindly drove me through some new parts of this country to-day; we passed some fine tamarind trees and banians.

We called on our way home at the house of one of the wealthy Parsee brokers. We found the old respectable-looking moustached gentleman sitting, as is their custom, in front of his house, surrounded by a number of his friends, holding an evening *conversazione*. He invited us in, gave us wine and cake, and showed us his mansion: it was most splendidly furnished with various articles of English furniture, large mirrors, pictures, sofas, &c., with a durbar, or dais, raised above the floor in the chief drawing-room, where he receives his Parsee friends on state occasions. This man was said to be worth 600,000*l.*! but was as deferential and submissive to Mr. L——, as the poorest beggar could have been; he has no child, and his friends are alleged to crowd about him with an assiduity and eagerness of devotion that are quite edifying.

15*th*.—After passing some days most agreeably with my hospitable and kind friends, Messrs. L—— and A——, I this day returned to Dr. M——'s. It was with difficulty I was allowed to take leave, and not till I promised to return and dine with them to-morrow. As I was stepping into their cab, a snake wound its way across the road from the place where I was standing; I called the Sepoy, who with a stroke behind the head killed it in an instant; it was about a yard in length. On my questioning the man by signs whether it was venomous, he laid his head on one

side, closed his eyes, and imitated death; this was not the cobra, however, and Mr. L—— tells me the species is *not* deadly.

Dr. M. and I attended a levee to-day of quite a novel description. A Parsee merchant, of very liberal character, has had an English knighthood conferred upon him—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhuoy is his name; and this morning a union of his friends was got up to present to him an address of congratulation. The public rooms of his very handsome house at Mazagong, one of his three mansions in the island, were crowded with natives, Parsees, Hindoos, and Mussulmans, as well as with English, both civilians and military, including the ex-governor.

I congratulated the respectable old millionnaire upon the occasion. He seemed pleased, and bowed, and replied to me with fluency in very good English. A little girl, his only daughter, stood by his side as he received the company. With her nice little figure bedecked with valuable jewellery, and her nostril weighed down with one large pearl, I could have pocketed the little creature, nose, jewels, and all, with great satisfaction. An old and highly-respected Parsee, called Framjee Cowasjee, commenced the proceedings by stating in a few words the object of the meeting. This old man wore the most splendid diamond ring I ever beheld, and with his pure white robes and fine Indian shawl around him, was an extremely striking figure. He was followed by another Parsee, who read a lengthened address of congratulation, in which he enumerated the liberality and many charitable deeds of Sir Jamsetjee, and which terminated, in a becoming and politic manner, with the wish that this first title conferred by *their sovereign* would be the means of cementing more closely the native and English races in the East. The knight made a very

sensible and suitable reply, and the concluding sentence was one which will long be remembered; for in it he announced the magnificent gift of three lacs of rupees (30,000*l.*), to found a school for the education of the children of his countrymen, and a lesser sum for the translation of the best English authors into the Guzerathi language—the one generally spoken by the Parsees. This man may truly be called a noble Pagan. It is said that the old gentleman did not tell even his son of his intention of appropriating so immense a sum in this way: if so, the son had the merit of concealing his surprise—not a muscle of his face moved. Some of these Parsees are highly accomplished, and read and write English with great purity and correctness. I have a note of invitation from one of them, Sir Jamsetjee's eldest son, that could not have been better expressed.

One peculiarity in the customs of this race is, that the son never bears the surname of the father, but after his death assumes the one which is prefixed to it. Thus, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhuoy's eldest son will be Cowasjee Jamsetjee, not *Jeejeebhuoy*. On our exit we were all presented with a nosegay of roses and betel-nut, wrapped in gold leaf; and, shaking his aged and liberal hand, we bade him adieu.

This betel-nut is the nut of a palm that grows here and throughout the East; it is rolled in a leaf of arika, cemented with sulphate of lime and coriander-seed, and when the two are chewed together, they produce a soothing feeling, and stain the lips and gums of a red hue. They are in universal use.

Accompanied by my acquaintance, Mr. F——, who takes a lively interest in the institution, Dr. M—— and I went to inspect another school upon a great scale, established

for the education and support of the children of common soldiers. Though of all shades of blacks and browns, both boys and girls looked neat and clean; and, to judge by the bill of fare which we were shown, their food must be excellent and ample. They are taught all the usual branches of education, and the boys are put out in different lines of life. When the females become of proper age, it becomes of course a matter of consequence to get them suitably provided for, and at the same time to relieve the institution from the expense of their further maintenance. The mode adopted is somewhat curious. The lady at the head of the establishment, on hearing that any sergeant or soldier of respectable character, which must be proved by a certificate from his commanding officer, has come from the interior in search of a suitable wife, invites him to tea, and assembles around her some of the most eligible of her spinsters. The soldier is introduced, and makes his selection according to his taste and ideas of the useful and beautiful. If the fair one says No, which she is at liberty to do, he is by no means discomfited, but addresses the one that stands next in his good graces, and it seldom happens that he is obliged to leave Bombay in single unblessedness; with a wife so reared and educated, he has more than an average chance of a comfortable *menage*.

On Saturday, the 18th, my good friend, the commander of the William Sharples, unremitting in his kindness to the very last, sent *Sandy from Inverness*, his *new* boatswain, with his boat and crew, to take me, bag and baggage, to the steamer, which was to sail in the evening; hoisted every colour in his ship in honour of me, accompanied me himself to the vessel, and had his guns in readiness to salute me as soon as we got under weigh!

I do not know in what words to record my gratitude to Messrs. L—— and A——, and to all my other Indian friends, for their liberal and unvarying hospitality. Least of all can I express how deeply I feel the kindness of Dr. M——, whose house was my home, and whose generous frank character, and high mental attainments, render him one of the most delightful persons I ever met with; and it is no small subject of gratification to me to believe that this visit will be the commencement of a life-long friendship between us.

I experienced a great disappointment in not meeting with my young soldier, as I had anxiously hoped to do; and the oppression I suffered from the heat was dreadful: otherwise, my visit to Bombay was one of the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XIII.

EGYPT.

Leave Bombay in the Cleopatra Steamer—Cholera on board—Our course—The engines—Stormy weather—Coast of Africa—Aden—Mocha—Mr. Bell—Fish spawn—Eastern customs—Mount Sinai—The Sea of Suez—Passage of the Red Sea—Ezion Gaber—Suez—Difficulty in landing—Leave Suez—The Desert—Mirage—Messrs. Hill and Co.—Newcastle coals in the desert—Cairo—The citadel—The Pyramids—Their date—Mosque—Massacre of the Mamelukes—Joseph's Well—The pasha's stables—Bazaar—Bath—Dresses—The Land of Goshen—The Nile—Ali Pasha's farm—Atféh—Ancient water-wheels—The pelican and ibis—Plagues of Egypt—Chain gang—The canal—Alexandria Hotel—Lake—Spiral staircase—Dresses of the ladies—Bazaar—Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needle—Slave market—The pacha—His palace—Start for Malta—Expenses of the overland route from India—Time occupied thereby—View of Alexandria—The Mediterranean—Malta—Quarantine—Palace of the grand master—Corn—Algiers—Mountains of Spain—Gibraltar—Arrive in England.

19*th June.*—By six o'clock this morning the paddles of the Cleopatra began their revolutions, and we speedily receded from the shore. Matters were not ready for our departure last night, and some hours were occupied by us all in bringing order out of confusion in our cabins. My good friend the worthy commodore of the William Sharples again overwhelmed me with naval honours. Every part of his ship this morning was decked with flags, and sundry guns were discharged, announcing to the world at

large, and to Bombay in particular, that so important a personage as myself had left the shores of India.

We got quickly clear of all reefs, light ships, and buoys, and were soon in the tumbling, roaring, yellow, hungry-looking sea, and out of sight of land.

20th.—All last night we had boisterous winds and a high sea; but being now somewhat seasoned to all this, I slept soundly, and experienced great pleasure at being once again in the pure air of the boundless ocean, and out of the unwholesome dissolving atmosphere of Bombay. The Cleopatra is a large ship of eight hundred tons, and a good sailer; but after the William Sharples, she appears dirty and uncomfortable. Fortunately, being only ten in number, every passenger has a cabin to himself, though each is intended to hold two.

25th.—The weather rather improves. We are getting through the weight of the monsoon, and make eight knots an hour towards the line, being already past the islands.

27th.—Last night we were all thrown into alarm by a report of there being cholera in the ship; and such proved to be the case: but happily a strong dose of opium and brandy having been administered, the patient, an English sailor, is better to-day. Nothing can be more alarming than such a disease in such a place. We are betwixt eighty and a hundred on board, clean and unclean—sable and argent—some with habits the very reverse of cleanly, the promoters of all disease. But we have a pure atmosphere, and two medical men on board, to combat this and all other ailments.

29th.—We have slanted southward and westward from Bombay to nineteen miles north of the line, and longitude 65° east; and are now stretching away westward, in hopes of catching the wind at south, to carry us northward to

Gardafui. Our commodore came thus far south, in expectation every day of falling in with this south wind, prevalent about the equator at this season; but hitherto, contrary to all custom and calculation, he has been disappointed, it having blown generally right from the west. This becomes rather a nervous matter, as we had only twenty days' coals on board at starting, and we have been already ten days at sea, and have not made nearly half our distance. When, however, we get this favourable wind, our fires will be extinguished, and we shall become a sailing vessel only.

Friday, 1st July.—We have, at last, caught the breeze we have been so long in search of, and away we go on our right course, with our prow north-westward.

I have just been down to look at the immense engines which are forcing us onward; there are six large fires; the heat appeared to me to be insupportable, and the poor engineers seemed in a state of fusion; yet all they are allowed beyond other sailors is a bottle of beer a day. The whole—the stupendous furnaces and boiler, the vast fabric of complicated machinery, moving so smoothly and noiselessly, forms one of the most striking objects that the eye can dwell upon. There is no bustle, no confusion in this pandemonium; all goes quietly on, the spirit of Watt and Bell guiding all in order and beautiful perfection. The steam-engine is, indeed, one of the noblest triumphs of the human mind; nevertheless, I do not know any stronger evidence of the *sheep-like* attributes of our nature—that willingness to encounter we know not what danger, because others set us the example—than our trusting ourselves to such a combination of agencies as the steam-ship presents to us. Totally ignorant, generally speaking, of the power we are trusting to, of the

completeness or fitness of the machinery, the skill of the engineer below, or of the attention and careful watchfulness of his assistants, we step on board a steamer to cross the seas, with as much coolness as into a carriage; and all our confidence is founded upon the one single fact, that others have done so before us.

On the 2nd, notwithstanding a strong current from west to east, we beat north-westward at two degrees a day; we passed and spoke the Greenock ship, Burra Baboo, great agent, by which we shall be reported in Bombay. On the third, a change came over the elements, and the Arabian sea, that I had lauded for its beauty and calmness a month or two ago, determined to show us she is not always so peaceful and beautiful. At seven, afternoon, a furious gale arose, split three of our sails—fore-top, fore-sail, and main-sail—and put our skipper and his crew to their trumps. We have got again into the south-west monsoon, and shall have heavy weather till we reach Gardafui. Our sails are most insufficient—patched and half rotten; instead of being the best canvass, and fit to contend with a monsoon, we appear to have fine-weather muslin only.

Wednesday, 5th.—An unexpected current has borne us eastward, since twelve yesterday, nearly fifty-nine miles, and carried us much too far in that direction. We are now, however, under steam again, and within ninety miles of the headland of Gardafui, which we hope to make during the night.

6th July.—After a tremendous night, the sea washing clean over us, and carrying away part of one of our paddle-boxes, we begin now, at last, to be in hope of getting out of this dreadful monsoon. At noon, on this our eighteenth day, we sighted the coast of Africa, and are

fast doubling this bold headland of Gardafui, and entering the Gulf of Arabia,—a blessed contrast to the terrible Arabian sea.

We are now coasting the shores of Africa, within a stone's throw, and in the gulf we have so yearned for, on a cerulean sea and beneath a cerulean sky, the winds hushed, and the waters with scarcely a ripple on their surface. All are on deck, congratulating each other on the wonderful transition five minutes have effected.

I would warn every one not to attempt this passage in June, July, or August, and scarcely in September or October. Independent of the danger, the discomfort is by far too great to be encountered, unless under circumstances of absolute necessity.

This north-eastern coast of Africa is bare and desolate: one solitary fire alone was visible last night along the shore, and scarce a bush or tree has been seen to-day, while the burning sun creates a general glare over the whole arid surface. News has just been brought to us that some of the machinery of the engine has given way, and that some hours will be required to repair it. This delay is unfortunate; but as Aden is within eighty miles, where we change steamers, we are all preparing for our removal from this vessel. The heat is excessive, and exposure to the sun dangerous; soda water and the thinnest possible clothing are our only resources.

Sunday, 10th.—After a long passage of twenty days, we last night, at eleven o'clock, reached the anchorage of Aden, on the shore of Arabia; and we are now, eleven A.M, about to start for Suez, in the steamer Berenice, of two hundred and thirty horse-power.

Aden is a most singular place: it was once one of the

first ports in Arabia Felix, but has dwindled down almost to nothing. Our possession is a peninsula of a few miles long, cut off by a wall from the main land, which is covered with the date tree, and seems of a rich soil. Around the settlement, however, it is one vast grand upheaved mass of bold peaked rocks, towering high into the sky. The anchorage is very good, and in a bay nearly land-locked; but the few houses within sight are placed in such a parched though picturesque region (not a blade of grass being visible on mountain or shore), that one bewails the fate of the residents. This place was purchased by us from the native Arabs, on our finding it necessary to have a depôt for coal here. As, however, they failed to fulfil their engagement, we took forcible possession of the peninsula, and keep it by the strong arm. The sheik in the vicinity, contrary to the wish of some of his countrymen, brings in provisions for the use of our troops; and there seems no reason to doubt that Aden will again become a prosperous sea-port. I never in my life saw rocks so sharp or fantastic in their forms; but despite their picturesque effect, nothing can be imagined more desolate than the entire scene.

The cantonments and town lie about five miles from the shore, and are not seen from our position. At present there is nothing worth the trouble of a visit; but the pretty little bay opposite us, the coal depôt, the cottages on the hill, with the natives, donkeys ready for our use, the African sheep, the camels, &c., were all so novel looking and tempting, that I, with two other gentlemen, took a boat and landed; we were all of us anxious to set foot on land so famous as that of Arabia Felix. On our return to the steamer, we found some of the civilians from the town on board. What a relief must these monthly

arrivals and departures be to these prisoners at Aden! where, except such events, the year brings round no variety to break the monotony of their lives. The fort of a neighbouring sheik is within sight in the distance: it is a long oblong building of stone, into the lower stories of which his highness, like our border chiefs of old, drives his beeves for security. He sends them to be sold in Aden, —a mode of enriching himself, which he has some difficulty in carrying out, in consequence of the hostility of the neighbouring tribes.

After leaving this place, for four hours we had very rough weather; but as we got beyond the bay and shallow water, it gradually improved, and towards night became very fine. It was Sunday, and champagne was added to the good things of our first dinner. For the first time in my life I slept on deck wrapt up in my Australian cloak, and in the morning we reached that "gate of affliction," the Strait of Babelmandel, the celebrated entrance into the Red Sea. This, at night, is a ticklish passage, and the lead was kept going on both sides.

We are now opposite to Mocha; at which place, however, in consequence of our enmity with the chief, we do not touch. The quarrel arose, I believe, in some disrespect shown to us, which will end probably, as all such quarrels do, by our thrashing the offenders. The celebrated coffee takes its name from this place, though none is grown in the neighbourhood or sold in the town. This most delicious species of the bean is a small one, picked out of the common produce of the district in which the coffee plant is grown, about fifty miles off; and it is rarely sold at all, being only collected for presents by the wealthier growers; forty shillings would not buy a pound of real Mocha coffee, as it is termed, in all Arabia. This

was once a place of great trade, and ten years ago contained 20,000 inhabitants; it is now sadly reduced in every way. It lies well by the sea-shore, and has several towers and one very fine minaret. But the heat is dreadful, and the houses are raised to a great height, story upon story, in hope of catching a breath of air; the thermometer now, at ten A.M., just opposite the town, is 91°.

We have on board a gentleman of Scotch name and extraction, called Bell, who has been a great traveller in these parts; his family for some time supposed that he was dead, and had put on mourning for him. I can imagine their joy on receipt of his letter from Aden. He has been travelling over the ground of Bruce; and, for the honour of my countryman, I am glad to learn that his experiences are in every way corroborative of the statements of that celebrated man. Mr. Bell was one of the expedition of Colonel Chesney, on the Euphrates, who, in iron steamers, carried from the mouth of the Orontes to the Euphrates, made their way to Bagdad. The expedition was unfortunate, and Mr. Bell especially so, as his vessel was lost in a squall on the river. I have seldom met with a more adventurous youth, or one who appeared to be better fitted for the grand object he has in view—the crossing Africa from Abyssinia to Congo; this he meditates attempting to do next year. For the sake of these lands, as well as his own fame, it is to be hoped he will succeed in his project. Our Captain, too, (Barker by name,) is a great explorer in these seas and in the country of the Galla. He is sanguine of being able to announce to the world that somewhere betwixt the 10th and 12th degree of latitude north, a vast river discharges itself into the sea. If this prove to be the case, it will in some degree account for the extraordinary current that sets across the

Arabian sea, eastward. He supposes that the river takes its rise on the south of the mountains, which, in a vast range, extend across the continent, and among which some of the head waters of the Nile have their source. This river he also believes to be the grand drain of an extensive breadth of country that, as yet, has not been explored.

In every respect this ship is well and liberally provided; but in the article of water we have been, indeed, unfortunate, that put on board at Aden being quite brackish; which, however, I understand proceeds from an accident, as there is a supply of excellent sweet water there. Our crew in this ship also is of all colours and all nations. In the morning the Parsees set us an example of devotion, by turning to the rising sun and saying their lengthened matins; and the Mussulman on his mat, with his face to Mecca (which is within a short distance), shows, in his regularity and devoutness, a lesson to us all. In his tragedy of Oronoco, Southern says well—speaking of that noble heathen—" He lived to all he knew, and if he erred, there 's mercy yet in heaven to set him right. But the Christian, lightened by the heavenly ray, has no excuse if he mistakes the way."

There was a curious appearance on the sea to-day for about a mile on either side of us, which was said to be occasioned by the spawn of fish; the water was the colour of barm, and a person on first seeing it would be very apt to mistake it for a sandbank.

12th.—We passed, this morning, the volcanic island of Jebel Tor, the eruption from which, some twenty-five years ago, is said to have been tremendously violent; but there is every appearance of there having been a much later one, as the crater and sides bear marks of very recent streams of lava. This day the heat has been 95° in the cabin.

We are now past the coast of Abyssinia, and are gliding along the shores of Nubia.

14*th*.—To-day we have a brisk breeze, and the spray washing over our decks, but still fine weather under this sultry sun, which to-day is vertical. We are now approaching those scenes that are hallowed to every religious mind, as witnesses of the miracles of God.

We passed the Island of St. John last night, and are to-day opposite the high mountains of Berenice, at whose base the ruins of that famous city lay, formerly a mighty emporium of trade, and from which our good ship takes her name, as *it* did from Egypt's Queen.

How easily explained by those acquainted with Eastern habits are some of those passages in the Bible, which at first appear difficult! One expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," has startled many; but did they see the couch used by almost every one in this part of the world, and even in this ship, they would at once understand it. A mat is the bed most commonly in use; no frame supports it, but it is placed on the bare ground, and the whole is rolled up into a package which a child might carry. "Dipping into the dish with me" is also practically explained in these regions every day, by a large dish of rice being placed in the middle of a party, and all eating out of it with their fingers.

17*th*.—The sun, as he set last night, fiery red, behind the high range of mountains that rise above Cosseir, foretold a gale of wind; and accordingly a sharp north-wester arose this morning, and is still blowing most furiously. This range of hills is seen forty-five miles off; but, vast although it be, it excites little interest in our minds, now that the stupendous mountains around Mount Sinai are in view.

The mountains encompassing this holy hill tower before me. Mount Sinai itself lies several miles inland, and is surrounded on all sides by hills; but there it was that God himself was visibly present—there it was that man talked with his Maker! In looking towards it, one feels almost constrained to veil the face in reverential awe.

It is a bleak high-soaring mountain range, bold and rugged, flanked on every hand by other mountainous masses of the same character, occupying that angle of country which divides the sea of Suez from that of Akabah. Regarding many places and localities mentioned in Scripture, there is doubt; but regarding this there is none. There indisputably stands the bare desolation of Sinai, where the majesty of God condescended to discourse with man—where He gave His law to His people more than three thousand years ago.

We now enter the Sea of Suez, leaving what is nautically called the Red Sea behind us, and the Gulf or Sea of Akaba on our right, the two heads of the Red Sea. This Gulf of Akaba is also a region of peculiar interest. At its northern end stood the Ezion Gaber of Solomon (now Akaba), where he built his fleets, which place is still called the Golden Port. The sea has no soundings! and from its shore runs the valley of Idumea, and near it Mount Hor towers on high, where Aaron lies. Stephens, an American traveller in these parts, has so ingenious a theory with regard to part of this country that I shall insert it, as it has great plausibility.

"Standing near the shore of the northern extremity of the Red Sea, I saw before me an immense sandy valley, which, without the aid of geographical science, to the eye of common observation and reason, had once been the

bottom of a sea, or the bed of a river. This dreary valley, extending far beyond the reach of the eye, had been partly explored by Burkhardt, sufficiently to ascertain and mention it in the late geography of the country as the great valley of El Ghor, extending from the Elanitic Gulf to the southern extremity of the Dead Sea or Lake Asphaltites, and it was manifest by land-marks of Nature's own providing, that over that sandy plain those seas had once winded their waters—or perhaps more probably that before the Cities of the Plain had been consumed by brimstone and fire, and Sodom and Gomorrah covered by a pestilential lake, *the Jordan had here rolled its waters.* The valley is from four to eight miles in breadth, and on each side were high dark and barren mountains, bounding it like a wall; on the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Seir, the portion given to Esau as an inheritance; and among them, buried from the eyes of strangers,—the approach to it known only to the wandering Bedouin,—was the ancient capital of the kingdom, the excavated city of Petra—the cursed and blighted Edom of the Edomites. The land of Idumea lay before me in barrenness and desolation: no trees grew in the valley, and no verdure on the mountains—all was bare, barren, and desolate."

The town of Ezion Gaber, at the top of the Elanitic Gulf or Sea of Akaba, no longer exists: in its stead stands the crumbling fort of Akaba, surrounded by a few palm trees.* But the site of this fort is still pointed out as the spot to which the fleets of Solomon brought the treasures of Africa and Asia. I shall not enter into this disputed point of the original course of the Jordan, as I was not on the spot: but shall only say, that though Mr. Stephens's

* In the maps it is placed on the east of the gulf.

theory is plausible, his countryman, Dr. Robinson, appears to me to have produced incontrovertible evidence against it.

July 18*th*.—On entering the Sea of Suez, the Egyptian and Arabian shores are both bound with high mountains, scathed and blighted-looking, without a tree or plant on their sides; and in some places, where they do not shelve perpendicularly into the sea, there are plains of sand between them and the shore. The curse of sterility seems to have gone over the entire country; in every direction are mountainous wastes and arid sands, with the sacred sea rolling between.

This is Sunday, and it has been to me a day of unspeakable interest. Very early in the morning I was up, and from my cabin window gazed with ineffable delight upon the range of hills which surround Sinai. The dread mountain itself is veiled in distance and in clouds, as it ought to be. The whole mass rears a stern, awful-looking front grandly to the sky; irregular, sharp, broken, scarped, bold, and bare, uptowering high into the clouds! Every foot of ground is sacred. Sinai, where the man of God witnessed the glory of his Creator! I have no words to express the awe I feel at beholding the scenes and realising the impressions which have been at once sacred and familiar to the mind, from the earliest childhood; it is a moment worth a lifetime. *Jebel Moussa*, the Hill of Moses, is still the name of this spot of holiest earth; and *Jebel Serbal* is a bold, broken range of barren granite, between which and Sinai a fertile vale—the Paran of the Bible—covered with fruit-trees and watered by a beautiful stream, gladdens the eye amid the measureless desert.

There is a very high trebly-pointed mountain on the

African (Egyptian) side, now opposite to us, of a singular appearance, said to be twelve thousand feet in height, called Mount Goreb. It is nearly on a line with the last elevations, considered as belonging to the Jebel Moussa ranges; and Mr. Bell, a traveller in these countries, whom I have already mentioned, tells me that the Arabs have a tradition that it was near this place that the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. If so, and such a sea ran as now boils around us, Pharaoh and his host would not have been long kept in suspense or pain.

The exact spot where the children of Israel, six hundred thousand in number, were led across, is, however, a point on which scarcely any two travellers agree. I have already mentioned the place which the Arabs point out as the spot where this miracle was performed. Mr. Stephens, on the other hand, supposes it to have been nearer to Suez; but on sailing up the sea, the spot appears to me almost to point out itself. The place to which I refer is some few miles south of Suez, opposite a valley still called Waddeh Moussa, or the Valley of Moses, betwixt Ras Attakah and Suez. We are told that the Israelites were in a valley, hemmed in by mountains and the sea, and that Pharaoh's host was in pursuit. From the Egyptian side then they came, from Migdol, and as the passage was accomplished in one night, it behoved to be a place where six hundred thousand could be transported in that time. At the place I fix upon as satisfactory to myself, the sea is little more than twelve miles in width; a valley on the Egyptian side, sufficiently capacious for the whole host of Egypt, lies open to the sea, but flanked on either side by high mountains; and opposite, on the Arabian side, is a landing-place, sufficient also for their reception. After their deliverance, their route was first to the Well,

three days' journey to the southward, which they found bitter; and at about that distance still exists the bitter Well of Hawarah, or Marah—the "Well of Moses"—nauseous, not drinkable, as in the days of his trials. South-east from thence, towards Mount Sinai, in a vale, and within its ranges, still stands the rock where he struck, and water flowed. The water still issues from it, and several gashes since made, no doubt, by travellers on its face, point it out as the scene of this impressive miracle. Near the top of the Mountain of Horeb,* the members of one of the richest religious communities in these countries drag out their devout but monotonous life. It is a Greek church monastery, perched so high on a rock, that no access exists to it but by ropes: it is called St. Catherine's. I cannot fancy any retreat in the world so suitable to an anchorite as this on the hill of Sinai.

Had the passage been nearer Suez, above what is called *Waddeh Moussa*, or the Valley of Moses, the danger from the Egyptians might have been avoided without divine interposition, as they might have escaped by way of the town of Suez, the ancient Kolsium or Arsinöe, into the desert: and if it had been at the place pointed out by the Arabs, it seems scarcely to be accounted for, how they should have occupied three days in travelling northward, after crossing, to the Well of Marah, opposite Taferana Point, even with such a number as six hundred thousand, and then afterwards again retrace their steps to Sinai. Upon the whole, I feel convinced that every apparent difficulty is removed by fixing the place I have alluded to at Waddeh

* Horeb and Sinai are used indifferently in Scripture. Jebel Moussa is the highest peak of Sinai; Jebel Kâthrin the highest of the range.

Moussa as the scene of this wonderful evidence of the power of the Almighty, and his ever-present watchfulness over his chosen people. In the maps this vale is still called Waddeh Moussa, as it is, also, by the country people around.

About eight in the evening we reached Suez; but the water is so shallow that the steamer could not get within three miles of the town, so we had to betake ourselves to boats, which had no oars, and only one large sail; and the sailors on board were inadequate in number for the management of the rude craft. We stranded twice, and for the last mile were pulled by the men on shore by means of a rope fixed to the top of the mast, all our sable seamen having jumped into the sea up to their middle, to tow us by it. I was not sorry when this part of our day's work was ended, it being by no means agreeable to find yourself stuck fast in the sea, and in the dark, two miles from land, with an ebb tide, and with sailors ignorant of every word you say, and evidently at their wits' end to get their boat along.

However, we at last got safe and sound to land, and quickly made our way to the hostelry, where we found our party all arrived before us, and the camels loaded with our baggage and ready to start for the desert. It was expedient, however, that my companions and myself should ascertain that our share of the goods was actually *en route;* and this cost not only us but also the public functionaries more trouble than can be told. Such confusion I never witnessed; all the baggage was mixed, some part on one camel some on another; but after an hour's hard work the safety of the whole was ascertained. We then, after taking a hurried meal, arranged ourselves in the vans for

the desert. The town, seen by moonlight, seems ruinous and uncomfortable; a few of the pasha's ships were floating near it, and the bustle twice a month of the travellers to and from the east may enliven it, but it has no inducements to detain one.

After paying our fare to Cairo, of six pounds ten shillings (which included *eatables*, but not *drinkables*), we started at twelve at night. The vans have two wheels, and are on strong springs; each has four horses and a driver; there is also a syce, or groom, who sometimes rides on the shaft, but generally running alongside, accompanies the carriage through the whole desert, a distance of eighty-four miles,—a wonderful exertion one would think, but being accustomed to it they appear to make very light of it. The first stage we got over tolerably well, from the novelty of the thing. The train consisted of four vans, which kept close together, either alongside each other or following in the same track, and rolling along at about five miles an hour. The second ten miles, the desert was of a different character; the route became encumbered with numerous stones, which our Jehu took no trouble to avoid; and our bones, at the termination of this stage, were terribly shaken.

We reached the middle station—forty-four miles—by about ten A.M., less fatigued than I had anticipated, the track having rather improved the two last stages; and here we rested till four, in order to escape the heat of the day. Our route had been strewed all the way with the remains of camels, which had perished, leaving their melancholy record of the miseries formerly undergone in this wild region. Now, all these sufferings and dangers are at an end, and at present one travels as safely, though surrounded with the lawless Bedouin, as we do in England;

and this astonishing change results solely from their knowing that Mahomed Ali would scour the country from one end of it to another, and leave not one of their heads upon its shoulders, were any violence done *without* his permission.

I found my preconceived idea of the Great Desert to be erroneous; I had expected to see one unbounded extent of deep and shifting sand, as far as the eye could reach; on the contrary, there is little or no moving sand; the path traversed by caravans is hard; and on either side, from time to time, moderately sized hills bound the view. True it is, indeed, that all around you is sand, plain, and hills; all is one monotonous and arid waste, except in one or two of the lower levels, where a kind of coarse ling shows green above it, and some stinted dates sprinkle a favoured spot; with these exceptions, and two bushes, called trees, nothing but sand meets the eye from Suez to Cairo. On one of these two trees, which is said to be exactly half way, pilgrims to Mecca hang pieces of cloth as they pass, and a little mud temple stands close by, in which they offer up their prayers.

The heat from a hot wind, while we were at this half-way house, was dreadful; and fortunate is it for the traveller that such a shelter is prepared for him. Much is due to those indefatigable men, Messrs. Hill and Co., for their achievements in this country. The tidings of Mr. Hill's death reached us at Suez; he has left a legacy not only to England but to all other European countries, that will render his name respected for ages to come. He and Mr. Waghorn have, indeed, overcome difficulties that few individuals would have ventured to contend against; they have made the pathless desert a beaten highway, and have rendered both life and property secure, where before neither the one or other was worth an hour's purchase.

The beds at the half-way house are excellent, and thankfully we all betook ourselves to them. Our excellent fare in the Berenice and Cleopatra had made us somewhat critical about our viands; but he must be difficult to please, indeed, who is not satisfied with the mutton, turkeys, hams, and other good things, which he finds here in the midst of the desert; it is a matter of wonderment to see such provender in such a howling wilderness.

Every one has heard of the mirage, or, as it is called in Egypt, the Sahràb, that misleads and disappoints the thirsty wanderer in the desert. He thinks he sees water afar off, he struggles onwards towards it, but in vain; it disappears as he approaches, and his thirst is rendered more intolerable than ever. On our route we witnessed this curious phenomenon; and a stronger resemblance betwixt two things I never beheld.

There is no well of drinkable water in the desert; the one within a mile or two of Suez is saline. All the water is brought from the Arabian side of Suez or the Nile, in skins or barrels, on camels, a distance of about forty-five miles; and to those not travelling by the vans, a bucketful of water costs three shillings at the half-way house, where the tank is filled three times a year, and costs four hundred pounds each time. In this arid region, water is the greatest luxury horse or man can enjoy. The track winds more during the rest of the route to Cairo, and is less disagreeable than the earlier portion of it; but when we approached the city, the sand became looser and most troublesome. There are, in all, nine stages across the desert, and at the seventh we again halted for tea; the house was also a good one. All these stages were built by Hill and Co., out of funds given by the Bombay Steam Fund, and do them great credit.

I made my salaam to a dignified Turk sitting outside, surrounded by his pipe-bearer and his other officers, and a crowd of camels. I was honoured in return by his presenting me with a cup of coffee *à la turque;—i. e.*, without milk or sugar—in a small cup, which was placed in a metal saucer to prevent it burning the hand. He very courteously offered me a seat by his side, but time pressed, so I sipped his fragrant donation as I stood by his side, and after again salaaming with all due form, clambered up into the van and was off again.

On our way we met many caravans of camels going to Suez, some with different sorts of merchandise. But what struck me most forcibly was, that these ships of the desert, these stately camels, with their picturesque-looking Bedouin drivers, were sometimes moving along under burdens of *Newcastle coals!* The steamers on the Red Sea and, indeed, on all the route to Bombay, use English coal only; it is brought to Alexandria direct, and transported thence across the desert to Suez.

Towards dusk we reached the environs of Cairo, the "*El Kahirah*" of the Arabs of former times, and *the Musr* of the present day. Just before entering the city we were met by a number of people with flambeaux, who ran before each of our vans to guide us past the difficulties of the way; for the road immediately outside the city was abundantly furnished with holes on the one side and projecting masses of buildings on the other, which brought us up more than once at very short notice, and in spite of the assistance of our friends with the flambeaux. Just before we entered the gate of the city, we ran right up against the wall of an arch, opposite to what appeared to be one of the entrances to some great building of ancient days. The first street which we traversed on entering by

the Suez gate is certainly a very fine one, consisting of long rows of handsome houses, the formality of which is relieved by their balconies and numberless irregular projections: but passing through it as we did in the gloom of evening, it appeared decayed and ruinous. After threading several other streets and lanes, narrow, dark, and dirty, we reached our hotel about twelve o'clock, twenty-four hours after leaving Suez.

The first impression given by Hill's establishment in Cairo is unfavourable: the heat, the bad air, and the absence of any English waiter, or other person who understands the language, are all annoying; and the system of putting us in pairs into small uncomfortable dormitories, the necessity of which was insisted upon, is not less disagreeable. Nor were these evils diminished by the excellence of the provisions set before us: in a word, Cairo Hotel does not hold out any inducements to the wanderer to tempt him to prolong his stay.

20th July.—By five o'clock this morning I was astir; and, mounted on a donkey, the universal steed in Egypt, I set out with a guide in search of the ancient and modern wonders of the country of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and the Caliphs. I went first to the citadel, from whence is the most splendid view of the city, the Nile winding its way beyond it; and, betwixt the river and the desert, the mighty Pyramids.

On looking down upon the town from this elevation, it is seen to lie in a semicircle before you, on a level plain, ruinous, covered with the decay of years; and conveys the idea of a great city crumbling to dust. The Nile appears a noble river, even when seen at this distance, but not so wide as I had expected to find it: it expands above and below Cairo; but here, it does not appear above 250 yards across.

Betwixt it and the citadel, the gardens of the pasha attract the eye by their greenness; and a few cypresses, that afford a great relief, interpose their dark shade before the arid and desert hills of Lybia, that bound the view. A short way up the river from Cairo is the supposed situation of the famous fabled Elysian Fields, Lethe, and the Styx.

The Pyramids rise in their prodigious bulk beyond the river. Like most travellers I was at first disappointed with these wonders of the world. They are six in number, and the largest, that of Gizeh, is the nearest; but its vast magnitude is not appreciated at this distance, and it requires to be viewed from near its base for its size to be fully felt; then it gradually develops itself, and one becomes lost in astonishment at the immensity of the fabric, and at the unwearied energy and powers of man. The pyramid of Cheops is a square of 746 feet; its height is 461 feet; measured obliquely 700 feet; and on the summit is an area of 30 feet square. The base covers an area of eleven acres—a space as large as Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; and it is 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 higher than St. Paul's in London. It is situated on the west side of the hill opposite to the city, near where ancient Memphis or Noph stood, and is beyond all comparison the most stupendous work that ever existed on the face of the globe.

It incloses a room thirty-five and a half feet in length, seventeen and a quarter in breadth, and eighteen and three-quarters in height; in which was a marble sarcophagus, or coffin, supposed to be that of its founder; and what gives us perhaps a more forcible idea of the bulk of the entire pyramid is that, within it, three thousand seven hundred similar chambers might be contained, the solid contents of the entire fabric being eighty-five mil-

lions of cubic feet. The date of several of the pyramids is doubtful, but that of Cheops is pretty clearly ascertained. Herodotus states that Cheops reigned fifty years; that he occupied twenty of them in building this mighty mass, which is at this day as perfect in its form as when the architect completed it; and that three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of the country were engaged in the work. He speaks of Cheops as the second monarch after Proteus, and Proteus was contemporary with the Trojan war; so that this pyramid must have been erected within one hundred and sixty years after the building of the temple by Solomon, and eight hundred and sixty years B. C.*

Time seems unable to injure this noble monument of the ancient world. Upwards of two thousand seven hundred years have made no impression upon it. The joints

* In Don Juan Lord Byron has the following stanza:—

"What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's king,
Cheops, erected the first Pyramid,
And largest; thinking it was just the thing
To keep his mem'ry whole and mummy hid;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid.
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

"This stanza," observes Mr. Moore, "appears to have been suggested by the following passage in the Quarterly Review:"—'It was the opinion of the Egyptians that the soul never deserted the body while the latter continued in a perfect state. To secure this opinion, King Cheops is said by Herodotus to have employed 360,000 of his subjects for twenty years, in raising over the angusta domus, destined to hold his remains, a pile of stone equal in weight to six millions of tons, *which is just three times that of the vast breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound.* And, to render this precious dust still more secure, the narrow chamber was made accessible only by small intricate passages, obstructed by stones of an enormous weight, and so carefully closed externally, as not to be perceptible. Yet, how vain are all the precautions of man! Not a bone was left of Cheops, either in the stone coffin or in the vault, when Shaw entered the gloomy chamber.'"

of the stones are scarcely visible, and the corners of the four sides are as sharp and beautiful as when the courses were first laid. It is said that the height of each of the courses of which this mighty work is composed, diminishes imperceptibly from the base upwards—that its sides are accurately north and south—and that it occupies as small a space, mathematically, as its proportions admit of. The Pyramids are nowhere mentioned by Homer, the oldest profane author, who is supposed to have lived in the second century after the siege of Troy—which is a remarkable circumstance, as that of Cheops must have been then in existence; and on the other hand there are no hieroglyphics upon them, from which it is inferred that they were reared before these symbols were in use; but, in fact, the precise date of their erection, the purposes for which they were erected, and the mechanical means by which the prodigious masses of stone (from twenty-five to thirty feet in length) were elevated, must ever remain unknown.

From the citadel the spectator commands a bird's-eye view of the entire city: minarets of all heights and forms shoot up from every part of it, and constitute the chief beauty. One mosque in particular attracts the notice, from its vast extent and the size of its dome; but, like everything else of the kind, it seems falling into decay.

Amid all these ruins, however, the present ruler of Egypt, one of the most extraordinary men of modern times, is building a mosque, that, were he to leave no other monument of his reign, would preserve his memory through many succeeding ages. The whole structure is of marble—the exterior Grecian, and the interior Turkish; noble columns of great height and diameter support it; and the gateway to the inner part of the temple is truly imposing. The marble does not seem to admit of a very

sharp cutting; but it is prettily veined, with a colour like that of flint, and takes a good polish. This edifice, when finished, will be worthy of Mahomed Ali, and an honour to its Scottish architect.

The palace of the pasha, close to which the mosque is erected, is not, externally, a building of much splendour; but we were told that the interior was very handsome. The wish of this potentate is to have everything European, as far as the difference of climate will permit. We were shown the window at which he sat and witnessed the deliberate murder of the Mamelukes, and we passed through the court-yard where the slaughter took place. It forms a narrow entrance into the citadel, the gates of which were closed, and the walls are so high that escape was impossible. From these walls they were fired upon until only one man remained alive, whom the pasha ordered to be spared, and who is called the last of the Mamelukes. It is said that one gallant fellow pushed his noble steed at the wall and cleared it, but fell on the other side and was slain. I cannot believe the story to be true; no horse could have cleared a wall of such a height. This deed of blood was as unjustifiable as it was cruel; but certain it is, that ever since the Mamelukes were entrapped and slain, Mahomed Ali Pasha has slept in security and in peace.

We saw the entrance hall of this palace, which had nothing particular about it, except its vast dimensions: the other parts of the palace we were not permitted to view.

Within what is called the citadel is shown Joseph's Well! Joseph made his well 270 feet deep, and down to the level of the Nile; it is worked by a wheel driven by bullocks. Some say this well was the work of Joussiff

Saladin, a Saracen governor of Cairo. I prefer adhering to the old faith of its being that of the son of Jacob.

The stables of the pasha are an immense oblong building, and contain 300 horses; they are among the most interesting of the modern sights in Cairo. Several handsome European-looking houses, some of which are schools, are seen in the distance, and are a pleasing contrast to the mouldering town. A noble aqueduct, built on an immense number of arches, stretches to the Nile, and conveys its water to the city.

In the distance lies the island of Rhoda, where the daughter of Pharaoh is said to have found the infant leader of Israel. This is one of the prettiest places in the neighbourhood of the great city, and the walk to it constitutes the favourite relaxation of the citizens.

The roofs of the houses at Cairo are all flat, and the walls are chiefly of stone, which is either of a red or white colour; sometimes the two are blended in alternate rows, producing a curious and not unpleasing effect. In old Cairo they point out a place where Joseph and Mary dwelt when they fled into Egypt with the infant Saviour; a Greek church, dedicated to the Virgin, now occupies the spot.

This city once contained 700,000 people—now 200,000 is said to be the extent of its population. Some, indeed, say 100,000: it is a most difficult thing to ascertain correctly the population of eastern towns, as no census of the people is ever taken in them. The streets are generally narrow, and the houses several stories in height; there is no pavement in any part of it that I was in, and its general appearance, when more fully examined, does not contradict the first impression, that it is falling into decay. The bazaar is a curious range of poor-looking shops or stalls, where are to be found the produce of

Africa chiefly, but also of various other parts of the world. The wares are not temptingly displayed, as in European shops; and the crowd and the tumult of voices make one glad to escape out of it as speedily as possible. The shops are each tenanted by a solemn-looking Turk, and sometimes by two or three, smoking their hookahs with imperturbable gravity, scarcely exchanging a word, or altering a muscle; the whole presents a curious picture of eastern torpidity and composure. Their pipes are often four feet long, and that called the hubble-bubble is of still greater length, and cools the smoke before it is inhaled, having a handsomely shaped glass vase of water, through which the pipe passes.

I went to the baths; and of all the disgusting places I ever was in, this, which elsewhere is a place of luxury and comfort, is the most disgusting: the smell is so offensive, that I was thankful to get out of the place without taking a hot bath, as I had intended to have done. They are absolutely filthy, and I do not know that any one could undergo a greater penance than being compelled to remain within their precincts. The bathers are constrained to undress and dress in a public saloon, and the towels are anything but clean; the steam in the outer apartments is of vapour heat; in a word, a Turkish bath is a punishment, not a pleasure.

Cairo is a sad place for mosquitos; their attacks prevented many of our party from getting any rest; but I was so fatigued that I slept in spite of their annoyance.

The most interesting and striking objects in Egypt, as indeed in most places, are the women and their dresses: one instantly recognises their descent from the ancient Egyptians by the style of their features, by the blue marks on the chin, hands, and fingers, which are coloured

by means of henna at this day, exactly as they were thousands of years ago.

The garb of the ladies is most unbecoming: the face from the ridge of the nose downward is totally concealed by them, and some, indeed, only permit one eye to be visible; all have the eyelashes and eyelids dyed black with khol, which, instead of adding to the lustre of that *dangerous* organ, appears to me to give it a sleepy, dreamy expression.

Cairo is absolutely and altogether Turkish, in manners, in dress, and in population; the court language is Turkish, and the habits are exclusively so. It is well known that the pasha is anxious to introduce European innovations wherever he can; but a Turk is very slow in changing his customs, and very unwilling to do so. In architecture, his Highness may succeed in altering the external appearance of the capital, or of his favourite city—Alexandria; but he will never be able to change the character of his adopted countrymen.

Part of the land of Goshen is shown from the citadel; it is a rich portion of the upper end of the Delta. Of the excellence of its milk, however, I am not able to speak from experience, nor could we get honey in Cairo. "From Migdol to the tower of Syene" embraced almost the whole of the richest parts of the valley of the Nile from the Delta to Upper Egypt, Goshen included.

The approach to the town on the south is finer than that from Suez. Rows of trees line the way, and give an imposing appearance to the entrance; but, despite all its associations, and its remnants of antiquity, Cairo, the old, the new, and the suburb and the port of Boulac, impressed me with the idea of a great city mouldering and nodding to its fall.

The trade of Cairo is also in the sear and yellow leaf: coffee, grain, senna, frankincense, gums, and drugs, are still sold here; but its looms have ceased to produce their fine textures, and embroidered work is no more. It is said that the pasha has made Alexandria his pet place, to the great injury of this capital.

After a ride of two miles to Boulac, the port of Cairo, situated upon the river, and now one of the most flourishing parts of the great city, we dismounted from our long-eared locomotives, and embarked in the iron steamer, the Lotus, for Atféh and Alexandria. At this point the Nile, as I have stated, does not appear to be above 250 yards wide; its water is as muddy as that of the Thames, but when allowed to stand, becomes beautifully pure. It is strange that there should be such discrepancy as to the size of this noble and fruitful stream; but it may be accounted for by travellers omitting to designate accurately the particular spot of which they write. Above Rhoda Island, which is only a very short distance from Boulac, I have no doubt the width is more than four hundred yards; and at Atféh the river is said to be a mile across. Equally irreconcileable are the accounts of the effects of its waters. Some people say they are extremely unwholesome to those unaccustomed to them; others, that they are perfectly harmless. If I were to speak from my own experience alone, I should say that the water of the Nile is sweet, or rather, as water should be, nearly tasteless, and that no injurious effects result from the use of it. Our luggage was all safely conveyed to the vessel by camels, and I left Grand Cairo with feelings of regret.

We navigated the Nile—the "Eternal River," as the natives proudly call it—for one hundred and thirty miles, to Atféh. As we sailed along we had a very good view of

the Great Pyramid, at about ten leagues from us. Its bulk seemed to increase by distance. As we proceeded, the banks of the river increased in height, and little was visible from the deck of the steamer. The more distant country, of which we occasionally got a glimpse, is bare and barren; and except here and there beds of water melons on the brink of the stream, little vegetation is within the range of the eye. The Delta of Egypt, the granary of the country, lies further to the east, on our right hand, and is still a region of great fertility,—one mighty farm it may be called, and all belonging to his Highness the pasha, who in fact owns all Egypt, and draws his rents as a landlord from the whole country. Industry is compelled by the bastinado, and the whole of the profits resulting from it reaches his coffers, except just as much as supports the labourers of the soil. No landed proprietors, farmers, or middle-class exist in Egypt. The ruler is lord of all, and the collectors are held responsible each for his respective quota of the revenue. Great hardship and oppression of course result from this state of things; but in this case ignorance is bliss: his subjects know no better, and console themselves with the conviction that were their present ruler removed, his successor would be just as severe a taskmaster. Their perpetual ejaculation, "*God is great!*" seems to be their only solace.

At Cairo we lost two of our most agreeable companions. They left us with the intention of going to Trieste, in hopes of having a shorter quarantine to undergo; but in this country it is almost impossible to arrive at the truth on any point connected with travelling. Since coming on board, I learn that they will be greatly disappointed, and that, instead of eight, they will have twenty-four days of durance vile.

I could scarcely believe myself to be on the bosom of the Nile. Who can adequately describe the associations linked with that mighty river, or with the land through which it flows! I passed the night upon the deck in the stern of the vessel, wrapt in my cloak; and while I live, that night upon the Nile will be amongst my most pleasing recollections—although the *sanctity* of the past was somewhat rudely dashed, as were its waters, by the desecrating paddles of an *English steam-boat!*

I was mistaken in my idea of the country in its immediate vicinity in this part of its course. I had, however, expected to have seen all around me richness and verdure; I found only high mud banks and a bare country. On one side the land is actually barren. Herds of cattle lying up to their noses in the stream; a small patch of maize (the corn of the east), and a bed of melons, of some acres in extent, here and there, alone typified the riches of Egypt's soil; and a grove of dates, sometimes interposed betwixt the eye and the horizon, is all the foliage which the region can boast.

We arrived at Atféh, one hundred and thirty miles from Cairo, in fifteen hours; and here we left the river, and, getting on board a track-boat, proceeded by canal to Alexandria, which is sixty miles off. The Mamoudeh Canal throughout its entire length of sixty miles, is a noble work; there is not a single lock upon it. The breadth is ninety feet, and the depth eighteen: it is supplied with water from the Nile by means of sluices near Cairo. It was cleared out a short time ago in three weeks, but the lives of an immense number of the labourers were sacrificed. It is said that of the 100,000 employed, as many as 30,000 died;—so much for the mild rule of the lord of all the land. The boats are drawn by horses five in number, with a man on each.

Each horse is fixed by a separate cord to the track-rope. The rate of travelling is about four miles an hour. Numbers of water-wheels, without any improvement upon the ancient construction, are seen on the banks of the Nile all the way to Atféh; and even the canal water is raised by the same means. These wheels are of a large size, and have earthen jars attached to their verge, which, as they successively attain the top of the wheel, empty their contents into a trough that has a pipe or channel, conducting the precious stream to a reservoir, whence asses convey it in skins to the villages. All along the banks of the Nile, birds of various plumage flew and dived about; the pelicans sat pensively by the water's brink, seemingly meditating on the departed glories of their country, but in reality I have no doubt looking out for their dinner. Hundreds of pigeons and water-fowl dashed around, and several birds peculiar to Egypt were amongst them. The ibis, white as snow, sat on the shore. The red ibis, supposed to be the sacred bird found in the hieroglyphics, is now seldom, if ever, seen.

The cattle with the hump are no longer common: most of the oxen I saw were of an English-looking breed and Highland size; but the ugly awkward buffalo is still in great numbers. Flocks and herds and corn still constitute the chief wealth of Egypt. Manufactures can as yet be scarcely enumerated among the items of Egyptian produce; still, however, they exist to some extent, and are fostered by the pasha. A large mill for cloth makes a good appearance as you leave Cairo, and a steam chimney rears its rounded height in the air, and sends its smoke in good old English fashion over the land. A good many ruinous-looking villages are scattered throughout the country, with minaret and mosque pointing to heaven. Date

trees generally encircle these hamlets; and numbers of odd, churn-shaped pigeon-houses are around them. I have not as yet been tormented with any of the modern plagues of Egypt, fleas, lice, or bugs, or even mosquitoes, although others of our party have suffered in Cairo and in our voyage. On the whole, the conveyances and accommodation provided by these praiseworthy and enterprising men, Messrs. Hill and Co., are wonderfully free from discomfort, when the difficulties they had to encounter are considered. They well deserve, and indeed they appear to have obtained the approbation and support of the public.

Betwixt Atféh and Alexandria we passed a large brickwork, and a very handsome glasshouse. The bricks are made as in the days of bondage, with straw, and baked in the sun. The glasshouse is a very handsome building, and belongs to an English company.

A chain-gang, dragging a boat, reminded me of Australia: the unhappy beings were yoked by the neck, and the links of the chains were larger and heavier than any I ever saw in the south. The labour to which these wretched men were subjected appeared to be most intense; and so also is that of the horses in these track-boats: there is no breathing-time allowed them, no cessation of labour; the shoulder is ever at the collar, and till the stage is over it is one unremitted drag, swaying and pulling from side to side at one uniform jog-trot.

The canal is, as might be expected, much less interesting than the Nile: its banks are totally without anything to attract the voyager's attention. We experienced considerable interruption from collision with boats going in the opposite direction: no right understanding seems to exist among the natives as to keeping their proper side: all going down to Alexandria ought to keep the left bank,

and those going up the right, and then no confusion or annoyance would occur. I think it is in Burmah, where, when two loaded waggons meet, the one having the sun at its *back*, must give way: one of the very best rules I ever heard of. Here the matter might be simply and satisfactorily arranged, by abiding by the respective sides of the water.

As we approached the city of Alexander, the country improves: some neat villas fringe the canal with their refreshing grass-plots, shrubs, and flowers—an unspeakable treat to the eye. As we neared the town, for the first time in Egypt I saw some cabs and a carriage; and, at last, towering over the bare and arid hills of sand, we saw Pompey's Pillar piercing the sky. We entered the town by an ancient gate, at four, afternoon, and, to my great surprise, after passing through fields of ruins of the ancient Alexandria, the capital of the *mighty monarch*, the *Conqueror of the East*, from whom it has its name—*the residence of the beauteous Cleopatra*—I found myself in a modern European-looking town, and speedily in an oblong square of houses that would do no discredit to any city in the world. Many of the houses are of white stone, others are covered with a white plaster; all, in short, is glaring white, which, though giving an air of cleanliness to the city, has a painful effect on the eyes. The contrast to Grand Cairo is very striking: there, all seems falling into its last days; here, everything seems arising from the ruins around,—a renewal of a great city.

Upon examining my baggage, I discovered that my dressing-case, an old travelling companion of thirteen years' acquaintanceship, was missing: it had been with me during many journeys and in many countries. One gets attached to old appendages of this sort, and I lament

its loss excessively; it contained plants and seeds, too, of different countries (rather strange occupants of a dressing-box, for it had ample accommodations within,) and also several small matters which I valued; but no mishap is so great that it could not be greater. The *very day before I last saw it*, I took from it what I valued more than anything else I possess, and that is safe. The agents at Alexandria were most civil on the occasion, and confidently assured me that I should yet have my old friend on my own table, in my own house.

The hotel here is superior to that at Cairo; but the Hôtel D'Orient is considered the best in Alexandria. One fault, common to all these establishments in this country, is the want of an English waiter—an appendage now almost universally found in all the principal hotels on the Continent; at least, they should have some person who can speak that language. I like a clear understanding in all transactions, and especially as to payments in foreign countries; and that can scarcely be arrived at with foreign servants, and with the additional difficulty of perpetual change of currency.

In coming into the town, which occupies a neck of land washed on either side by the sea, and faces east and west, the lake Mæreotis, an extensive sea, lies on your left hand—that stupendous proof of the coercive energy of arbitrary government; on the right is the castle and flag-staff, and in the distance Cleopatra's Needle. Amongst the first things that catch the eye in the great square, is the Spiral Staircase on the top of the French consul's residence: it is a very curious piece of workmanship, rising to an immense height, by a corkscrew-looking series of steps, beautifully light, from the summit of which there is a splendid view of the bays on the two sides of the

city; and, indeed, the dwellings of the consuls are amongst the handsomest erections here. The Greek consul's house is splendid, and belongs to the consul himself; the Belgian consular residence is also a good house; and the British is respectable, though less imposing in exterior than the others; but my eye dwelt with pride on the lion and unicorn standing proudly above the door.

The dress of the women, as at Cairo, is the first thing that attracts the notice of the stranger. The first female whom I met, and who was riding an ass after the usual fashion of the male sex, was wrapt in white garments from top to toe, with nothing visible but her black eyes. Several attendants, male and female, were around her; and I can compare her to nothing but the image of Death stalking through the streets. She happened, however, to be a portly dame: had she been slender, the resemblance would have been complete. This white dress, and a black one of the same ample, flowing, and envious construction, are worn universally by old and young; and sometimes, from the very partial glance you can catch of the upper features, it is quite evident that the entire countenance, if not thus carefully concealed, would be calculated to produce anything rather than an agreeable effect. The men are all in Turkish garb.

The streets in the old part of the town are narrow, and from this circumstance the bazaar does not produce the striking effect which it would otherwise do. Were it not for this, the variety of its contents and of its visitors would make it a scene of great interest to the traveller. None of the streets are paved: they seldom are in Eastern towns; and it is quite wonderful that the donkeys, (here, as in Cairo, universally used,) as they thread their way with noiseless foot through dense masses of people, and

amid camels loaded fourteen feet high, do not endanger both their riders and the public. At Cairo they often have bells, but here that warning is not so common. This animal, so despised in Europe, is much and justly valued in Egypt. They are beautifully shaped, rather larger than those in England, neatly caparisoned, and trained to a delightful easy amble. Each has its boy to urge it forward by words the logic of which they seem perfectly to understand, and a guide rides before.

I took the field early in the morning, and, mounted on a donkey, with a guide by my side, off I went in search of the *ferlies* of Alexandria. Our first visit was of course paid to Pompey's Pillar. This noble obelisk, of one block of red granite, lies about a quarter of a mile to the south of the city. It is said that one of Julius Cæsar's palaces stood near this spot, the site of which is now a modern graveyard, where I saw almost every grave surmounted by some plant. The total height of this wonderful column is 114 feet. The shaft is 88 feet in height, and 9 in diameter; it is founded upon a rock, although it has the appearance of being built on masonry which is in a ruinous state. It is said to have been brought from Upper Egypt, about the fifth century, and although called Pompey's Pillar, to have been erected *on its present site* to Dioclesian. It has been erroneously supposed to have been raised in honour of Pompey or some other Roman, and amongst the rest to Severus, according to Pinkerton; but the inscription leaves no doubt about the matter. It may have adorned some spot in Upper Egypt ere it reared its tall height here; and this is the more likely as it is formed of the rock of that country, as are also the celebrated Needles, and not of the same stone as that of the Pyramids; but wherever it first stood, and to whomsoever erected, it is, next to the Pyramids, the most striking object I ever

beheld. Some barbarians effected, it is said, the partial injury visible at the base by gunpowder, in search of hidden treasure: they have failed in their object, from the real base of the structure being a rock. Had it been erected, as was supposed to be the case, on masonry, the destruction of the column would have been inevitable. The main body of the immense pedestal is a block seven feet square, formed of the same stone as the shaft; and a few piastres would conceal the attempt made to upturn it, but it seems disregarded. The whole is scribbled over with names of travellers, which injures the effect of this grand pillar. The capital is of a later date than the shaft, and seems fast decaying.

The Needles of Cleopatra were our next object of admiration. The one which is standing is 68 feet long, in one stone 7 feet 4 inches broad at the base, 6 feet 5 inches at the middle, and at the top 5 feet 4 inches, and terminates in a point: it is equilateral, and all the sides are covered with hieroglyphics, which leads to the conclusion that this is an older work than Pompey's Pillar, which is without either Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman carving. They are *said* to be of the age of Thothmes III.; but however this may be, it seems pretty certain that they were brought from Heliopolis to adorn the palace of Cleopatra at this spot. Heliopolis, betwixt Cairo and the land of Goshen, is the *No* of Scripture. There is only one side on which the hieroglyphics are not worn away by the action of the air; that side faces to the north, and is perfect.

The Needle which it was intended to have removed to England, is lying prostrate on the ground, and looks a huge mass in its recumbent position. I walked along it, and could not help wishing that the sum required to place it on shipboard had been expended, 15,000*l.* though it was. If not done speedily, I fear it may soon be lost for

ages, by being buried among the ruins that surround it, amongst which the point is already concealed. It is injured by Time's fell hand, but is still a splendid voucher of a great people, and richly worth preserving among the trophies of England. Were it standing, I should say, let it stand in the country it honoured; but it is *prostrate*, and will be lost or destroyed, if not transported to some region where its value will be more justly appreciated. The situation of these grand works no doubt had been well selected, facing the sea, and probably in the chief street of the city, or in some other remarkable part of it; but now, walls and ruins obscure on every side the one that is standing, and, except from a distance, it is not seen to advantage.

All around these stupendous monuments is a perfect field of mortar and stone, the debris of the ancient city: and broken marble columns are everywhere scattered about, or found supporting paltry modern buildings.

The baths are better than at Cairo, and being situated in a garden, might be made an ornament to the place; but all is slovenly and ill kept; and though the baths themselves are cleanly and admirable in comparison with those of the capital, they are not promptly got ready; and one is kept so long waiting for water, that I doubt not others, as was our case, leave them in despair.

The slave market has been removed by the pasha—who orders and it is done—for the purpose of making a straight street, and the slaves who are for sale are at present scattered about in different places. I saw some of these unfortunate beings: they were chiefly young females and boys, who had been brought from Dongolla and Senaar. The women were dark as Erebus, but of pleasing expression, and youthful—the oldest not eighteen;

the *prettiest* might be bought for £25. One little boy looked unhappy: the rest seemed perfectly contented with their lot. These poor creatures are sold by their parents, or are taken in war in the upper countries beyond the Nile, and are generally brought to Cairo or Alexandria to be disposed of.

The palace of the pasha stands very beautifully on the sea-shore, at the northern extremity of the city; and the *family mansion* of his Highness, with its three hundred female occupants, is separated from it by a garden or court, studded with young trees in white-washed earthen cages, to protect their roots from the scorching sun; at a short distance out in the sea, are situated the baths belonging to the palace, and on another side are the abodes of the officers of the court. The present ruler of Egypt is one of the most extraordinary instances of what is so seldom met with—liberality without education, and extended and enlightened views in a country from whence political knowledge is studiously excluded. His permission to the English to pass through his country while he was at war with us, was not only an admirable stroke of policy, as regarded the pecuniary interests of Egypt, but it was a conquest over private feelings for public good, and a control of temper in one unaccustomed to restraint, which was worthy of all praise. This great man has taken a special liking to Alexandria, and is improving it by all the means in his power, introducing wherever he can European customs and fashions. On entering the palace, which we were so fortunate as to be able to do, whilst his Highness was at the bath we were struck with numberless indications of this prevalent taste. I saw the pasha pass rapidly by in his coach, of English manufacture apparently, but I had not sufficient time to enable me

to remark his features.* This truly eminent man is now upwards of seventy years of age. Born of humble parents in a northern province of Turkey—a servant, if not a slave!—he has, by Turkish means and consummate tact and talent, raised himself to be not only a prince, but an illustrious one; and he himself, cradled in darkness, has thrown light over his adopted country. His mansion speaks his character: nothing gaudy or trivial attracts the eye; the rooms are handsome, but nothing more. There are two—a principal drawing-room and his own bed-room—that are princely certainly; their ornaments are elegant pieces of workmanship from the looms of India, from the workshops of Switzerland, of England, and Dresden; and one centre table of mosaic work, a present from the Pope, is splendid: a representation of St. Peter's, in all its vast and beautiful proportions, occupies the middle of this noble gift; and round the circumference are the principal remnants of Roman architecture—the Coliseum, Trajan's Pillar, and others, with the pasha's cipher and the crescent and star in diamonds on one side. Large mirrors from Britain, and candelabra from France or Switzerland, are in every room of the mansion, with numerous specimens of the skill of various European countries—bijouterie and "cunning works" of great beauty. His bed-room is luxurious in its carpet, from Persia (I think not Turkey), its draperies, and in all its arrangements. The other rooms have nothing very novel: the richly covered and well stuffed divan is ranged along the windows opposite the sea, and looks most inviting in its *soft plumpness*; and the view from the seat which it affords cannot be surpassed in marine scenery. His bath

* Through the politeness of our consul, Mr. Stoddart, I could have been introduced to his Highness; but my stay did not permit it, and it is understood that the old gentleman is beginning to feel such introductions irksome.

in the palace is also beautifully fitted up with white marble, richly carved, and the staircases are broad and imposing. In a word, the inspection of this palace leaves upon the mind an impression of the good sense as well as the good taste of its possessor.

Alexandria has still, in many quarters, remains of its departed greatness. Its noble library, over which was written "the physic of the soul," is now only remembered by its loss—the greatest which the world of literature ever sustained; and the palaces, the baths, and the gardens, are no more, but with the body of the great founder, and his coffin of gold, all are again returned to dust; some hoary arches still tell of the former splendour of this city, and its ancient mosaics and marbles form the materials of many of the modern buildings.

I left Egypt for Malta on Saturday, the 23rd of July, in the Tagus steamer, of about nine hundred tons and three hundred and sixty horse-power. We found on board a large addition to our previous party. For the benefit of future travellers I here state in detail the expense of the overland route from Bombay to Southampton, and the time occupied.

	£	s.
The passage by steam to Suez in the monsoon, for a cabin passage, is	70	0
At other seasons, £60.		
Changing vessels at Aden	0	6
Servants at Suez	0	6
At Suez, for supper and servants	0	5
Transit across the desert, including food but not liquors	6	10
Night at Cairo, if a traveller travels post	0	5
Transit to Alexandria, including food	8	0
Drivers at Cairo and servants at Alexandria	0	15
Hotel and servants at Alexandria one night	0	15
Passage to Southampton, including food	45	0
Charge made by Company for servants (a bad system)	1	10
Servants at Southampton	0	10
	134	2

exclusive of the expense of sight-seeing, purchases, &c.; but it ought to cover all necessary disbursements.

The passage from Bombay to Aden, during the monsoon, occupied nineteen days; from Aden to Suez took us eight days; the desert requires twenty-four hours; the halt at Cairo will generally be about twelve hours, and the traveller will then have to pass fifteen hours on the Nile and twelve on the canal, making in all thirty days; and on an average I understand that, during the rest of the year, about twenty days: from Alexandria to Malta five days; from Malta to Gibraltar five; and from Gibraltar to Falmouth six: in all, therefore, forty-six days at the one season, and about thirty-five in the other.

On leaving the harbour of Alexandria, we had a splendid view of the city, the numerous vessels belonging to the pasha, and a noble row of very handsome houses and buildings, terminating with the palace; the whole of the semicircular shore was white and glittering in the morning sun. On our left a long reach of narrow land stretches into the sea, on which numbers of wind-mills attract the notice; but here no vegetation, no tree is to be seen—all is one long tract of barrenness; on this neck of land were the ancient catacombs, and on the edge of the sea some hollow wave-worn rocks are said to have once formed the baths of Cleopatra. Many mouldering remains are evidences of the former; but the latter fact is one involved in much doubt. On the right hand, the other horn of the bay runs out, and terminates in a lighthouse erected by the pasha. At a short distance farther east is the site of the famous Pharos of old, the Lantern of Ptolemy; and there also is the Bay of Aboukir, the scene of England's glory and Nelson's immortality. Alexandria leaves on the mind the impression of a modern rather than an

ancient city, though one cannot stir far without being reminded of its fall, and the change it has undergone since the days when it contained 1,000,000 inhabitants, and when its customs were near three millions sterling a year. I leave the country with admiration at the energy of mind and the vast achievements of its present ruler; with wonder at the stupendous works of the still greater men that ruled before him in the olden time, in this birthplace of arts and sciences; and with astonishment that a country, rich only in its Delta and narrow valley, could have ever risen to such distinguished greatness, as is still witnessed at Thebes, at Gizeh, at Alexandria, and at Cairo. But one deeper feeling predominates over all—I leave the land of Joseph—of Moses—and of Israel.

25th July, 1842.—I am now on the blue water of the Mediterranean Sea, and I feel in Europe again. No longer do sable, unintelligible domestics wait upon us; no longer do Eastern dresses and language interest us. All in the Tagus is English, and the temperature and everything else seem changed. After a beautiful sail of five days over a calm sea, and under a cerulean sky, we reached Malta this morning at three, A. M.

28th.—We are not allowed to land, except at the lazaretto, opposite which our vessel lies, under a sun as hot and oppressive as any I have experienced in the East. The thermometer in the captain's cabin stands at 100°; not a breath agitates the air, and the reflection from the rocks and houses increases the heat. In this lazaretto, however, there is excellent accommodation; it is cleanly and well kept, with a large room 150 feet in length, for the exercise of those who are undergoing quarantine. Several venders of jewellery occupy stalls without the rails, within which the prisoners are kept, and use the

precaution of dropping all moneys taken in exchange for their commodities in water, and handing the article purchased with a pair of pincers.

The number of inhabitants on the island is estimated at 100,000, exclusive of strangers and sailors—a denser population than almost any in the world, seeing that the island is only sixteen miles and a half long, and about ten broad. All round the island, the water is of a peculiar transparency; the bottom is seen at a great depth, and invites one to plunge in. No bathing can be more luxurious than this, and it is indulged in night and morning by vast numbers from the rocks and shores in sight, from which they spring into the depths with great apparent delight.

Unfortunately, in consequence of some cases of plague having occurred within forty days of our starting from Alexandria, we have a foul bill of health; and the period of our quarantine extends to twenty-four days from the day on which we left that city. Instead of being permitted to land at Southampton as soon as a reply is received from London to the intimation of our arrival, the residue of that period, after deduction of the time occupied in our voyage to Ryde, must be passed on board ship, within sight of the shores of our native land. I had once intended to take a French steamer to Marseilles, or a coaster to Naples, but my wish to return by the continent is overcome by my still stronger desire to be again at home; and I relinquish the plan with the less regret, as, in this age of rapid locomotion, one can *Europize* any day.

Innumerable gondola-shaped, prettily-painted boats, with awnings, are flitting about us on every side. Their fantastic appearance, with their lofty bow and sterns, adds greatly to the animation and novelty of the scene.

I have spent a delightful afternoon in sailing with a party through the harbours of this extraordinary place, and past its wonderful fortifications. The city lies in four divisions, in different coves; terrace rises above terrace, crowded with houses of irregular but most imposing appearance. The hospital on the left on entering is a most splendid building, and the old palace of the grand master seems a fine remnant of by-gone days. The water in the harbour was as smooth as glass, and several fine vessels of the Royal Navy were at anchor in it. The appearance of the town was surprisingly grand and imposing, and the cool air of the evening, after so oppressively hot a day, was unspeakably refreshing. The hours spent in this cruise were as agreeable as any I have ever passed.

Three years' supply of corn is generally in store here, the siloes being beneath the streets; and a good deal of speculation is carried on in grain, Malta being conveniently situated for taking advantage of many widely scattered markets.

The roofs of the houses are flat, as in the East; and any deficiency of the supply of water, which is brought from the interior by an aqueduct several miles in length, is made up by the rain which falls being led off from them into tanks.

28th.—At nine P. M. the Tagus was once more in motion, after thirty hours' stay at this curious and interesting place. The view, on leaving the harbour, is magnificent, embracing the whole city and environs, and affording an admirable view of the great strength and extent of the works,—the large old mansion of the grand masters, and the famous church of St. John, constituting the two principal features of the view.

29th.—We are coasting along the African shore, by the

Bay of Tunis, and the site (out of sight) of the great rival of Rome—the once mighty Carthage; but the sentence was passed against it some eighteen centuries ago—"*Delenda est Carthago*"—and scarce a vestige of it remains.

31st.—This morning has brought us in sight of Algiers, and close in shore.

Next to that of Sydney, the situation of Algiers is the most beautiful I have seen in my wanderings. Houses, handsome and all brilliantly white, stud the hills on either side of the triangular town; many of them are embosomed in wood. Both the town and country slope down to the sea; the former seems a mass of white stone houses, huddled together, surrounded on all sides by walls, whilst a fort that commands both city and sea crowns the hill above it. The scenery on both sides is delightfully varied by hill and valley, and rises to a great height above the town; and in the back ground tower the mountains of the lofty Atlas. Dwellings of great magnificence give a pleasing appearance to the environs in every direction, and some are perched on the very summits of the heights, leading one to wonder how their inhabitants can ever reach them.

Monday, August 1st.—We are now off the Spanish shores, and the high mountains of Granada and Sierra Morena are in the distance. Thirty-two sail of vessels are around us, endeavouring to pass the Straits; snow is visible on the peak of one of the highest ranges, which in some degree accounts for the great change our Indian companions feel in the climate. The coast of Spain, in Granada, has in its general character a considerable resemblance to the opposite coast of Africa in Morocco. Ceuta and the Rock of Gibraltar—the Pillars of Hercules—are before us, and form a view of singular interest.

2nd August, 8 A.M.—Five days have brought us from Malta to Gibraltar. The rock has been within view for a long time this morning, and has not that imposing appearance on the Mediterranean side that I had expected; but there is one view of it, just before turning Europa Point into the bay, that is most striking and picturesque, bringing into a sharp point and prominent relief, its sugar-loaf shaped peak; and after getting into the quarantine ground, where we are now at anchor, the town and gardens towards Europa Point are beautiful; the Spanish side of the rock, and the astonishing extent of fortifications bristling with cannon looking out from embrazures and holes in the rock in every quarter, are beyond all description. We are in durance here, as at Malta, and are not allowed to land, so that our acquaintance with the place must be limited to the view from the deck of the Tagus; but that view embraces a wide and most interesting range. Opposite the town, and across the bay, lies the Spanish town of Algesiras; and beyond the neutral ground and Spanish lines, the town of St. Roque crowns the neighbouring hill. The country is hill and dale, and is among the most beautiful parts of Andalusia.

At nine o'clock P.M., on the 2nd of August, we weighed anchor; and, paddling through the shipping in the Bay of Gibraltar by starlight, we soon found ourselves in the Atlantic Ocean, with our prow towards England. A great alteration at once took place in the appearance of the sea and sky. The temperature came down rapidly, and white jackets were no longer visible; and after a very prosperous run along the coast of Portugal—catching a sight of Lisbon from the mouths of the Tagus, and a glimpse of the celebrated Cintra—we crossed the Bay of

Biscay, that terror of the deep, in smooth water; and at length dropped anchor off Ryde at midnight on the 8th.

On the 11th, to the unspeakable delight of all, a boat came alongside, with two officials, who brought us the glad tidings that four days had been deducted from our term of imprisonment, the period of quarantine having been reduced to twenty-one days, and that we were at liberty to leave the Tagus when we pleased. One general shout told our feelings, and every one rushed below to prepare for instant departure. But we found that many preliminary forms were to be gone through, and that our baggage could not be passed till next day. It was not until eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th, that I touched the English strand; and few I believe ever pressed it with more heartfelt pride or more gratitude than I did.

THE END.

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